

S.T.

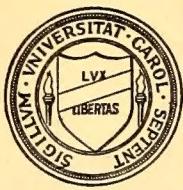
NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED

1889

Part One.

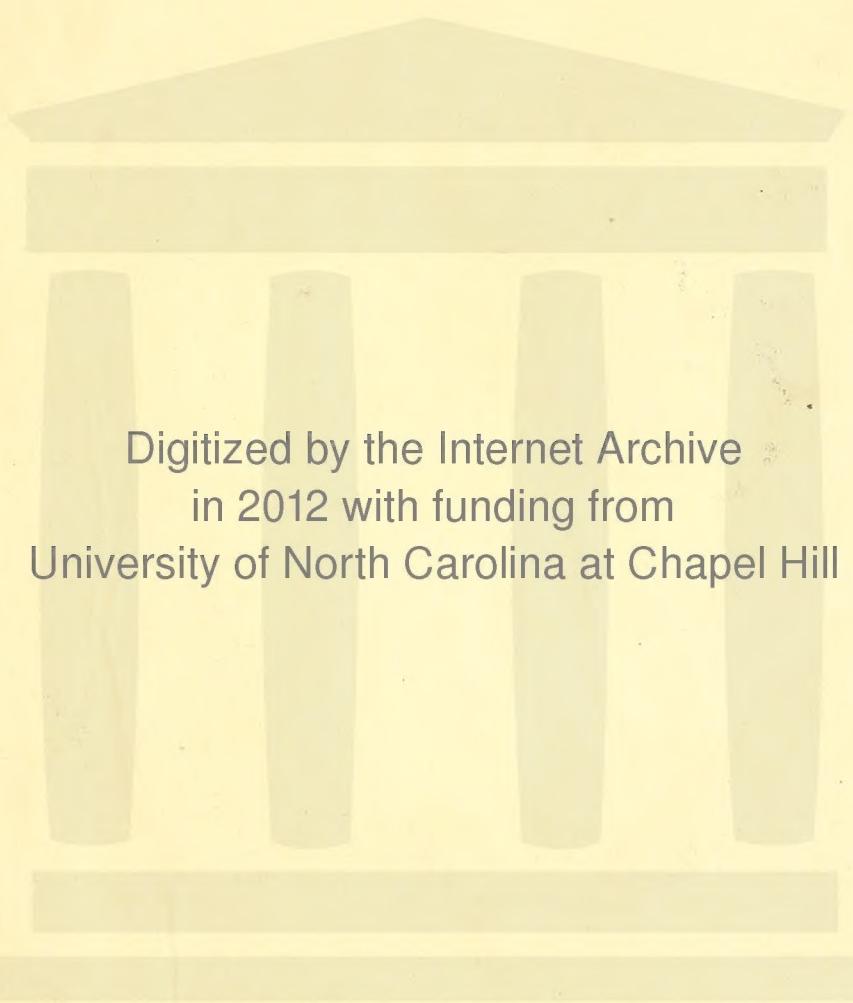
The Library
of the
University of North Carolina



Carnegie Corporation Fund
for
Instruction in Librarianship







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

<http://archive.org/details/stnicholasserial161dodg>



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY. BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES & CO.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XVI.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1888, TO APRIL, 1889.

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.
T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Copyright, 1889, by THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

Library, Univ. of
North Carolina

ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XVI.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1888, TO APRIL, 1889.

CONTENTS OF PART I. VOLUME XVI.

	PAGE	
AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, THE	<i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 74	
ANCIENT AND MODERN ARTILLERY. (Illustrated by E. J. Meeker, and from photographs).....	{ <i>Lieut. W. R. Hamilton</i> 436	
ANN MARY — HER TWO THANKSGIVINGS. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble)	<i>Mary E. Wilkins</i> 33	
ART CRITIC, AN. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Lizabeth B. Comins</i> 29	
ARTILLERY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. (Illustrated by E. J. Meeker, and from photographs).....	{ <i>Lieut. W. R. Hamilton</i> 436	
AUTREPOIS ET AUJOURD'HUI. Verses. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 278	
AZTEC FRAGMENTS. Picture, drawn by J. G. Francis.....	197	
BABY'S BEAD, THE. Poem	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 425	
BALLAD OF A RUNAWAY DONKEY, THE. Verses. (Illustrated and engrossed by A. Brenon)	{ <i>Emilie Poullson</i> 298	
BELLS OF STE. ANNE, THE. (Illustrated by Henry Sandham and others)	<i>Mary Hartwell Catherwood</i> .. 91 184, 257, 341, 415	
BICEPS GRIMLUND'S CHRISTMAS VACATION. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards and H. Sandham).....	{ <i>Hjalmar H. Boyesen</i> 122	
BILL OF FARE FOR DECEMBER, A. Picture, drawn by Margaret Johnson	199	
BILL OF FARE FOR NOVEMBER, A. Picture, drawn by Margaret Johnson.....	54	
BIRDS' FAREWELL, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 68	
BIRD THAT NEVER KNEW HE WAS CAUGHT, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by A. Brenon)	{ <i>Alice Wellington Rollins</i> 435	
BIT OF COLOR, A. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	<i>Sarah Orne Jewett</i>	456
BROWNIES' SNOW MAN, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Palmer Cox</i>	392
BUNNY STORIES, THE. (Illustrated by Culmer Barnes).....	<i>John H. Jewett</i> . 228, 306, 385, 467	
CARVING OVER THE SALLY-PORT, THE. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren and others)	{ <i>John J. à Becket</i> 10	
CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	131
COAL AGE, THE. Picture, drawn by C. F. Siedle.....	295	
COB FAMILY AND RHYMING EBEN, THE	<i>Fanny M. Johnson</i>	445
COMPOSITE CAT, A. Verses. (Illustrated by A. Brenon).....	<i>Maria J. Hammond</i>	69
CONSOLATION. Poem.....	<i>Walter Learned</i> 363	
CONTENTMENT. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i>	155
CROSS, THE. Poem.....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i>	414
CUP AND SAUCER. (Illustrated by P. Audra).....	<i>William Theodore Peters</i>	314
CURIOS HISTORY OF A MESSAGE, THE. (Illustrated by E. H. Blashfield and C. T. Hill).....	{ <i>Frank R. Stockton</i>	84
DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble)	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> ..323, 426	
DISCONTENTED SNOW-FLAKE, THE. Verses	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	297
DISTANCES IN SPACE, THE. (Illustrated)	<i>D. C. Robertson</i>	194
DOLL-HOUSE, THE STORY OF A. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Katharine Pyle</i>	448
DOWNHILL WITH A VENGEANCE. (Illustrated by H. Sandham)	<i>W. H. Gilder</i>	379

DREAM-HORSES. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Mary Hallock Foote</i>	3
ELsie's INVENTION. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Charles Ledyard Norton</i>	65
"FAUNTLEROY" AND ELSIE LESLIE LYDE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch, and from photographs)	<i>Lucy C. Lillie</i>	403
FOSSIL RAINDROPS, THE. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	330
GETTING ACQUAINTED. Verses. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	<i>Sydney Dayre</i>	384
GOLDEN CASQUE, THE. (Illustrated by Robert Blum)	<i>Lucy G. Paine</i>	210
GOLD THAT GREW BY SHASTA TOWN, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	243
GREAT JAPAN: THE SUNRISE KINGDOM. (Illustrated)	<i>Ida C. Hodnett</i>	30
HEAVENLY GUEST, THE. Poem.	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	464
HE WROTE TO THE RATS. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake)	<i>Julian Ralph</i>	371
HOME-MADE SCARE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	<i>Margaret Eytinge</i>	455
HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. (Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey)	<i>{ Words by Mary J. Jacques Music by Theresa C. Holmes }</i>	72, 150, 227
HOW ANTONIO SAVED THE KING. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Elisabeth Abercrombie</i>	442
IMITATION JAPANESE. Verses. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan)	<i>Clara G. Dolliver</i>	120
IN THE CELLAR. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Martha W. Hitchcock</i>	59
IN THE TOWN OF THE PIED PIPER. (Illustrated by A. Brenon and R. F. Bunner)	<i>Harriet Lewis Bradley</i>	200
INVITATION, AN. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Lizbeth B. Comins</i>	280
JAPAN, TEN WEEKS IN. (Illustrated by R. Blum, and from photographs)	<i>Mabel Loomis Todd</i>	106
JAPAN: THE SUNRISE KINGDOM. (Illustrated)	<i>Ida C. Hodnett</i>	30
JINGLES	<i>7, 29, 151, 199, 336, 396</i>	
LA GRANDE FRANÇOISE. Poem. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Edgar Mayhew Bacon</i>	132
LA MUSIQUE. Poem. (Illustrated from an engraving)	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	105
LASSOING A SEA-LION. (Illustrated by D. C. Beard and W. Paris)	<i>John R. Coryell</i>	273
LESSON IN GRAMMAR, A. Verses.	<i>Margaret Eytinge</i>	67
LITTLE CALLER, A. Verse	<i>Mary E. Wilkins</i>	451
LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by the frontispiece)	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	83
"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" AS A PLAY, IN LONDON. (Illustrated)	<i>Cecil W. Franklyn</i>	8
LITTLE SAINT ELIZABETH. (Head-piece by R. B. Birch)	<i>Frances Hodgson Burnett</i>	133, 204
LOAF OF PEACE, THE. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies and Jessie P. Hill)	<i>Octave Thanet</i>	48
MAKING CAKE. Song	<i>{ Words by Mary J. Jacques Music by Theresa C. Holmes }</i>	72
MESSAGE, THE CURIOUS HISTORY OF A. (Illustrated)	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i>	84
MIKADO, SEEING THE REAL. (Illustrated by R. Blum and W. Taber, from photographs)	<i>Arthur L. Shumway</i>	265
MODERN MIDDY, A. (Illustrated by H. Pennington)	<i>John H. Gibbons, U. S. N.</i>	287
MY CHILDHOOD'S ENCHANTRESS. Poem. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	432
MY LADY-BIRD'S CHAMBER. Song	<i>{ Words by Mary J. Jacques Music by Theresa C. Holmes }</i>	150
MY UNCLE PETER. Verses	<i>Emma A. Opper</i>	193
NAUGHTY CLAUDE. Verse	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	199
NED'S "PLEASE." Jingle	<i>R. M. S.</i>	336
NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent)	<i>Elizabeth W. Champney</i>	154
NOVEMBER IN THE GARDEN. Poem	<i>Grace Winthrop</i>	47
ON ERRANDS FOR SANTA CLAUS. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren		137
OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT. Picture, from a photograph		286
OUR POLLY. Verse. (Illustrated from photographs)		151
PICTURES	<i>41, 54, 137, 197, 199, 209, 235, 286, 295, 391, 445</i>	
PICTURES FOR LITTLE GERMAN READERS. Drawn by Lizbeth B. Comins		445
POPULAR POPLAR TREE, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by Katharine Pyle)	<i>Blanche Willis Howard</i>	198
PROBLEM IN THREES, A. Verses	<i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i>	280
PYGMY FLEET, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i>	163
QUEEN'S NAVY, THE. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Lieut. F. H. Smith, R. N.</i>	16
RAINY-DAY BAG, THE	<i>M. V. Worstell</i>	157
REPORT CONCERNING THE "KING'S MOVE PUZZLE"		158, 478

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ROLLING PIN, THE. Song.....	227
ROSE IN A QUEER PLACE, A. (Illustrated)	296
ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC, THE. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden and others). Edmund Alton	55
	138, 217, 281, 348, 452
RUNAWAY DONKEY, THE BALLAD OF A. (Illustrated and engrossed by A. Brenon.).....	298
RUTH'S BIRTHDAY. Poem.....	15
SAILOR BOY DROMIOS. (Illustrated by F. H. Schell).....	374
SALLY'S VALENTINE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	318
SEEING THE REAL MIKADO. (Illustrated by R. Blum and W. Taber from photographs).....	265
SHINNEY ON THE ICE. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren	209
SILVER HEART, THE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	97
SIXTEENTH CENTURY CHRISTMAS, A. Play. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	145
SIX WEEKS' IMPRISONMENT, A. (Illustrated by Louise W. Jackson)	476
SLEEPY LITTLE SCHOOL, A. Verses	373
SNOW FLOWERS, THE. Poem.....	245
SOMEBODY'S VALENTINE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	311
STANLEY: THE WHITE PASHA. (Illustrated).....	246
STORM-BOUND SPARROWS. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent)	358
STORY OF A DOLL-HOUSE, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	448
"SUCH A COMICAL WORLD!" Picture, from a photograph	41
SUN'S SISTERS, THE. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	331
SWEET MEMORIES. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent)	395
TEN WEEKS IN JAPAN. (Illustrated by R. Blum, and from photographs).....	106
TO MY PET. Poem	414
VALENTINE, A. Song	466
WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS. Play. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies)	222
WASHINGTON AS AN ATHLETE	337
WESTERN MEADOW-LARK, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	63
WHAT BEFELL ONE CHRISTMAS-TREE.....	317
WHEN THE BRIGADE CAME IN. (Illustrated).....	364
WHITE PASHA, THE. (Illustrated).....	246
WOOD-CARVING. (Illustrated from panels carved by the Author and others)	John Todd Hill.....
YOUTH OF ANCIENT ROME, A. (Illustrated from photographs)	Eleanor C. Lewis.....

FRONTISPICES.

"Portrait of a Young Girl," from a painting by George Romney, facing Title-page of Volume—"The Little Christmas Spy," by R. B. Birch, facing page 83—"Remember the Tale of the Pygmy Fleet," by R. B. Birch, facing page 163—"If You're Waking, Call Me Early," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing page 243—"Under the Mistletoe," by Frank French, facing page 323—"Elsie Leslie Lyde," from a photograph, facing page 403.

DEPARTMENTS.

PLAYS AND MUSIC.

Housekeeping Songs. (Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey) ...	Words by Mary J. Jacques
	Music by Theresa C. Holmes
My Lady-bird's Chamber	72
Making Cake	150
The Rolling Pin	227
A Sixteenth Century Christmas. Play. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	Charles A. Murdock.....
Waiting for Santa Claus. Play. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies)	Eudora S. Bumstead.....
A Valentine. Song	Words by Alice Wellington Rollins
	Music by Kate Douglas Wiggin
JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. (Illustrated.)	466

Introduction—Nutting Song—The Pigeons of St. Mark's—Birds' Store-houses—Nuts and Mountains—The Spider and the Wasp—"An Ill Weed Needs No Nursing"—Why Does the Nettle Sting?—Another Big

	PAGE
Grape-vine — The Deacon and the School-ma'am (illustrated), 70; Introduction — Blow, Wind, Blow! — Unhandy Money — Interesting to Babies — Sand-fiddlers — Patent Soap Bubbles — Which is Which? — What the Knowing Poet Heard Puss Say, 152; Introduction — Suppose — A Weighty Matter — That Spinning Egg — Money Findings — Pet Humming-birds in Winter — My Bird "Dot" — True Story of a Brown Thrush — The First Breakfast of the New Year (picture), 234; Introduction — The Bold Violet — Clever Yellow-birds — All Right! — Grapes that Come High — A Good Example — and Why? — How Grasshoppers Jump (illustrated) — Spider Silk — A Message, 312; Introduction — George Washington's Little Joke — A Thoughtful Government — Fancy Feet — Pussy-willows the Year Round — Tossed Off — An Ostrich Race — A New Town in Africa — Pussy and the Ball (picture), 390; Introduction — Large Kites — Must the Chinaman or the Chinese Go? — An Adventure in the Quicksands — The Largest Egg in the World (illustrated), 472.	
THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated)	77, 156, 236, 316, 397, 474
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated)	79, 159, 239, 319, 399, 479
EDITORIAL NOTES.	236, 316

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 1.

DREAM-HORSES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THERE is a little girl who hangs upon her mother's chair, getting her head between her mother's work and the light, and begs for pictures.

She expects her mother to make these pictures on some bit of paper treasured for the purpose, which she offers, with a book to rest it on, and a stubby pencil notched with small tooth-marks, the record of moments of perplexity when Polly was making her own pictures.

It is generally after a bad failure of her own that she comes to her mother. The pang of disappointment with her own efforts is apt to sharpen her temper a little; it does not make Polly more patient with her mother's mistakes than she makes mistakes herself. But between critic and artist, with such light as the dark-lantern of a little girl's head permits to fall upon the paper, the picture gets made somehow, and before it is finished Polly's heart will be so full of sunshine that she will insist upon comparisons, most flattering to the feelings of her artist, between their different essays at the same subject.

It is a subject they are both familiar with; and it is wonderful, considering the extent of Polly's patronage, that her artist's work does not better itself.

It is always a picture of a young person on horseback; a young person about the age of Polly, but much handsomer and more grown-up looking. And the horse must be a pony with a

flowing mane and tail, and his legs must be flung out, fore and aft, so that in action he resembles one of those "crazy-bugs" (so we children used to call them) that go scuttling like mad things across the still surface of a pond. In other respects he may be as like an ordinary pony as Mamma and the stubby pencil can make him. But the young person on the pony must be drawn in profile, because Polly can not make profiles, except horses' profiles; her young persons always look straight out of the picture as they ride along, and the effect, at full speed, on a horse with his legs widely extended from his body, is extremely gay and nonchalant.

With the picture in her hand, the little girl will go away by herself and proceed to "dream and to dote."

She lives in a horse-y country.

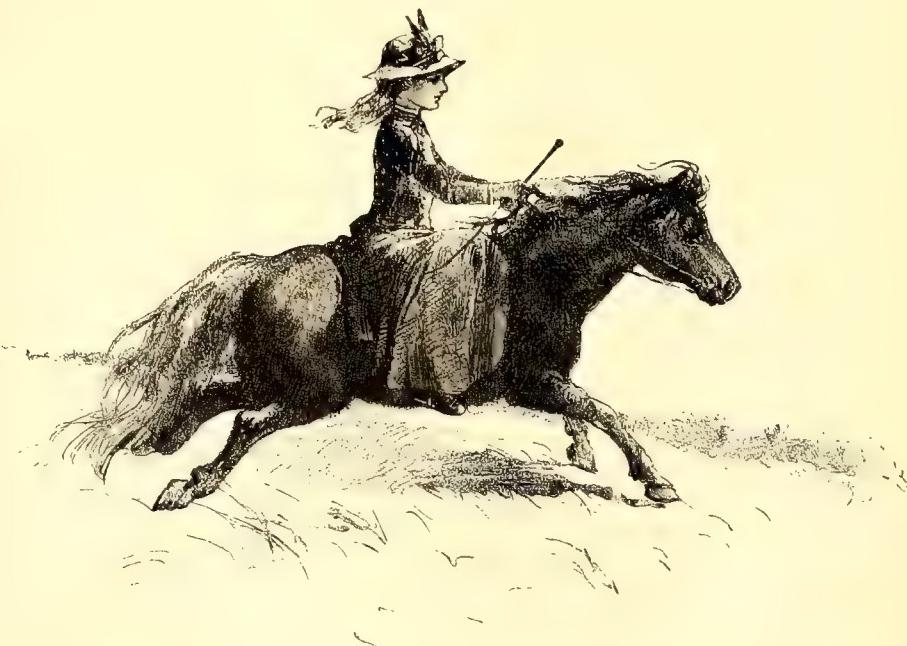
Horses in troops or "bands" go past by the trails, on the one side of the river or the other. Sometimes they ford where the water is breast-high over the bar. It is wild and delicious to hear the mares whinnying to their foals in mid-stream, and the echo of their voices, with the rushing of the loud water, pent among the hills.

Often the riders who are in charge of the band encamp for the night on the upper bend of the river, and the red spark of their camp-fire glows brightly about the time the little girl must be going to bed; for it is in spring or fall the bands of horses go up into the hills or down into the valleys,

or off, one does not know where,—to a “round-up,” perhaps, where each stockman counts his own, and puts his brand on the young colts. Over the hills, where Polly and her big brother go wild-flower hunting, horses wander loose, and look down from the summits, mere specks, like black mice, against the sky; they are plainly to be seen from miles away, for there is not a tree anywhere upon these hills. Sometimes a single horse, the chieftain of a troop, will stand alone on a hill-top and take a look all the wide country round, and call, in his splendid voice, like “sounding brass,” to the mares and colts that have scattered in search of alkali mud to lick, or just to show, perhaps, that they are able to get on without his lordship. He

the pretty ones, the ones she calls hers. They stare at her from under breezy forelocks, and no doubt think themselves much finer creatures than little girls who have only two feet to go upon. And the little girl thinks so, too—or so it would seem; for every evening, after sunset, when she runs about the house bareheaded, she plays she is a horse herself. And not satisfied with being a horse, she plays she is a rider, too. Such a complex ideal as that surely never came into the brain of a “cayuse,” for all his big eyes and his tangle of hair which Polly thinks so magnificent.

The head and the feet of Polly and her tossing locks are pure horse; that is evident at a glance, as she prances past the window. But the clinched,



POLLY'S DREAM-HORSE.

will call, and if his troop do not answer, he will condescend to go a little way to meet them, halting and inquiring with short whinnies what they are about. Sometimes, in spite of discipline, they will compel him to go all the way to meet them; for even a horse soon tires of dignity on a hill-top, all alone, with no one to see how it becomes him.

Polly likes to meet stray horses on her walks, close enough to see their colors and tell which are

controlling hands are the hands of the rider—a thrilling combination on a western summer evening, when the brassy sunset in the gate of the cañon is like a trumpet-note, and the cold, pink light on the hills is keen as a bugle-call, and the very spirit of “boots and saddle” is in the wind that gustily blows up from the plains, turning all the poplars white, and searching the quiet house, from room to room, for any laggard stay-indoors.



POLLY'S REAL HORSE.

Within a mile of the house, in the cañon which Polly calls home, there is a horse-ranch, in a lovely valley opening toward the river. All around it are these treeless hills that look so barren, and feed so many wild lives. The horses have a beautiful range, from the sheltered valley, up the gulches to the summits of the hills, and down again to the river to drink. The men live in a long, low cabin, attached to a corral much bigger than the cabin, and have an extremely horse-y time of it.

I should n't be surprised if it were among Polly's dreams to be one of a picked company of little girl-riders, in charge of a band of long-tailed ponies, just the right size for little girls to manage; to follow the ponies over the hills all day, and at evening to fetch water from the river and cook their own little-girl suppers in the dingy cabin by the corral; to have envious visits from other little girls, and occasionally to go home and tell Mother all about it.

Now, in this country of real horses there were not many play-horses, and these few not of the first quality. Hobby-horses in the shops of the town were most trivial in size, meant only for riders of a very tender age. Some of them were merely heads of horses, fastened to a seat upon rockers, with a shelf in front to keep the inexperienced rider in his place.

There were people in the town, no doubt, who had noble rocking-horses for their little six-year-olds, but they must have sent for them on purpose; the storekeepers did not "handle" this variety.

So Polly's papa, assisted by John Brown, the children's most delightful companion, and slave, and story-teller, concluded to build a hobby-horse that would outdo the hobby-horse of commerce. (Brown was a modest, tender-hearted man, who had been a sailor off the coast of Norway, among



THE GATE OF THE CAÑON.

the islands and fiords, a miner where the Indians were "bad," a cowboy, a ranchman; and he was now irrigating the garden and driving the team in the cañon).

Children like best the things they invent and make themselves, and plenty of grown people are children in this respect; they like their own vain imaginings better than some of the world's realities.

But Polly's rocking-horse was no "vain thing," although her father and John did have their own fun out of it before she had even heard of it.

His head was n't "made of pease-straw," nor his tail "of hay," but in his own way he was quite as successful a combination.

His eyes were two of Brother's marbles. They were not mates, which was a pity, as they were set somewhat closely together, so you could n't help seeing them both at once; but as one of them soon dropped out, it did n't so much matter. His mane was a strip of long leather fringe. His tail was made up of precious contributions extorted from the real tails of Billy and Blue Pete and the team-horses, and twined most lovingly together by John, the friend of all the parties to the transfer.

The saddle was a McClellan tree, which is the frame-work of a kind of man's saddle; a wooden spike, fixed to the left side of it and covered with leather, made a horn, and the saddle-blanket was a Turkish towel.

It was rainy weather, and the cañon days were

short, when this unique creation of love and friendship—which are things more precious, it is to be hoped, even than horseflesh—took its place among Polly's idols, and was at once clothed on with all her dreams of life in action.

When she mounted the hobby-horse she mounted her dream-horse as well; they were as like as Don Quixote's helmet and the barber's basin.

She rode him by firelight, in the last half hour before bedtime. She rode him just after breakfast in the morning. She "took" to him when she was in trouble, as older dream-riders take to *their* favorite "hobbies." She rocked and she rode, from restlessness and wretchedness into peace, from unsatisfied longings into temporary content, from bad tempers into smiles and sunshine.

She rode out the winter, and she rode in the wild and windy spring. She got well of the measles pounding back and forth on that well-worn seat. She took cold afterward, before the winds grew soft, experimenting with draughts in a corner of the piazza.

Now that summer gives to her fancies and her footsteps a wider range, the hard-worked hobby gets an occasional rest. (Often he is to be seen with his wooden nose resting on the seat of a chair which is bestrewed with clover blossoms, withered wild-roses, and bits of grass; for Polly, like other worshipers of graven images, believes that her idol can eat and drink and appreciate substantial offerings.) But when the dream grows too strong,

the picture too vivid,—not Mamma's picture, but the one in the child's heart,—she takes to the saddle again, and the horse-hair switch and the leather fringes float upon the wind, and her fancies mount, far above the lava bluffs that confine her vision.

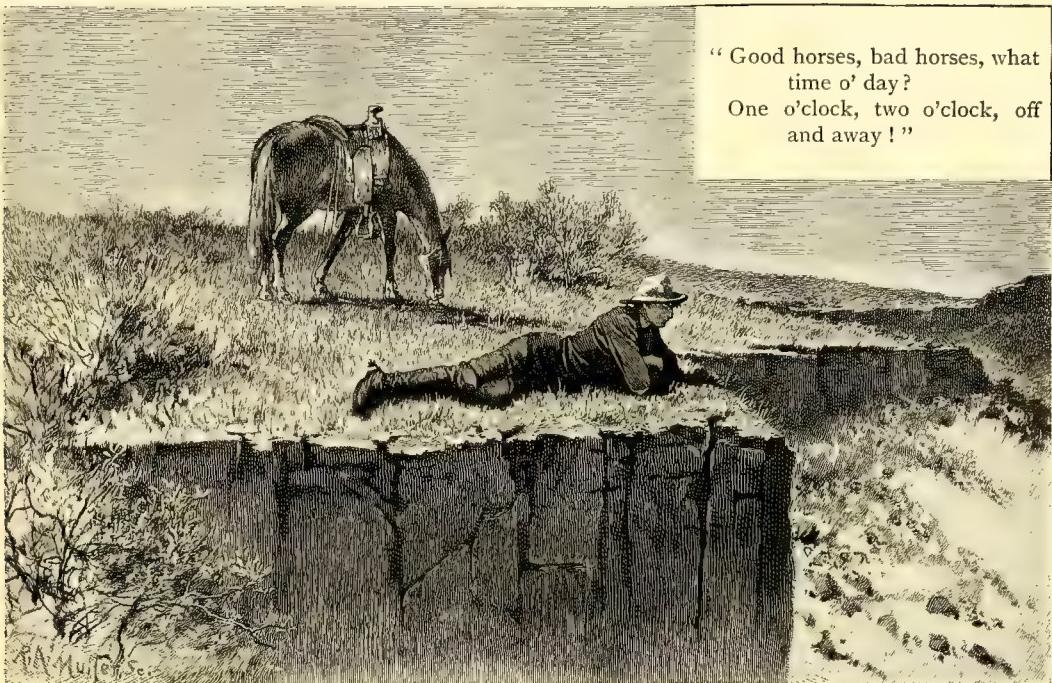
Will our little girl-riders be as happy on their real horses, when they get them, as they are upon their dream-horses? Is the actual possession of "back-hair" and the wearing of long petticoats more blissful than the knot, hard-twisted, of the ends of a silk handkerchief, which the child-woman binds about her brows when she walks, like Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the ground, in the skirt of her mother's "cast-off gown"?

It depends upon the direction these imperious dream-horses will take with our small women.

Will the rider be in bondage to the steed? Heaven forbid! for dream-horses make good servants but very bad masters. Will they bear her fast and far, and will she keep a quiet eye ahead and a constant hand upon the rein? Will they flag and flounder down in the middle-ways, where so many of us have parted with our dream-steeds and taken the footpath, consoled to find that we have plenty of company and are not altogether dismayed? The dream-horses carry their child-riders beyond the mother's following, so that the eyes and the heart ache with straining after the fleeting vision.

It is better she should not see too much nor too far along the way they go, since "to travel joyfully is better than to arrive."

If only they could know their own "blessedness" while the way is long before them!



"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" AS A PLAY, IN LONDON.

BY CECIL W. FRANKLYN.



ALL the children who have read Mrs. Burnett's pretty story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will, I feel sure, like to hear how it was made into a play and acted in London. It happened that a gentleman was of the opinion that the tale would make a good play, and so he had one, written by himself, acted in a London theater, and he called it "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Now, Mrs. Burnett could not legally use the same title for another version, so she called her play the "Real Little Lord Fauntleroy." However, before hers was produced, the first play was withdrawn, because the English law said that it was not legal to act it; and every one was pleased that Mrs. Burnett should be able to play her own piece, made out of her own book, without any rival in the way.

Mrs. Burnett was very fortunate in getting Mrs. Kendal — a clever English actress, with children of her own — to see to the play being properly prepared, and to teach the part of the little lord to the child who was to act it. This was a nice little girl named Véra Beringer, who had once played successfully a small part in her own mother's play, called "Tares." The part of "Lord Fauntleroy" was a very long one, and Véra was only a very little girl; but she must have taken great pains to learn it, and Mrs. Kendal must have taken great pains to teach her how to act it.

At last, the parts were all learned, the actors had rehearsed till they were quite perfect, and so the day for the first performance came. It took place in Terry's Theater, — a pretty little theater, said to be the smallest in London, but holding a great many people, nevertheless. At night, ladies and gentlemen wear evening-dress in the stalls, dress-circle, and private boxes, which gives a very bright and cheerful appearance to the theater. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" made his first bow at a matinée performance, however, so ladies kept on their bonnets; and, to tell the truth, at times only little Véra's head was visible above certain high hats in the audience.

When the orchestra struck up, every one settled down to gaze and listen, and soon the curtain

rose, and we saw "Mrs. Errol's" modest little room. Such a pretty, winsome Mamma she was, too! dressed all in black, though, and in great grief because she had just heard that nearly all her money had been lost, and she would not be able to provide properly for her dear child. *He* did not feel sad, for he knew nothing about it, and was outside, in a field, running a race with some other boys. Mrs. Errol's servant, "Mary," wishing to divert her mistress, persuaded her to go to the window, and there they stood watching the race. When it was over, Mary gave a shout, for "Cedric" had won it triumphantly! Then he came running in — a dear little fellow in a white suit, with pale-blue sailor-collar, and big blue silk sash, and black stockings and shoes. He had a round, bright face, with intelligent eyes, and long dark-brown hair. Of course he was delighted over his success, and he had brought with him his two great friends, "Mr. Hobbs" and "Dick." Dick was played by an elder sister of Véra's, called Esmé. She tried to talk like an American boy, but did not succeed very well.

Well, Mrs. Errol and Mary went out of the room, and Cedric talked away to Mr. Hobbs and Dick as you can imagine; showed them the picture of the Tower of London, and learned that Mr. Hobbs had a very low opinion of the English nobility in general, and of earls in particular. So he was not sorry to retire with his guests for refreshment. Then "Mr. Havisham" was announced. He had come to tell Mrs. Errol that the "Earl of Dorincourt's" sons were all dead, that only one of them had left a child, and that the child was Cedric, who was now "Lord Fauntleroy!" On hearing this Mrs. Errol was at first happy to think that her little boy would be provided for, but, when she was told that she would have to give up Cedric, and never live with him any more, she wept so much that many of the audience wept too! She had to think very sadly and seriously before she could make up her mind that, since she could not educate him properly, it was right to part with him; but at last she consented, and, trying hard to hide her grief, she called in Cedric, and told him what had happened.

The first thing the little fellow could think of was, what *would* Mr. Hobbs say!

How delighted Mr. Havisham was with the bright, gentle boy! Here was a real little lord indeed; — and he heard about Cedric's poor friends, and gave him money from his grandfather, of which Cedric quickly made good use, as you will remember.

When Mr. Havisham had gone, Cedric had much to tell Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Hobbs said: "Well, I'm jiggered!" In fact, he was completely overcome on hearing that his little friend was to be an earl some day. I believe from that moment he began to think better of earls. Poor Mrs. Errol came in again, and Mr. Hobbs took his leave. Then the mother talked to her boy, explained that they would have to live apart, and tried to make light of it, but Cedric would scarcely be satisfied. Mrs. Errol told him, too, that every night and morning she would pray for him, saying, "God keep you all the night; God bless you all the day," and she clasped him tenderly in her arms. The day had been so exciting, he said, that he felt quite sleepy. So his mother soothed and caressed him, and as he fell asleep, he murmured, "God keep you all the night; God bless you all the day!" And as the weeping mother bent over the sleeping boy, the curtain came slowly down.

When it rose again, we found the cross old Earl scolding his servant, and making things very uncomfortable. Mrs. Errol begged him to be kind to Cedric, whom she had just brought to the Castle; but the Earl would scarcely listen to her, and she went away in great distress. Then Cedric was sent for, and came sauntering in, gazing with delight at the pictures which adorned the walls, at the soft carpets, and quaint old oak furniture, and so up to the big arm-chair, in which his grandfather sat beside the fire.

The Earl was at once pleased with the appearance of the little fellow in dark-blue velvet knicker-bockers, blue silk stockings, and cerise silk sash. He let the boy care for his poor gouty foot, and tell him about the dog. "I am not afraid of him," said Cedric. "Are you?" And then the Earl had to hear about Mr. Hobbs, and you would have laughed at the way in which Véra imitated the exclamation, "Well! I'm jiggered!" So much was the Earl won by the boy, that he allowed him to write to the bailiff to say that "Higgins" was not to be turned out, and Cedric's enthusiastic admiration for Lord Dorincourt's generosity and goodness made the old man begin to wish he were what Cedric believed him to be. Dinner being announced, Cedric bravely assisted his grandfather, mopping his damp brow, and begging the Earl not to mind leaning on him, and explaining that any one would be warm in such hot weather! So they went out together.

Then "Minna" walked in, and when little

Cedric returned from the dining-room, she soon learned from him what had happened. But how the poor old Earl despaired and reproached himself on learning that Minna was his elder son's wife, and that *her* child was therefore entitled to be Lord Fauntleroy! How sorry he was that Cedric was not the heir, and that this loud, vulgar woman was his daughter-in-law! He had to tell Cedric, of course, and Cedric said brightly that he did not care at all about being an earl, but was he not to be his grandfather's boy any more? "Yes! always, always my boy," said the Earl, laying his hand tenderly on the brown curls. And then down went the curtain once more, just when we saw that the hard, proud old man had been melted into love by the winning trustfulness and affection of a little child.

When the last act began, Cedric was dressed in a white riding-suit, and was talking to the groom about the "new boy," and about Dick and Mr. Hobbs, who were expected every day. Just at



that moment they arrived, and Cedric's mother, too, and the Earl was delighted to see her; and all were quite happy until the hateful Minna came in again, for she said she had brought "Lord Fauntleroy" with her. You may imagine every one's delight when Dick recognized her, and proved that Cedric

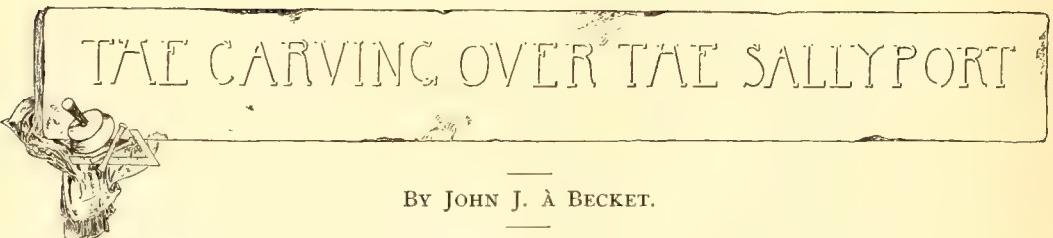
was Little Lord Fauntleroy after all! Minna was soon sent away, and the Earl begged “Dearest” to come and live with him and her boy—which she, being gentle and forgiving, gladly promised to do.

This was the end of the play, and the audience applauded till Mrs. Burnett bowed to them, and then they called for Mrs. Kendal, who appeared on the stage with Mrs. Burnett, and the two children.

All the actors played so well that it is difficult to praise one more than another, but you will like best to hear about Véra. She made no mistakes,

but said her words perfectly, and played so naturally that we all were charmed. So bright, so affectionate, so courteous, and so generous was her Cedric that we did not wonder that every one loved him. The children who were present were delighted: they wagged their little heads, laughed cheerily, and clapped heartily whenever they saw an opportunity!

So the play was very successful, and again, as in the beautiful story, Little Lord Fauntleroy won all hearts.



THE CARVING OVER TAE SALLYPORT

BY JOHN J. À BECKET.

IN the beginning of the century it lay there, just as comfortable a bit of green cropping out from the gray water as it is now. That is, Governor's Island was as cool and pleasant a spot, so far as natural features go, as it is to-day. But there are many things about it at this present which it did not have then. The garrison quarters, and the neat houses fronting on the lawns, wherein the officers enjoy so much sweet peacefulness after training themselves for the terrible turmoil of war, are more numerous and more home-like than they were in those days.

The island has had many vicissitudes. One of them was the building of Fort Columbus. There was a fort there before,—Fort Jay; but the good people of New York thought this was not stout enough for a defense if the mother country, or France, were to send men-of-war sailing grimly up the harbor against the men of war who were stationed behind the stone walls of the island fortification.

Mayor De Witt Clinton, and then Mayor Marinus Willett, desired to do whatever was thought needful for the well-being of the city they governed, and they felt that the pretty island must be made useful

as a sentry over the town. The *New York Gazette* and the *Evening Post* (for there was the *Evening Post*, even then) could write such dreadful stories about the unprotected town, and would describe what the foe might do if the foe only wished to; and it was very blood-curdling, I assure you.

Finally, our good fathers and grandfathers became so worried about it, that what did they do but go down to the island themselves, strip off their coats, and help to build Fort Columbus. It was a sight to see!—those goodly old gentlemen puffing over their patriotic toil.

Even the learned professors of Columbia College laid aside caps and gowns and went to help rear the stout walls which were to shield the city's defenders. And the boys—the young fellows! It was a jolly time for them. Not sorry were they to quit thumbing their Homers and Ciceros in order to become patriots. They liked it. It was fun. Of course, to have those heavy blocks of stone to carry all the time, to dig and wheel and hammer every day, would n't have been so enjoyable. But it was only for a time that they must put their shoulders to the wheel and help the country; and they did it with exuberant, boyish enthusiasm.

But there was one poor fellow on the island who did not take so much interest in what was going on. He had something else to consider—something even more serious to him than was the defense of the colony to these young patriots. He was thinking that by the time they had finished the improvement in the fortification, a body of soldiers would march him out on the open space within the fort, then draw up in a blue and white line opposite to him, and aim at him with their glistening guns. Then an officer would give the signal. Bang! would go the muskets; and very poor marksmen indeed must they be, if they did not leave him there on the ground—dead!

That was what this young man was considering, and the thought was not a pleasant one. Not at

there in the sunshine, under the big broad arch of the sky, and to feel the cool sea-breeze blow around him in a friendly way. There was a great difference between this and being kept in his hot cell, where a small window let in light and air in such a miserly way.

He began to take considerable interest in the work on the fortification, after all. As the brown-stone wall rose, he watched the young collegians wheeling barrows filled with material, and helping so generously, and he found much pleasure in the sight. Sometimes he would sigh heavily when the thought came that in a few weeks he was to be shot, for his time was drawing to an end now. Then he would try to forget it all; indeed, what was the use of thinking about it? To brood upon



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

all. He did n't desire to be shot. He was only twenty-five. He preferred to live to a green old age and then die quietly in his bed. But he had been arrested as a spy, and things had looked suspicious when a drawing of the place was found upon him and he could n't give the countersign.

Then it was a bad thing for him that he confessed to coming from Kings County, which was then a hot-bed of Tories. But all these things had happened, and he had been taken before the court and sentenced, in a dreadfully harsh way, to be shot. He had only some six months to live. That was better than being shot as soon as they captured him, but still it was n't very good. He greatly preferred not to be shot at all.

He was not treated cruelly in the mean time. During a certain part of the day he was permitted to come out of his cell and walk about in the inclosure of Fort Jay. It was so pleasant to come

his fate would only poison what little life remained for him.

There was a little girl who interested George Horton (for that was the prisoner's name) even more than did the fortifications. She was a child whose yellow hair shaded her tiny face and fell almost to her large blue eyes. Her father was the commander on the island. She often came out with him to look at what the young collegians and the others were doing to the fort. She did not understand much about the art of war, though the daughter of a soldier. But she liked to see them set the big stones in place as they hoisted them to the top of the wall, which was very high, for they had now nearly finished their labors.

George Horton was a man pleasant to look upon. He had eyes which were deeply blue, full red lips delicately curved, and a head of curly brown hair. He did n't look like a spy, but he was going to be

shot as one. The little Alice did not know that. They did not wish to shock her tender soul by so painful a thought.

"Why don't you work, and help those black men and the boys?" she said one day so innocently to George Horton, looking up trustfully into his face. It was the honorable faculty of Columbia whom she described as "black men," because she saw them in their dark clothes.

"Oh, they have enough without me, Little One," said Horton.

"But I wish you to help, too," said Alice, impetuously.

"Well, I'll tell you what I will do. You ask your papa to let me have a mallet and some cutting-tools, and two or three blocks of this stone, and I will carve something to go over the sally-port," he answered, half in jest, to please the child.

But the little girl took it all quite seriously, and told her papa that the "man who walked around" wanted stone, and things to cut it with, and he would make something to put on top of the "Sally-gate." She was her papa's commanding officer, because her mamma was dead and had left this little golden-haired angel to remind her husband of her and of their short but happy married life. So the commander said the man should have plenty of stone, and could chip away all he chose. "He can't do any mischief," he said to himself, "and there's stone enough and to spare."

The next day he gave orders that the prisoner should be supplied with the tools he needed, and said he could have some of the stone blocks. Horton picked out a sunny spot somewhat apart from the scene of the men's labors and used it as a studio. It had a low bench for furniture, upon which he could put the blocks to be cut, and also a seat where Alice could sit and watch his work.

First, the young fellow took some brown paper and on it drew a beautiful design for a piece of sculpture. In it there were to be cannons, flags, cannon-balls, and guns, and the whole made quite an imposing piece for the sally-port. He measured the walls, and determined the size and proportions of his sculpture.

"See the pretty thing the man is going to make," said Alice to her papa, when he came down to the works one day. Papa looked at the plan and was surprised. It was much more artistic than he had supposed it would be. Then as he examined the proportions, the scale according to which George Horton meant to carve, his mustaches went up a little; for he was smiling grimly at the thought that there could hardly be time to finish all that before the prisoner would have to be interrupted in his work—and shot! But he said to himself that it would do no harm to let him go ahead. It

would please him and would please the little girl, and it did not matter very much whether the sculpture was ever finished or not.

Horton looked about among the pieces of brown-stone, rubbed his finger along their surfaces, and picked out some of the largest and finest-grained blocks. He wheeled these in a barrow to the spot he had selected, put one on the bench, and, with his design before him, set to work.

Alice did not take much interest during the first day or two, because he seemed to be simply knocking the stone to pieces, and she was afraid of being hurt by some of the bits that came flying through the air from the chisel. But when the piece began to exhibit the rough proportions of a cannon, and of a draped flag, and George showed her in the picture what the part was and where it would be in the completed work, she became more interested, and would sit there talking to the young fellow and watching him with admiring eyes.

"You are truly working on the fort now, are n't you?" she said to him.

"Yes, Alice, I am making this for you, and it will be your present to the fort, because it was done to please you," George answered, pleasantly.

He became absorbed in the work, and it went on bravely. Alice's papa often came to see it. He was quite surprised to find that the young prisoner was really a sculptor. He carved the brown-stone with true artistic skill.

Day after day his chisel would dig out the form and outlines of the group, and every day the little girl came, sat by, and looked at it.

Poor George had done no more than hew the stone into some rough resemblance to his plan, however,—and in a week more he was to be shot! He would not be able to finish it! The commander came oftener to look on; and as he studied over it, he would twist his long mustaches and look very grave. Then he would walk away, biting at the end of his mustaches, and with his heavy eyebrows knit. As the time for the execution drew nearer and nearer, the commander came more frequently, and used to watch with peculiar interest the sturdy young fellow who chipped away so vigorously at the hard stone. Once the officer seemed to sigh as he saw the young man stop and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

One day, Alice for some time had been watching the cannon—which was getting very round and smooth now—as George worked away at it; and when her papa came she was ready to go away with him.

"Good-bye, George," she said (he had told her his name) and held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Little One," he said cheerfully. He had come to love the bright child who seemed to

take such pleasure in being near him. He cared more for her than for the sky, or the sea breeze — more than for the sunshine.

She held his hand, and then put up her pretty mouth.

"I'd like to kiss you," she said, in a simple way.

George glanced at her father, who was standing close by. That stern warrior nodded his head to the little girl who was his commanding officer, and Horton lifted her up to his face and kissed her

in a few days has shown remarkable skill in carving. The group he is making promises to be quite an ornament to the sally-port. He has worked very industriously and faithfully. Now, it seems a pity that he should not have time to finish his work. It is something that will be a monument to his name. We are soldiers, and we know that glory is better than life. It seems hard to take him away from the sculpture before he has completed it. The respite will be short.

"I have called you together, then, to say," he



"DAY AFTER DAY THE LITTLE GIRL CAME, SAT BY, AND LOOKED AT THE CARVING."

heartily. Then he gently set her down, and she ran off by her papa's side, full of childish life and gayety.

While he was holding the little girl she had flung her arms around his neck and clung to him, and a very pleasant smile had come on the young fellow's lips at this proof of her artless regard. The father of Alice had watched the scene, and kept very stiff and stern. But when they started to go he said, "Good-bye, Horton," in a brisk but friendly way.

That evening Alice's father summoned the other officers to a meeting for the following day in the mess-room. When they came, at ten o'clock the next morning, he said to them:

"The prisoner who is under sentence to be shot

continued, "to say that I think,—as he can be executed at any time, and as the work can not be finished if he is shot,—and especially when we consider that he has worked so diligently and has been so well behaved,—I think, I say, that we ought to reprieve him until he finishes the sculpture for the sally-port. What do you say, gentlemen?"

Well, they were all in favor of it except one old martinet who would not have put off even his own execution, and who would have critically examined the men and their guns while they were drawn up ready to shoot him. He said no. But all the rest said yes. They were in favor of it. So the martinet remained a very small minority indeed, and did n't count.

When the commander went back to his room he wrote on a slip of paper, "Your sentence will not be carried out until you have had time to finish the sculpture for the sally-port." He signed his name to it, and then looked around to find his little daughter.

"Allie," he said to her, "you see this paper? I wish you to take it and give it to the man who is carving the stone."

"That's George," said Allie, smartly.

"Well, you give this to George, then," said her papa, and he closed her small fingers over the paper. "Do not lose it."

George was chipping away at a new block when he saw the blue-eyed creature running toward him. Her golden hair was tossed by the wind and blown about her head till it looked, George thought, like the golden halo around the head of a saint in an old picture.

"Here, George!" she said, as she came up, and thrust out her hand holding the paper. He took it, and she put her hands behind her back and looked at him to see what the paper would do. He read it, his face brightened, and he caught up the little girl, kissed her, and told her she was a darling. Then, putting the little girl into the seat she usually occupied, George returned to his carving. Alice had never seen him show so much delight in his task.

So the work went on, day after day. George added new features to the design till it became a very effective group indeed. The wall was finished and the young students of Columbia were ready to return to Homer and kindly old Horace. But the piece for the sally-port was yet to be put into place. George Horton had cut and smoothed and rounded it. It needed all his courage to lay down his chisel and say, "It is done," when the green sward and the crack of the muskets were to be the reward of his labor. But he felt he could do no more. It was done; and all that now remained was to hoist the different blocks to their places over the sally-port.

Much interest had been taken in it of late. It was an excellent bit of work. The old soldiers came and looked at it, and so did the learned professors.

"He's a good one for clipping stone, he is," said a soldier.

"Yes; he seems proficient in the glyptic art," said a saucy collegian; whereupon the blue-coat looked at him with envy.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and the men were hoisting up the carved blocks. George, with pride in his eye, was superintending the work. They had the blocks all in position, and were putting the top-piece into its place. Alice was watch-

ing the operation. She kept near to George, who was directly below, where he could see everything.

As the men were setting the last block, a rather heavy stone, Alice saw some pretty dandelions growing near the wall, just beneath the entrance to the sally-port. She ran to get them. As she stooped to pick them up, through some awkwardness or miscalculation, the stone slowly toppled, and in a moment more was falling!

A shriek broke from Alice's father, soldier though he was, when he saw death hurtling down upon his lovely little girl. But George Horton had seen the danger even sooner than the father. On the instant he dashed forward, and leaning over against the wall, he screened the body of the little girl with his own.

Happily the big block did not fall directly upon him. But it crashed down and threw him to the ground, and the child too was overthrown. Had he not stepped forward it would have grazed her body, but might have left her unscathed. As it was, she was not hurt, though her fright was great, and the soldiers who ran up carried her to her father.

But poor Horton lay there deathly white near the stone, which had grazed one of his limbs. He had fainted from the pain. They carefully raised him and bore him to the barracks.

It was only by the greatest care that his leg was saved from amputation, for there was danger of mortification. But there were no bones broken, and, after five or six weeks' siege in a sick-room, Horton recovered and could walk about.

Alice's father was greatly touched by the self-sacrifice of the young fellow. It went to his soldierly heart to see the courageous young man hurl himself into the breach, and especially, to save his little golden-haired girl from deadly peril. It did not take him long to decide what he ought to do. He prepared a communication to the commander-in-chief, and set forth what Horton had done. He told of the young fellow's good conduct, of his hard, earnest work on the sculpture for the sally-port; touched in terms of high praise on the work itself as a piece of ornamental carving, and spoke of how great a decoration it was to the new fort. Then he told of Horton's noble conduct in trying to save the little girl from being hurt by the falling stone, and of the severe injury and long, painful illness which had resulted.

"Is not this a case for clemency? We, the undersigned, urge the prisoner's release. He has shown himself worthy of mercy. If he is released on parole he is a man to keep his word."

All the officers signed this document except the dreadful old martinet, who voted that Horton should be thanked and praised and then — be shot.

At the end of the document, in a large, sprawling hand, was written :

DERE GENERAL: George saved my Life, and I wish you would please let him go. He is a good, kind, man. ALICE PRESCOTT.

In a few days the General sent a document in reply, and it proved to be Horton's release on parole. When he was told, he was glad enough. He seized the little Alice the next time he saw her and said :

"When you grow up, Alice, and see the carving over the sally-port, you can say, 'That saved George Horton's life, and except for me it would not have been made.'" Then he kissed her very heartily, and she returned the kiss with childlike earnestness.

George Horton married, and some of his great-grandchildren are yet living in Kings County. Alice was married, too, and when she brought her children to see the sally-port she pointed to the sculpture, and told them it had saved a man's life, and that a soldier had carved it at her request when she was a little girl.

And there it is to-day over the sally-port. The edges are eaten away by the weather, and it looks a little flaky and the worse for wear. But it lends an interest to it to know that the young fellow who carved it lived to a green old age because of this

work, instead of meeting a tragic death on the green sward of Fort Columbus in his youth.



THE CARVING OVER THE SALLY-PORT.

RUTH'S BIRTHDAY.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

My little girl is eight to-day—

That is, she 's just twice four;
Or four times two, perhaps you 'll say;
And maybe that 's a better way
To make my love seem more.

For when my pretty Ruth was two,—

When she was just half four,—
It seemed as if the love I knew
Had grown—or, as she 'd say, "had grew"—
Till it could grow no more.

She was a little midget then,

When she was only two,
And used to say "Dear Lord, Amen;
Bress Papa, Mamma, 'n' me again";
'T was all the prayer she knew.

And now she 's four times two! dear me,

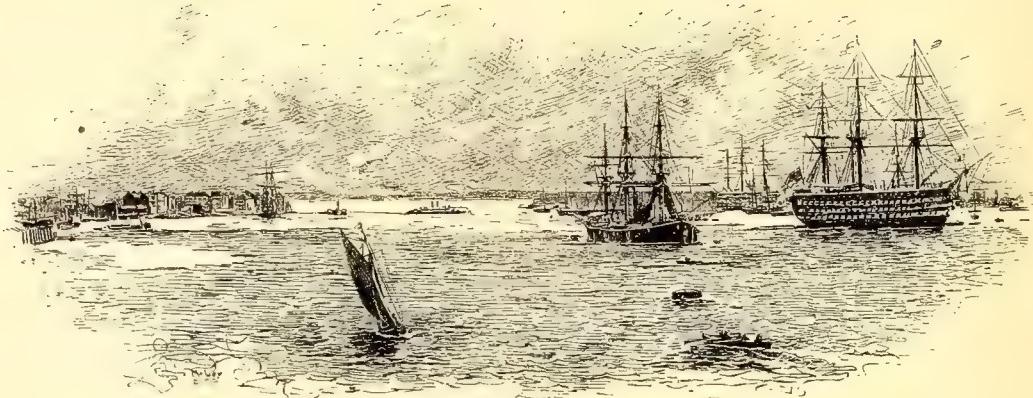
And writes a big round hand;
And when they 're passed a cup of tea
She makes her dolls exclaim "*Merci!*"
Which French dolls understand.

When eight? or two? I scarcely know

Which birthday I would choose.
At eight I 'd have, keeping her so,
Four times as much to love,—but oh !
Four times as much to lose.

At what age did she seem most dear?

Ah, well, to tell the truth,
A different blossom bloomed each year;
They all seemed sweet; but this one here,
You know, is *really* Ruth.



MOUTH OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.*

THE QUEEN'S NAVY.

BY LIEUT. F. HARRISON SMITH, R. N.

SINCE the time of Henry VII., the old town of Portsmouth, in England, has been the headquarters of the British Navy. To English boys the place is familiar through stories and biographies of sea heroes. But to American boys a brief description of Portsmouth will not be without interest. The town is built on the east side of the harbor, an extensive piece of water running from the English Channel into the south coast of the county of Hampshire. Along its east shore and extending year by year farther north, is the dock-yard. Let us climb the signal-tower and take a view of the surrounding sights. The yard, with its numerous docks, basins, sheds, factories, and houses, looks like a settlement of no little extent; but beyond, through the generally smoky atmosphere, can be seen the town and its environs.

This vast expanse of brick and mortar gives one some idea of the necessities which attend so large an establishment as the dock-yard.

The thousands of workmen employed form a colony in themselves, and they occupy the parts of the town toward the north and east; while along the coast in the same direction, the town of Southsea stretches away for two or three miles. It is here that the officers—naval, military, and civil—for the most part reside, and the view in this direction, embracing as it does the well-laid-out recreation grounds, the piers and their crystal pavilions, the canoe-lake and other ornamental waters, is most pleasing.

Looking south, we see, over the fort-studded waters of the Solent, the Isle of Wight—the garden of England. Continuing around the circle of our view, we come to Stokes Bay, where a huge iron-clad is tearing along on the measured mile at the top of her ponderous speed, doing her utmost to establish a reputation for swiftness. She is closely followed by an arrow-like torpedo-boat, which gradually gains on her, yard by yard. But the torpedo-boat is not matching her speed with that of the monster. She is out only for trial of her deadly discharge-tubes, and so, just when the race is most exciting to the onlookers at the top of the tower, the little boat shoots off in a direction opposite to that taken by the huge iron-clad.

Glancing to the west side of the harbor, we see the Naval Hospital at Haslar, a fine pile of buildings, which appears capacious enough for all the officers and men of the British fleet, and not alone the sick and wounded. Near by is the victualling-yard at Gosport, with its great bakeries and stores of clothing and provisions.

Along the north shore of the harbor are the Portsdown hills, the sky-line of which is broken by threatening forts, and an occasional chalk-quarry, while Nelson's monument crowns the ridge. Right below us, in the harbor, are three venerable men-of-war. The largest on the right is the "Duke of Wellington," the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief of the port. This vessel served a commission at sea in the Baltic, during the war against

* The illustrations to this article are copied, by permission, from photographs by Messrs. Symonds & Co., Portsmouth, England.

Russia in 1854, and afterward. She is nearly the last of her race, as iron soon afterward began to fulfill the pretended prophecy of old Mother Shipton, the soothsayer, which ran :

"Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat."

Next comes the most treasured relic of her naval struggles which Great Britain possesses. This is the venerable and venerated "Victory," the flag-ship of Lord Nelson, his battle-field and his death-bed. On the 21st of every October, the old ship is decorated with garlands in memory of that day in 1805, when the great and glorious battle of Trafalgar was so bravely fought and so dearly won.

The third old ship — always an object of interest to strangers visiting Portsmouth — is the "St. Vincent," a training-ship for boys. The lads were aloft actively engaged at drill when we saw them.

Nor should we forget the quaint parish church, built in the twelfth century, with its peal of bells stolen by an admiral from Dover some hundreds of years ago, and then brought round in his ship to Portsmouth; and its old organ saved from the wreck of a vessel which was conveying it to Spain.

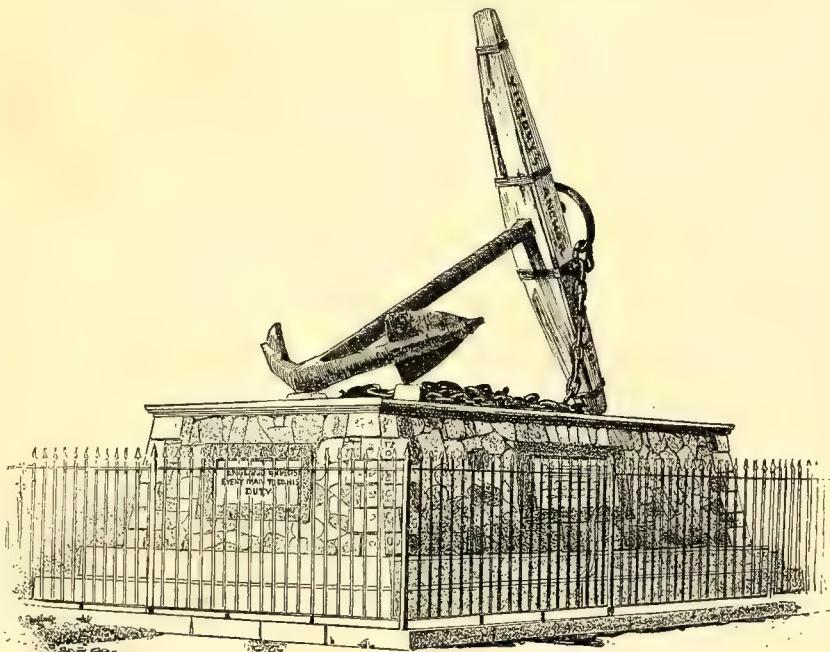
In July, 1887, being already familiar with the surroundings of England's great naval center, we entered the dock-yard to see the rapid preparations to bring forward, for commission, the ships and torpedo-boats about to be assembled for review by the Queen, on the occasion of the Jubilee, on July 23d. It should first be understood that a ship is said to be commissioned, when her commander has

been commissioned to man and prepare her for service at sea. Other ships are in "reserve"; the first reserve containing ships nearly ready for sea-service, and so on downward, till a dismantled and

empty ship, requiring extensive repairs to her hull, new boilers, and a general refit of her machinery, is placed in the fourth class.

The ships then preparing were the "Inflexible," "Collingwood," "Edinburgh," and "Imperieuse"; a fast torpedo vessel, the "Fearless"; nineteen small iron gunboats, and nearly thirty torpedo-boats. As the little torpedo-boats had already been manned, and were just home from a cruise, they were awaiting only the return of their officers and men from the depot-ships, and could be made ready in about two hours.

It was about nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July. The Inflexible, Collingwood, and Edinburgh were to be commissioned. The captains and most of the officers had arrived in Portsmouth the night before, and at the hour named the ensign was hoisted at the staff, and the captain's whip-like pennant was run aloft to the truck of the mast with all due solemnity. For some min-



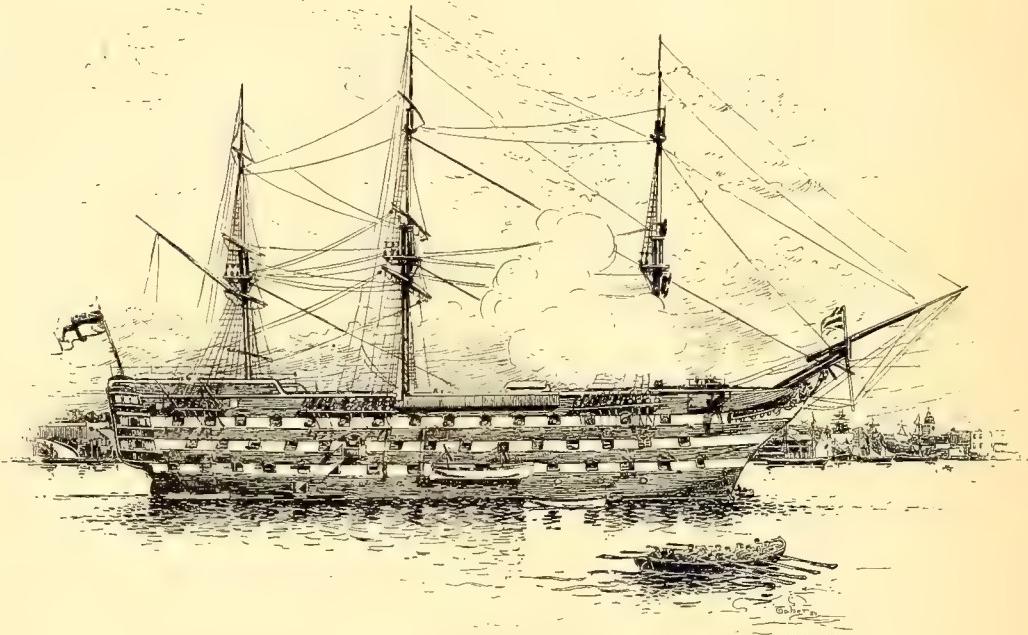
THE "VICTORY'S" ANCHOR: ERECTED UPON A MEMORIAL PEDESTAL ON THE BEACH AT SOUTHSEA, OVER THE SPOT WHERE NELSON EMBARKED FOR HIS LAST VOYAGE.

utes there was a continued fire of greetings from old friends, who stumbled upon one another on the deck of the same ship after long years of separation. But soon the bustle began; the men carried

below the bags containing their kits, the hammocks were stowed in the boxes, and for some time everybody, from the captain down to "Jack-in-the-Dust," or the steward's small boy, was busy

outfitters, who take care of them until their owners return — perhaps after many years have elapsed.

The stowage of the cabins was soon complete enough to enable their tenants to occupy them,



LORD NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "VICTORY."

settling down—a brief process with officers who are well accustomed to it, and whose worldly longings seldom exceed a fair load for a four-wheeled cab. The officers and their servants work together with a will to stow into tiny cabins gear which in chaotic disorder would appear to require a warehouse for its reception.

Here, an officer, with coat and vest off, is giving his personal attention to his valued knickknacks, pictures, and mirrors, while he directs his servant as to the stowage of his clothing, which is rapidly transferred from the unwieldy chest, or packing-case, which refused to go through the cabin door, into the chest of drawers under his bunk; for, on board ship, space is so limited that an economy Goldsmith thought worthy of note in the ale-house of the "Deserted Village"—“a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day”—is almost the rule. But by noon, most of the empty cases are on their way from the dock-yard to the stores of the various

and the disposition of the many ornaments was left till some more leisurely hour. Meanwhile, a no less busy scene has been enacted on the men's mess-deck. The bags having been stowed in the iron racks prepared for them, the men are busy putting their broad-brimmed straw hats and their ditty-boxes overhead.

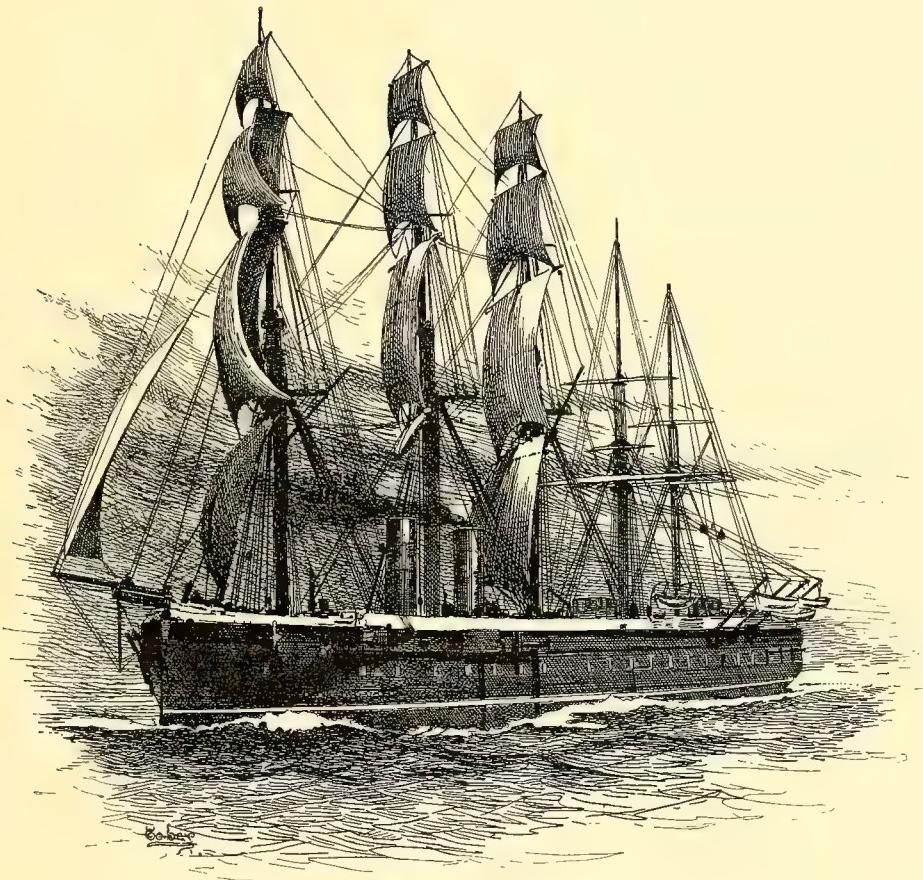
The ditty-box itself is certainly worth looking into. It is a plain deal case, with lock and key, and comes in for its share of scrubbing and cleaning with the same unsparing severity as the shining deck. It contains all the treasures which a sailor can carry about with him. Now it holds but little, its contents being only the few articles necessary to the tailoring which each man must do to keep his clothes in order, a book or two, a few home treasures, and maybe a watch and chain. Occasionally a promising young seaman may have gone so far as to provide for the likelihood of his being promoted to the rating of boatswain's-

mate during the commission, and have brought with him a silver call or whistle, perhaps the present of his wife or sweetheart. Before the end of a commission, the ditty-box probably will be full of letters from home, and of all bright days in the life of a sailor on a foreign station, the brightest are those on which the mail arrives.

But over the ditty-box, we are forgetting the men themselves. They have been told off to the different messes in which, generally speaking, they will live for the term of the ship's commission, though many may change, from time to time.

boxes divided off by a low bulkhead, or partition, from the open deck, the messes consist simply of a plain oblong wooden table, hanging at one end from the ship's side, and supported at the other by iron legs. A bench runs along each side of the table, and a few racks, to hold plates, basins, and other crockery in security when the vessel knocks about at sea, complete the furniture of the mess.

The food of each mess is prepared, day by day, by the member who in turn is "cook of the mess," and by him it is taken to and brought from



THE "AGINCOURT" FROM THE "MINOTAUR."

Either they leave the ship, or they can not agree with their messmates, or they wish to be in the same mess with their chums or "townies," and so are exchanged from one mess to another for the mutual satisfaction of all parties. Excepting those of the chief petty-officers, who live in one or more

the galley, where it is cooked on the stove by the ship's cook. The cook performs this duty for all the messes, except those of the officers, who have their own galleys. The men of each mess are responsible for its cleanliness, and on Saturday, the great cleaning-day, tables and benches

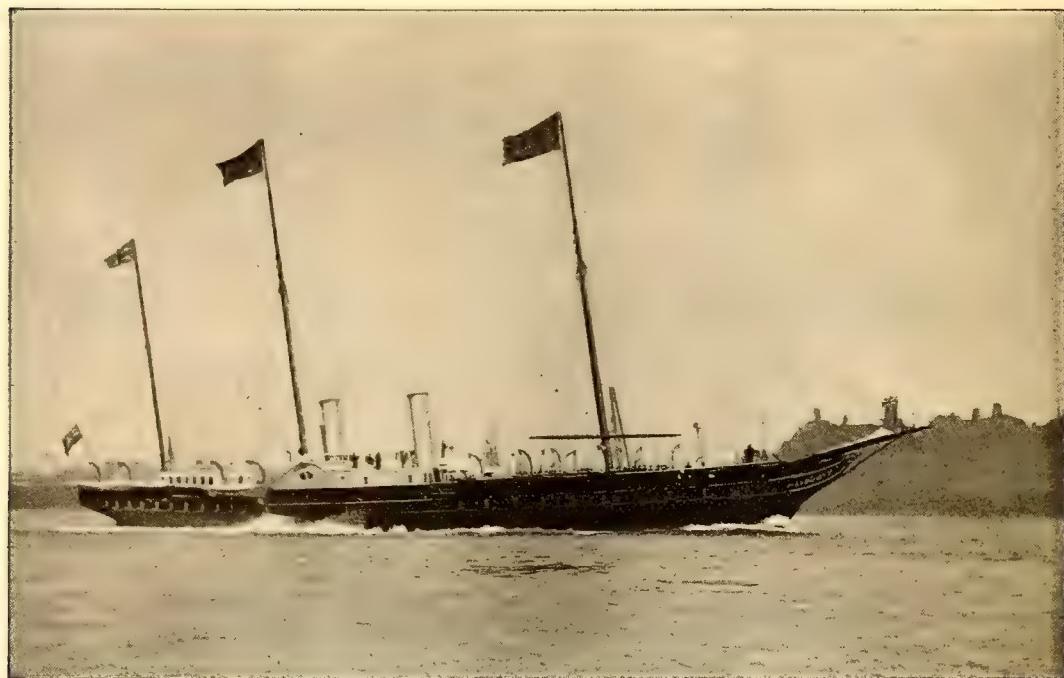
are placed overhead, that the decks may be thoroughly scrubbed.

But when noon arrives, the sentry strikes eight-bells with a vigor peculiarly characteristic of marine sentries at this hour, and immediately there is a clattering of tin dishes, plates, spoons, knives, and forks, above which is heard the shrill piping of the boatswain's-mates' calls, as they pipe to dinner with their long-drawn notes and tremolos. During the busy days of commissioning, the time granted to the men for their meals is short, and as, until after the evening quarters, or muster, their only chance to smoke is during meal-hours, very little time is lost in conversation at dinner,

ficers in charge, and the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants; and whenever anything is amiss, the fact is reported to the captain, who attends to supplying the deficiency.

For some days this goes on. Carts are continually arriving from the different stores in the yard with rope, canvas, and the thousand and one last articles required. At last the ship is ready to receive her powder and shell, to have her compasses adjusted, and to run a steam-trial in charge of her own engineers and stokers.

When her stores are shipped she is hauled from alongside the dock-yard wall and made fast to a buoy in the harbor. Or she goes out of harbor and takes



THE ROYAL YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

nearly everybody wishing to secure as much time as possible for his pipe. When the dinner-hour is over, out go the pipes and all the men (or "hands," as they are termed) are told off to various duties; but to-day the bugle sounds to exercise at "general quarters," which means, preparing for action. When a ship has been some time in commission, this is a matter of a very few moments; but now the gun-gear has to be tested, and examinations must be made to see that all articles and stores for working the guns, providing powder and projectiles, or for flooding the magazines in case of fire, are supplied.

So everything is minutely inspected by the of-

in her powder, has the errors of her compasses ascertained and recorded, or corrected, and runs her trial trip. There may be a few defects to be repaired, after which she probably goes for a week's cruise in the Channel to test her sea-going qualities and familiarize her officers with her behavior. Finally, she leaves England for her station abroad.

Such is an outline of the method of commissioning a ship; and though the ships for the Jubilee Review were to be commissioned for only a short time, yet they went through this whole routine. It was intended that they should be fitted as if for general service; and, indeed, their efficiency was severely tested in the complicated maneuvers.

Shortly after being placed in commission the big ships went on a cruise to Portland, sixty miles to the westward of Portsmouth, and there they remained until their return to Spithead to take position for the Review. Meanwhile the smaller vessels, gunboats and torpedo-boats, were being prepared; but as the work of commissioning these

their anchorage after the Review. As we go out toward the fleet we pass close to a little squadron of six trim sailing-brigs, which are tenders to the boys' training-ships at Portsmouth, Portland, and Plymouth. Pretty, toy-like craft they seem in the foreground of the vast fleet of grim war-vessels.

Our torpedo-boat dashes across the bows of



INDIAN TROOP-SHIP.

small craft is comparatively light, it was left till a later time. By the 18th of July, all the ships were ready, and two days afterward the magnificent fleet was moored in its formation. Thousands of spectators daily thronged the beach, the piers, and the frequent excursion-steamers which ran up and down the lines of war-vessels. After dark, practice with the electric lights began, in order to insure the success of the illuminations which were to follow the Review.

All the fleet being in position, activity and order took the place of bustle and confusion. A glance at the chart (see page 26) shows us that the big ships were moored in three squadrons, of two divisions, or lines, each. Between the northern lines of the squadrons—called Second Divisions—and the shore, were five flotillas composed of smaller turret-ships, gunboats, and torpedo-boats. This arrangement was made in order that those ships which were to maneuver in company might be placed together and be in convenient positions for leaving

two old-fashioned turret-ships, "Prince Albert" and "Glatton," which lead the lines of D Flotilla; and we pass on under the stern of the "Agincourt," and board the "Minotaur," which is flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir William Hewett, V. C. These two ships, each having five masts, are just alike, so that a visit to one will make us acquainted with both. At the gangway, we are received by an officer who willingly sends a quartermaster over the ship with us, as his own duties do not permit him to leave the upper deck during his watch. From the raised poop we have a splendid view of the opposite line of ships, while dead astern of us is a confused forest of masts, funnels, and superstructures. Through the gaps between the ships of the other line we can see the torpedo-boats, but we must inspect them more closely on our return trip to the harbor. Looking forward, the bows of the ship seem to be a tremendous distance away, while the intervening deck, unencumbered by big guns, looks like a ball-room floor—for which, our

guide informs us, it very frequently has to do duty.

The admiral is on shore, so, under supervision of the sentry, we take a walk around his cabins.

man's writing-table is situated. This has a thoroughly business-like air, in contrast with its more romantic surroundings. Electric bells connect the desk with every part of the ship, summoning by a



ENGLISH NAVAL REVIEW. PROCESSION OF ROYAL YACHTS REVIEWING THE FLEET.

We expected something very spacious for such a "monarch of the sea," but we find one compartment almost monopolized by a big 12-ton gun, ponderous, but harmless in comparison with the more modern and lighter pieces of ordnance which we shall see later. On one side of this gun is the admiral's sleeping-apartment, a comfortable place, like any gentleman's dressing-room. On the opposite side of the gun are the dining-tables, adapted for the admiral and his staff, or for larger parties, "for 't is n't often as the admiral does n't have a lot of people to dinner," remarks the quartermaster. Then we step into the after-cabin, which is decorated with pictures of ships which the admiral formerly commanded, and with curiosities from almost every land under the sun. There is a wonderful shield and silver gauntlet, and numerous spears and robes, all presents from the King of Abyssinia, for the admiral is a member of the ancient Abyssinian Order of Solomon. There is a splendidly mounted horn from Norway; there are trophies from the Soudan, West Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, and China, in such profusion that we seem to be paying a visit to a museum.

Many photographs of friends occupy the rest of the available space, except where the great

touch officers of the staff, sentries, or signalmen; while baskets of papers, blue-books, and piles of letters and papers lie about.

Around the stern are glass doors leading out to a small veranda, called the stern-walk, which looks pleasant in this July weather. But it would not be a comfortable place during a bitter winter night in the English Channel.

Passing out of the cabin, and down a steep ladder, we reach the after part of the main-deck. Behind a screen of red curtains are a stove and some easy-chairs of cane or wicker-work, for this is the officers' smoking-room.

For some little distance forward,—or toward the bows,—on each side, are cabins or offices, and then we come to the monster guns which seem to reach almost up to the deck above. We wonder how it can be possible to live while they are fired in so confined a space; but it is said that the noise is less deafening inside the vessel than outside. Between the guns are the men's messes, as already described. There is no room beyond the space necessary for moving about. Cooking-stoves, huge chain-cables, and mess-places for the chief petty-officers, occupy every available inch of the middle part of the deck, while the guns and tables in the

men's messes fill up the sides, leaving only a narrow gangway.

We now dive down a dark hatchway near the bows, by means of an iron ladder, and coming to the lower deck we find the cells, capstan, and electric-light machinery, racks for the men's bags, and scores of other things. On this deck, and below it, the ship is divided off into water-tight compartments, by means of iron walls or bulkheads. We pass through them by heavy iron doors, which can be closed at a second's notice. But we are now nearly below the level of the water outside, and the only light we get is from the hatchways and some small windows called scuttles, which are pierced

pies nearly the whole length and breadth of the room, but a piano is just squeezed in at one corner. In the bulkhead, at the opposite end of the gun-room, is a small sliding window, which leads into the pantry. This window is incessantly opening and shutting, while the miscellany of articles passed through it is perfectly astounding.

A gun-room steward must be a man of many talents, or his life will not be worth living. The calls on his temper are outnumbered only by the demands on his stock, and he must learn to brook the imperious tone of the childlike voices which command him, half-a-dozen times a day, to "bring me my jam, and look sharp about it; my boat is



THE "INFLEXIBLE."

through the ship's side. In some places the side is of great thickness, owing to the armor and its backing. In this old ship the armor is only five and a half inches thick, while that of the new "Inflexible" is twenty-four inches thick, and has a backing of twenty-five inches.

In one compartment we find the "gun-room," the mess-place of the younger officers. This is a dingy cave, lighted now by a dim oil-lamp; but the young officer who welcomes us informs us that at night, when the engines are working, the room is well lighted by electricity. Against the ship's side are lockers for books and sextants, while hooked on the bulkheads are numerous telescopes, swords, dirks, and a hundred other articles. A table occu-

called away." Often enough the order is drowned in a babel of other shouts from a multitude of throats simultaneously yelling for various extraordinary articles of consumption—cocoa, biscuits, tobacco, or fruit. Sometimes the babel is silenced by a stentorian shout from a sub-lieutenant, who subdues the tumult by authority, and takes advantage of the lull to enforce his own claim for a cooling draught. But in response to the bewildering outcries, the steward gives a cheerful "Aye, aye; one moment, sir!" and before that brief interval has expired, a dozen different articles are thrust through the window with a precision only acquired by years of practice.

Just outside the gun-room are the chests of its

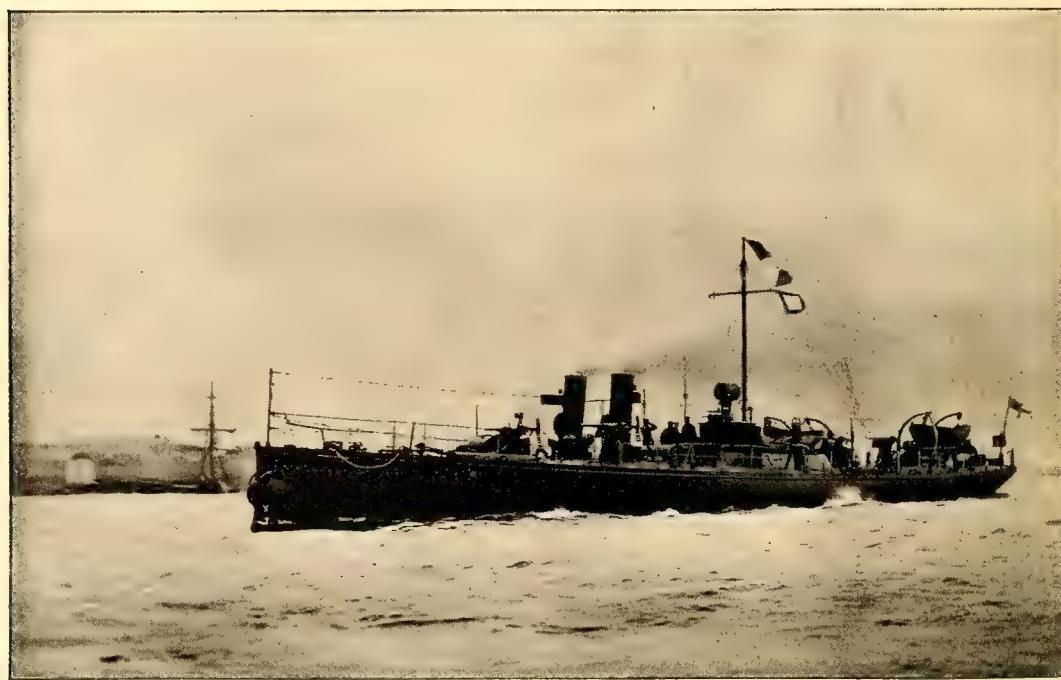
occupants, for the young officers have no cabins. Each chest contains all the worldly possessions of one officer, which, thus packed, are as inaccessible as they well can be. Immediately under the lid are three or four shallow trays. One of these is fitted as a washstand, with basin, mug, soap-dish, and receptacle for tooth-brushes. Another till is a sort of loose box for everything; while a third contains a miscellaneous collection of neckties, handkerchiefs, pipes, money, and a limited stock of jewelry. Under these trays, and packed more or less tidily, according to the tendencies of the marine servant who "looks after" each young gentleman, are his uniforms, suits of plain clothes, boots, linen, and articles of haberdashery. After this explanation, my readers will not find it difficult to understand why the expression "everything on top, and nothing at hand, like a midshipman's chest," is commonly applied to any chaotic disarrangement on board ship.

Abaft, or nearer the stern of the ship than the gun-room, is the ward-room, where the senior officers live. This is a spacious apartment surrounded by tastefully decorated cabins, and lighted from the deck above by a large open skylight, or hatch-

seniors to be much more appropriate to gun-room society.

From our inspection of the Minotaur we returned to the torpedo-boat which was to convey us through the lines, and passing down between the port and starboard divisions of the three squadrons, A, B, and C, we turned to come up between the lines of the flotillas of gunboats and torpedo-boats. Being anxious to pay a visit to a torpedo-boat, we selected No. 81, which, being one of the largest boats, was in H flotilla. She is one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and capable of steaming eighteen knots, or sea-miles, an hour. This is equal to a speed of more than twenty land-miles. Her crew comprises a lieutenant, who commands, a sub-lieutenant, a gunner, an engineer-officer, and sixteen deck and stoke-hold hands. The men are all specially trained in their duties, the seamen in gunnery and torpedo-work, the engine-room artificers and stokers in the care of the delicate machinery and boilers of these boats.

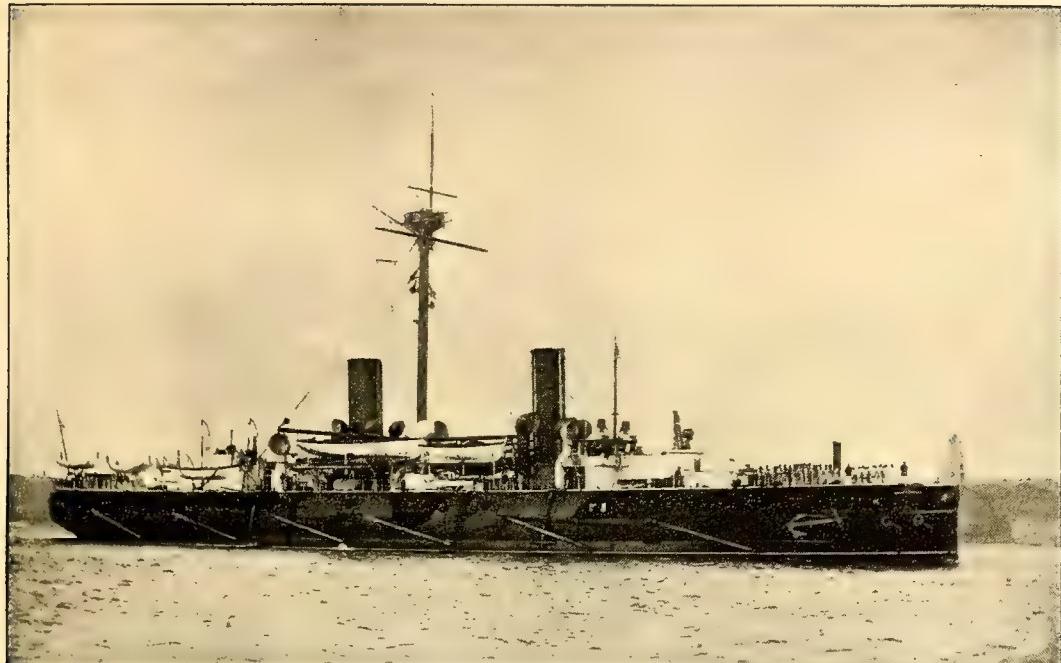
Her armament consists of quick-firing machine-guns, which throw a projectile three pounds in weight, and capable of piercing a considerable thickness of iron or steel plating. But besides



TORPEDO-BOAT.

way. The ward-room differs from the gun-room in its staid and sober quiet, except when some young officers, but recently promoted from the latter mess, show a liveliness popularly considered by their

these guns, which may be considered as the auxiliary armament of a torpedo-boat, are the tubes and carriages for discharging torpedoes. Fixed in the bows, and opening out through the stem,



AN ARMORED CRUISER.

or cutwater, is a tube which fires only directly ahead of the boat. On deck are other tubes which can be pointed, or, as it is called, "trained," in any direction desirable. The torpedo is discharged from its tube or carriage by means of gunpowder or compressed air, which is called the impulse. This expels the torpedo with considerable force, and during its progress to the water a small obstruction throws back a lever on the top of the torpedo, and so admits compressed air, from the chamber in which it is stored, into the engines. Thus the screw-propellers are set in motion automatically as the torpedo is entering the water; and while they continue to revolve the torpedo is kept moving through the water toward the object at which the tube or carriage was aimed. The torpedo can be adjusted, before being fired, to go through the water at any particular depth required.

The torpedo itself is double-ended in shape, like a cigar. At the forward point is a detonating contrivance called a "pistol," which explodes the charge when the torpedo comes into contact with an object. To insure detonation of the pistol, even if the object is not struck at right angles, there are "whiskers" or projections, and these cause detonation if the torpedo strikes the object obliquely. Next to the pistol comes the charge of gun-cotton, the weight of which varies in different

torpedoes, but which may be taken as about one hundred pounds. The greater part of it is wet gun-cotton, which is ignited by the explosion of some dry gun-cotton, called a primer; and this primer is itself exploded by the action of the fulminate contained in the pistol. The torpedo also contains a chamber of air to give it buoyancy, and another chamber of compressed air for working the engines. The engines are contained in another compartment, from which the shafts to turn the screws pass to the stem of the torpedo. There are two screws which work in opposite directions on the same center. This is accomplished by putting the shaft of one inside the shaft of the other. There are rudders for keeping the torpedo on its course and at its proper depth, and these are worked by a balance mechanism in the interior of the torpedo. Small projecting fins on the body of the torpedo reduce its tendency to roll. Precautions are also taken to render the torpedo harmless until it has gone a certain distance, and again after it has run its journey. In the absence of such precautions it might be more dangerous to friends than to foes, either by turning round and running back against the ship from which it was fired, owing to some defect in the steering arrangements, or by exploding when picked up by friends.

Half on deck and half below the upper deck of the boat, are bullet-proof towers, from which the

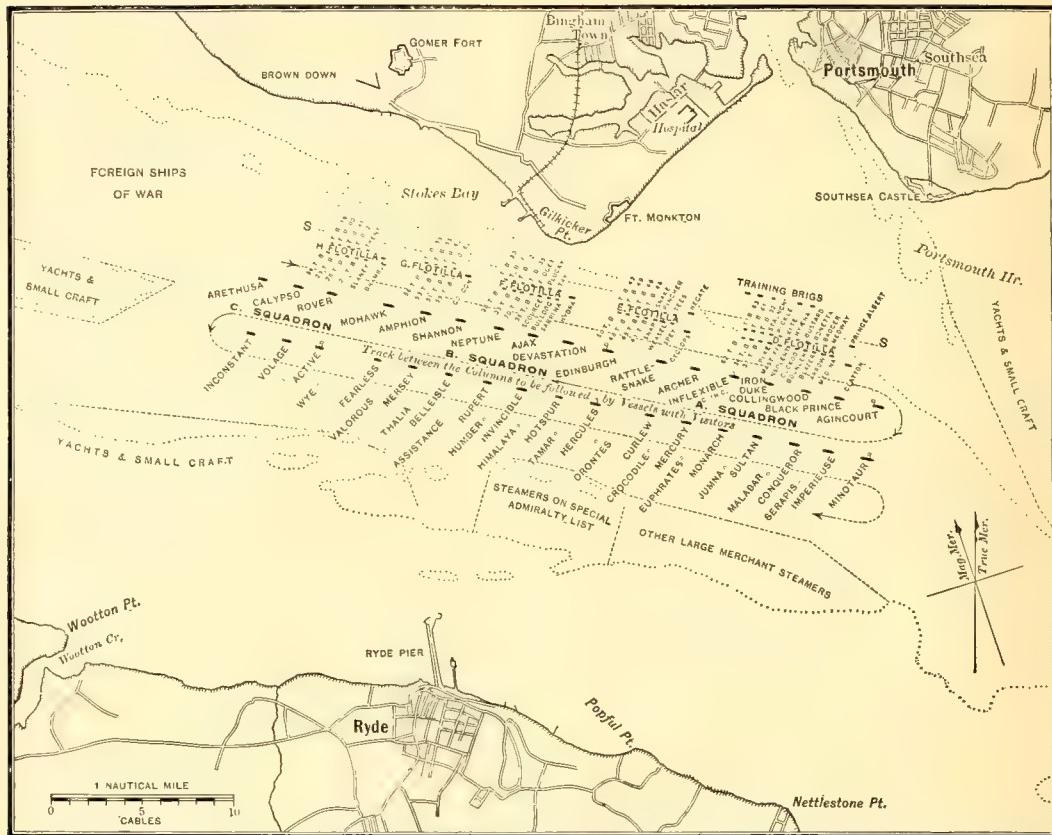


CHART SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE FLEET, FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW, JULY 23, 1887.

officer and steersman maneuver the boat in action. Inside these towers the steering wheels and the contrivances for discharging the torpedoes are placed. There are narrow slits around the towers through which the people inside can see what is going on outside, but which will exclude rifle-bullets.

So much of the bow-compartment of the boat as is not taken up by the bow torpedo-tubes is occupied by the men. Then come the engines and boilers, and the officers' cabin, which will accommodate two comfortably, as things go, or more at a pinch. Though No. 81 boat is designed to accommodate four officers besides the commander, every available inch of space is used for stowing arms, provisions, cooking utensils, and the many things necessary for service. In fact, were you to see the whole of the stores and furniture which a torpedo-boat carries, placed on the wharf beside her, you would think it impossible to stow them all away in so tiny a craft. But our visit to the torpedo-boat is at an end, and in our own craft, which is waiting for us, we make for the harbor again.

So fine had the weather been for weeks preceding the review, that as the day of the pageant approached, all felt that it must change. When the barometer fell, and the wind chopped round to a rainy quarter on the evening of the 22d of July, a regular downpour was foretold for the next day.

Early in the morning I ascended to the top of the high signal tower in the dock-yard, and gazed around. A thin mist hung over the ships at Spithead, but this was rapidly lifting before a light breeze, and the waters of the Solent, with the magnificent fleet reposing quietly at anchor, were soon revealed. The sky was clear and blue, and every outline of the surrounding scenery, comprising hills, buildings, ships, and sea, was sharp and well defined. Close under my tower lay the harbor with the old line of battle-ships, and the "Osborne," the yacht of the Prince of Wales.

All was quiet and still, except the pacing of a sentinel here and there, until the bell struck the hour of eight o'clock. Then were heard a few sharp words of command, a shrill piping, and there

fluttered aloft a brilliant display of bunting, which, in the twinkling of an eye, had formed itself into a rainbow over every ship in view. This change was magical, for one could not see the men running away along the decks with the ropes which hoisted the flags into position. From the main-truck of the Osborne, the standards of the Prince of Wales and the King of Greece flew side by side. The forenoon was not very advanced when people began to throng the walks along the sea-front, the beach, the piers, and every possible point, above and below, from which a view of the expected pageant could be obtained. Long before the time appointed for the troop-ships conveying visitors to move out of harbor, thousands were thronging into the dock-yard, by special trains from London, in carriages, and on foot. The jetties were soon covered with people, and lined by ships two and

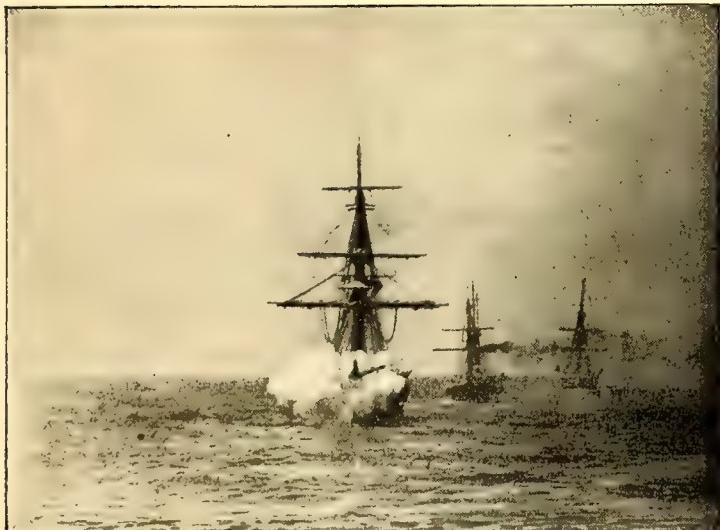
vessels already named, there were ten vessels for diplomatists, naval and military functionaries, scientific societies, and friends of those in the navy.

Punctually at the time appointed for the vessels to start on their tour round the fleet, they began to move, and at last a long stream of ships was seen threading its way between the lines of the men-of-war anchored in review order at Spithead. Many of them were to repeat the tour in the Royal procession, so they dropped their anchors near Osborne Bay, ready to take position in the line which was to be formed to follow the Queen's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert." The others, having seen all there was to be seen, took places to the southward of the south line of ships, in the positions which you will see marked in the chart. Soon after three o'clock a gun was heard. This was the signal which announced that the Royal yacht was leaving Osborne Bay. Immediately the sound was repeated by another gun fired from the Inflexible (which carried the flag of the Commander-in-Chief), and then the cannonade of a royal salute thundered from every ship of the mighty fleet, till the air reverberated again. Meanwhile the royal procession approached, and when the smoke cleared away, every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the sovereign.

The way is led by the yacht of the Trinity Corporation, which precedes the royal yacht as a pilot, then comes the "Victoria and Albert," followed by the Osborne and the tenders and other ships of the procession. As the vessels

steam grandly up between

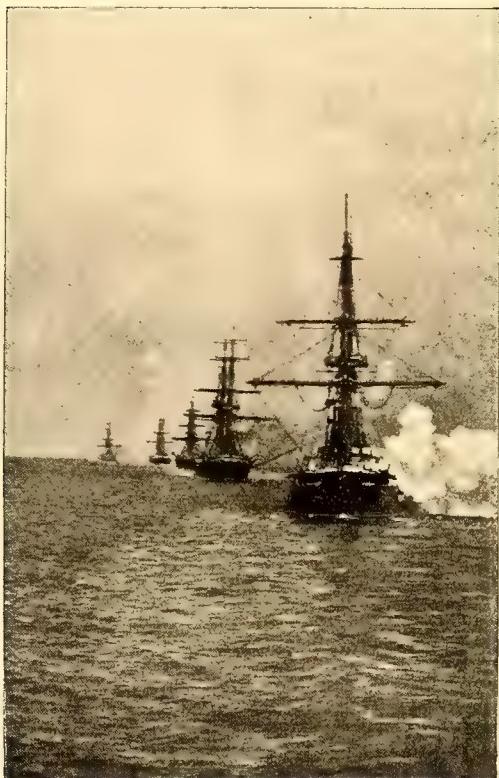
the lines, the cheers of the blue-jackets, who are manning the yards aloft, or are ranged around the decks and the turrets of the mastless ships, are taken up by thousands of throats on shore, and passed along from point to point till the applause bids fair to out-thunder the salute still ringing hoarsely in our ears. Having steamed through the space between the squadrons of large ships and the flotillas of coast-defense vessels and small craft, the royal procession extends its tour to the eastward, and it is generally supposed that the sovereign is taking a cup of tea! But after some little delay, the yachts are seen to turn and again approach the fleet. As they enter between the lines of the squadrons of big ships the cheering recommences. Soon the vessels slow down, and, in obedience to a



THE CHANNEL SQUADRON, NO. 1.

three deep, which received their cargoes of visitors as fast as they could possibly crowd aboard. The five gigantic Indian troop-ships, with their vast white sides glistening under a bright sun, looked superb. They were all alike, except that each had a stripe of color to distinguish her from her sister ships. The "Euphrates," with the blue stripe, conveyed the Cabinet Ministers and the members of the House of Lords, while the "Crocodile," which had a yellow streak, was assigned to carry the members of the House of Commons. The "Malabar" was allotted to Indian officials, while nine other troop-ships carried general visitors who had been lucky enough to secure tickets in the tremendous rush to obtain these coveted bits of cardboard which had been going on for some weeks. Besides the

signal from the Queen, they stop. Then another signal commands the attendance on board the "Victoria and Albert" of all the captains of the ships of the fleet. With them come also the cap-



CHANNEL SQUADRON, NO. 2.

tains of the foreign men-of-war, and a levee is held, at which the Queen addresses a few words to several of the officers. This done, the captains return to their ships, the procession proceeds on its course, and a signal is made to the Commander-in-Chief: "Her Majesty has great satisfaction and pride in the magnificent display made this afternoon by the Navy." Then, when the Queen has left the lines, the salute is repeated and the Review is over.

After the Review numerous small tenders conveyed the visitors from the big ships into the harbor, as the tide was too low to allow the troop-ships to go in.

Soon after eight o'clock the small vessels began to steam out of the harbor and to take up their positions for the last but, perhaps, most attractive part of the day's programme.

When it was dark enough, a signal-gun was fired, and immediately the form of every vessel in the fleet was revealed by a rainbow of lights from

the bowsprit, over the mastheads, and down to the stern. Another row of lamps was placed along the upper deck; the turrets of all the mastless vessels were outlined by colored lamps, which made them look like so many fairy castles, instead of what they really were, massive towers of strength armed with ponderous guns, capable of hurling ruin and death into the ranks of the enemy. Between the masts of the ships there appeared in large letters of electric light the Royal initials, "V. R." Rows of colored fireworks, alternating with bouquets of high-soaring rockets, illuminated the scene. Change after change of color and device awoke the admiration of the thousands afloat and ashore, till at length there flashed from every ship a searching beam from an electric light. These beams lighted up the shores of Gosport and Southsea on one side, and the Isle of Wight on the other. They displayed the buildings, and the crowds of people massed together along the beach and on the house-tops, and for a time converted night into day. After some minutes of play from these electric search-lights, which in warfare would be used to discover the presence of hostile ships probably a tiny torpedo-boat stealthily approaching under the cover of darkness, the beams were directed high into the air, and being turned inward, they met in the clouds between the two lines of ships, and so formed a series of beautiful, pointed arches of light. Words can not express the grandeur of the scene at this moment. Imagine for yourselves two long lines of massive ironclads stretching away till, by perspective, they seem to meet. The forms of their hulls, the graceful tracery of their tapered spars, are outlined in dots of various-colored lights. The waters on which these vessels proudly ride are gently rippled by the cool night-wind, till every dancing wave reflects a thousand tiny rays borrowed from the fairy lamps around, making the whole surface of the sea look like a floor paved with deep-blue turquoise, and densely strewn with diamonds.

Above, the lofty pointed arch of soft white light conceals from view the dark clouds, and dims the stars, which seem to vie with the myriad electric lamps defining the forest of masts and yards on either hand. We can not believe that we are afloat on a real sea and surrounded by the implements of all that is cruellest and most horrible on earth—War. But the steam-whistles, which have been used during the evening to order the changes in the illuminations, now suddenly scream out their final signal.

As if a curtain had dropped before our eyes, all becomes suddenly black, the darkness seeming darker by the suddenness of the change. But as our vision becomes accustomed to the dimmer

light, the stars shine out, as if in triumph at having outlasted their transitory rivals.

And now we realize our sudden return to earth. The rattle of the chain as the anchor of our little craft comes up, then the splash of the paddles as they slowly revolve, tell us that we are once more bound for the harbor. We pick our way cautiously

through a shoal of other vessels, great and small, all racing for home now that the great show is over. The monster pageant has required months of time and many thousands of hands in its preparation, but its triumphant success is the best reward to those who have labored so long and so faithfully to achieve it.





GREAT JAPAN: THE SUNRISE KINGDOM.

BY IDA C. HODNETT.



JAPANESE dolls, fans, screens, parasols, tea-cups and tea-pots, and bric-à-brac of various kinds are familiar objects to our girls and

boys. Many have seen some of the Japanese themselves, and know that there are several hundreds of their educated class in this country, in business or at school, studying our civilization and sciences; but few young Americans have clear ideas of the present or former condition of this remarkable people.

We, the people of the United States, were the first among nations to knock at Japan's door and ask to be on visiting terms with our far-off neighbor, who for about two hundred and fifty years had lived like a hermit. That knock hastened the Japanese revolution, and this revolution overthrew their double system of government and restored the Mikado to his proper place as the real ruler of the country.

This "land of dainty decoration" is destined to stand high among the world's nations. The strides it has made in civilization since that revolution of twenty years ago remind us of the boy who stole the giant's seven-leagued boots, in the fairy-tale.

Although they are studying us, as well as our sciences, our religion, and our civilization, they have no intention of adopting all our customs. On the contrary, they are examining our ways carefully, in order that they may adopt the good, and reject the bad or whatever is unsuited to their conditions of life.

Here are a few facts about the Japanese which will not be difficult to remember.

Before their revolution of 1868, the people other than the nobility were divided into four ranks:

First: The warrior rank, called Samurai (pronounced *sah-moo-ri*). Second: The farmer rank, called Hyakusho (*hyah-koo-shō*). Third: The

mechanic rank, called Shokunin (*shō-koo-neen*). Fourth: The merchant rank, called Chonin (*chō-neen*).

There were two sets lower than these: the Eta, workers in raw hides; and the Hinin, squatters on waste lands—the lowest class of beggars. Both were outcasts.

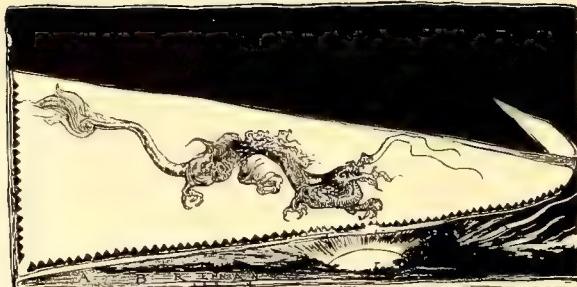
The degrees in rank above the main body of the people stood thus:

First: The Mikado, or Emperor, and the royal families. Second: The Kuge (pronounced *koo-gā*), or the court nobles. Third: The Shogun (*shō-goon*) families. Shogun meant the governing man, chief general. Fourth: The Daimio (*dī-myo*) families. Daimio meant masters of provinces, or territorial nobles.

There were many subdivisions of rank among these noble families, but the two great divisions were the court nobility and the sword, or warrior, nobility.

Twenty-one years ago, the Emperor of Japan was a mere figurehead, and his predecessors for more than five hundred years had been little more. They lived in strict seclusion and exercised no ruling power. Only a few nobles of the highest rank had the privilege of beholding the Emperor's face. The Japanese throne has never been banded about from one dynasty to another. Their history begins twenty-five hundred and forty-nine years ago, before Nebuchadnezzar conquered the Jews. During this time, one hundred and twenty-three sovereigns have sat on the throne, nine of whom have been women; and all have belonged to this one dynasty. It is a nameless dynasty, for it is beyond the need of a family name.

Jimmu, the first Emperor of Japan, was reverently believed to be the great-grandson of Ninigi, the grandson of the sun-goddess, sent by her to rule over the earth. From this belief in the divine origin of the imperial family, arose two of the many titles of the Mikado, namely: "Tenshi" (pro-



nounced *ten-shee*), "the son of heaven," and "Tennō" (pronounced *ten-nō*), "the sovereign from heaven," or "appointed by heaven." Tennō is the title required to be used officially.

The form of government was an absolute monarchy, and the early emperors were the direct executive heads. The empire was divided into gun (*goon*), or provinces, and these subdivided into ken. This was called the gun-ken system, and the whole was under the rule of the Emperor.

There was, from very early times, a Shogun, or general; but at first his power was small. Yoritomo, one of the most celebrated men in Japanese history, obtained great power during a civil war in the twelfth century by restoring order and establishing firm government. He became the most powerful subject in the empire, and the Mikado appointed him Sei Tai Shogun (*sai ti shoo-goon*) in 1192. This title means "Barbarian-quelling Great General," and it was the greatest honor that could be bestowed on a subject. The whole country was placed under military rule, and this was the beginning of the double system of Japanese government. Gradually, more and more power was concentrated in the Shogun's hands, while only empty dignities and numerous titles were left to the Emperor.

That "son of heaven," however, though often a child, was the source of all rank and dignity; and though the office of Shogun became hereditary in certain families, and though the Shogun lived with the pomp and splendor of a king, he always owed his appointment to the Emperor. The Shogun assumed the protectorship of the Emperor.

This form of government was called the Shogunate.

The office belonged in turn to several families. The last dynasty of shoguns was the Tokugawa (*to-koo-gah-wah*) family. The founder, Tokugawa Iyéyasu (*e-yā-yas-oo*) of the noble Minamoto stock, seized the supreme power in 1603, and held it with a strong hand. His dynasty continued in power until 1868, a period of two hundred and sixty-five years. This was a period of peace in Japan and continued until their late civil war.

The rulers immediately under the Shogun, and owing him military service, were the daimio (*dī-myo*). There were three ranks of daimio; Koku-shiu (*kō-koo-she-oo*), the greater landed-lords; Tozama (*tō-zah-mah*), the smaller landed-lords; and Fudai (*foo-di*), the generals and captains to whom the Tokugawa family gave land in reward for services.

These lords had many subordinate officers of various degrees in rank, all, however, being samurai, or warriors. Every warrior was attached to some daimio, and therefore was a kerai (*kā-ri*),

or vassal. Those who left the service of their lords for any purpose were called ronin (*rō-neen*), or masterless men.

The feudal system had a very minute code of honor, and there grew out of it a most exalted sense of loyalty and devotion. History is full of the stories of men who sacrificed their lives for their lords; but the rule did not work both ways—the lord did not lay down his life for his vassal.

The farmers and other classes in the province of the daimio put themselves under his protection, and paid him tribute. These taxes were enormous, for upon them depended the support of the unproductive class, the two-sworded gentry called Samurai, or warriors. So all revenue came into the hands of the military class, and the Kugé, or court nobles, became very poor in this world's goods, but not poor in spirit. The lowest Kugé was superior in rank to the Shogun.

Besides the Emperor's family there were set apart four families of imperial descent, from whom the Emperor might choose an heir for the throne in case there was no heir in his own family. The throne did not always descend to the eldest son, but the father might choose as heir the son who seemed to him most suitable. The Emperor's daughters sometimes married nobles, and sometimes married into the royal families belonging to the dynasty.

Under this double system of government, the Mikado and the Shogun, the outside world supposed there were two emperors, one a spiritual, the other a temporal emperor. This "temporal Emperor" was merely the Mikado's general. The Mikado, the "son of heaven," lived at Kioto, a city beautifully situated, in a palace much like a temple in outward appearance, but with little of the splendor of a European palace. Magnificence of display might do very well for upstart generals, but was unseemly for the semi-divinity of royalty. The Shogun lived at Yedo, which was thus the real seat of government.

In 1853, Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, sent Commodore Perry with a large squadron of well-equipped vessels, to convey a letter to the Emperor of Japan asking that a treaty might be made between the two nations. The formidable appearance of the steam-vessels greatly frightened the hermit nation, but compelled a respectful reception of the mission of the "savages." A high official was sent to receive the letter, which was delivered, not to the Emperor, but to the Shogun, who called himself the "Tai Kun" (*Tī-koon*), meaning great prince or ruler. The Mikado never bestowed this title on any one, and the Shogun had not before formally assumed it.

In 1854 the Shogun made a treaty with the

United States, and shortly afterward with England, France, Holland, and Austria. These treaties opened a few ports, and when they were ratified in 1859, these were made ports of trade, as well as ports of entry and supply. But these treaties had not received the sanction of the Mikado, and were not really legal. In making them the Shogunate pretended to be the supreme power in Japan, while it was not. This deceit hastened its downfall. A few Japanese saw the necessity of opening the ports, but by far the greater part were *jo-i* (*jo-ee*), foreigner-haters. The original meaning of *jo-i* was "Keep back, savage."

There were many deep students and thinkers among both the *kuzé* and the *daimio* families, who longed to see the Mikado again the ruler of the nation. The Americans, English, French, and Dutch were pressing their claims for entrance and trade. The Mikado disapproved of the treaties when they were reported to him, and this excited intense wrath all over the land. The cry arose, "Honor the Mikado, and drive out the barbarian."

Civil war broke out, followed by ruin and desolation. The war cry was, *Daigi meibun* (*Di-gee mā-boon*), meaning, "The King and the subject." Finally, on November 9, 1867, Tokugawa Keiki formally resigned the office of *Sei Tai Shogun*. The Mikado, Komei (*Komay*), died about the same time, and his son, Mutsuhito (*Moot-soo-hī-to*), a boy of seventeen, was thereupon declared sole sovereign.

The office of *Shogun* was abolished, and a provisional government was formed on the 3d of January, 1868. The government intended to expel the foreigners, but knew it was then not strong enough. So they waited in order that they might gain strength.

Now the followers of the Tokugawa families had seen that it was the best thing for Japan to introduce foreign civilization. They being out of power, it seemed that Japan would relapse into strict seclusion, and again lead the life of a hermit-crab. But Mr. W. E. Griffis, one of the professors of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, from 1872 to 1874, says the noblest trait in the Japanese character is willingness to change, when convinced of error or inferiority. The samurai leaders of the restoration induced the imperial court to invite the foreign ministers to an audience. A personal meeting helped to make the court nobles see things more clearly. They had thought all foreigners beasts. They found them honorable men, and with noble humility acknowledged their error and made friends.

Peace did not come all at once. There had been many murders of foreigners, of Americans, Englishmen, and men of other nationalities, by fanatical assassins, and danger lurked in secret places. But in justice it should be said that these murders were often provoked by insolence on the part of the foreigners. Nevertheless, the path to modern civilization had been opened, and in that path the devoted Japanese leaders have steadily led their people.

The young Mikado, Mutsuhito, the 123d Emperor of the nameless dynasty, was the first of his line to take oath as a ruler.

On the 12th of April, 1868, he made oath before gods and men that "a deliberative assembly should be formed; all measures should be decided by public opinion; . . . and that intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of the empire."

This oath was reaffirmed October 12, 1881, and the year 1890 is fixed as the time for limiting the imperial prerogative, forming two houses of parliament, and transforming the government into a constitutional monarchy.

The Emperor's capital was changed from Kioto to Yedo, which was re-named, and called Tokio.

Feudalism, or the holding of fiefs by the *daimio*, came to an end in 1871, by imperial edict, and the whole of great Japan was again directly under the Mikado's rule.

The titles of *kugé* and *daimio* were also abolished, both being re-named simply *Kuasoku* (*Koo-as-o-koo*), or noble families. The distinctions between the lower orders of people were scattered to the winds, and even the despised outcasts were made citizens, protected by law.

The degrees in rank among the Japanese are now as follows:

First. The Emperor and the royal families.

Second. The Kuasoku, the noble families.

Third. The Shizoku (*Shee-zō-koo*), the gentry.

Fourth. The Heimin (*Hā-meen*), the citizens in general.

The results of the Japanese Revolution may be summed up thus:

First. The restoration of the Mikado as ruler, and ending of the Shogunate.

Second. The opening of the entire country to foreigners.

Third. The gradual abolition of rank in the main body of the people, giving all equal rights under the law.

Old Japan has gone! Long live the New!

ANN MARY—HER TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"GRANDMA."

"What is it, child?"

"You goin' to put that cup-cake into the pan to bake it now, Grandma?"

"Yes; I guess so. It's beat 'bout enough."

"You ain't put in a mite of nutmeg, Grandma."

The grandmother turned around to Ann Mary. "Don't you be quite so anxious," said she with sarcastic emphasis. "I alers put the nutmeg in cup-cake the very last thing. I ruther guess I should n't have put this cake into the oven without nutmeg!"

The old woman beat fiercely on the cake. She used her hand instead of a spoon, and she held the yellow mixing-bowl poised on her hip under her arm. She was stout and rosy-faced. She had crinkly white hair, and she always wore a string of gold beads around her creasy neck. She never took off the gold beads except to put them under her pillow at night, she was so afraid of their being stolen. Old Mrs. Little had always been nervous about thieves, although none had ever troubled her.

"You may go into the pantry, an' bring out the nutmeg now, Ann Mary," said she presently, with dignity.

Ann Mary soberly slipped down from her chair and went. She realized that she had made a mistake. It was quite an understood thing for Ann Mary to have an eye upon her grandmother while she was cooking, to be sure that she put in everything that she should, and nothing that she should not, for the old woman was absent-minded. But it had to be managed with great delicacy, and the corrections had to be quite irrefutable, or Ann Mary was reprimanded for her pains.

When Ann Mary had deposited the nutmeg-box and the grater at her grandmother's elbow, she took up her station again. She sat at a corner of the table in one of the high kitchen-chairs. Her feet could not touch the floor, and they dangled uneasily in their stout leather shoes, but she never rested them on the chair round, nor even swung them by way of solace. Ann Mary's grandmother did not like to have her chair rounds all marked up by shoes, and swinging feet disturbed her while she was cooking. Ann Mary sat up, grave and straight. She was a delicate, slender little girl, but she never stooped. She had an odd resem-

blance to her grandmother; a resemblance more of manner than of feature. She held back her narrow shoulders in the same determined way in which the old woman held her broad ones; she walked as she did, and spoke as she did.

Mrs. Little was very proud of Ann Mary Evans; Ann Mary was her only daughter's child, and had lived with her grandmother ever since she was a baby. The child could not remember either her father or mother, she was so little when they died.

Ann Mary was delicate, so she did not go to the village to the public school. Miss Loretta Adams, a young lady who lived in the neighborhood, gave her lessons. Loretta had graduated in a beautiful white muslin dress at the high-school over in the village, and Ann Mary had a great respect and admiration for her. Loretta had a parlor-organ and could play on it, and she was going to give Ann Mary lessons after Thanksgiving. Just now there was a vacation. Loretta had gone to Boston to spend two weeks with her cousin.

Ann Mary was all in brown, a brown calico dress and a brown calico, long-sleeved apron; and her brown hair was braided in two tight little tails that were tied with some old brown bonnet-strings of Mrs. Little's, and flared out stiffly behind the ears. Once, when Ann Mary was at her house, Loretta Adams had taken it upon herself to comb out the tight braids and set the hair flowing in a fluffy mass over the shoulders; but when Ann Mary came home her grandmother was properly indignant. She seized her and re-braided the tails with stout and painful jerks. "I ain't goin' to have Loretty Adams meddlin' with your hair," said she, "an' she can jest understand it. If she wants to have her own hair all in a frowzle, an' look like a wild Injun, she can; you sha' n't!"

And Ann Mary, standing before her grandmother with head meekly bent and watery eyes, decided that she would have to tell Loretta that she must n't touch the braids, if she proposed it again.

That morning, while Mrs. Little was making the pies and the cake and the pudding, Ann Mary was sitting idle, for her part of the Thanksgiving cooking was done. She had worked so fast, the day before and early that morning, that she had the raisins all picked over and seeded, and the apples pared and sliced; and that was about all that her

grandmother thought she could do. Ann Mary herself was of a different opinion; she was twelve years old, if she *was* small for her age, and she considered herself quite capable of making pies and cup-cake.

However, it was something to sit there at the table and have that covert sense of superintending her grandmother; and to be reasonably sure that some of the food would have a strange flavor were it not for her vigilance.

Mrs. Little's mince-pies had all been baked the Saturday before; to-day, as she said, she was "making apple and squash." While the apple-pies were in progress, Ann Mary watched her narrowly. Her small folded hands twitched and her little neck seemed to elongate above her apron; but she waited until her grandmother took up an upper crust, and was just about to lay it over a pie. Then she spoke up suddenly. Her voice had a timid yet assertive chirp like a bird's.

"Grandma!"

"Well, what is it, child?"

"You goin' to put that crust on that pie now, Grandma?"

Mrs. Little stood uneasily reflective. She eyed the pie sharply. "Yes, I be. Why?" she returned in a doubtful yet defiant manner.

"You have n't put one bit of sugar in."

"For the land sakes!" Mrs. Little did not take correction of this kind happily, but when she was made to fairly acknowledge the need of it, she showed no resentment. She laid the upper crust back on the board and sweetened the pie. Ann Mary watched her gravely, but she was inwardly complacent. After she had rescued the pudding from being baked without the plums, and it was nearly dinner-time, her grandfather came home. He had been over to the village to buy the Thanksgiving turkey. Ann Mary looked out with delight when he drove past the windows on his way to the barn.

"Grandpa's got home," said she.

It was snowing quite hard, and she saw the old man and the steadily tramping white horse and the tilting wagon through a thick mist of falling snowflakes.

Before Mr. Little came into the kitchen, his wife warned him to be sure to wipe all the snow from his feet, and not to track in any, so he stamped vigorously out in the shed. Then he entered with an air of pride. "There!" said he, "what do ye think of that for a turkey?" Mr. Little was generally slow and gentle in his ways, but to-day he was quite excited over the turkey. He held it up with considerable difficulty. He was a small old man, and the cords on his lean hands knotted. "It weighs a good fifteen pound," said he, "an'

there was n't a better one in the store. Adkins did n't have a very big lot on hand."

"I should think that was queer, the day before Thanksgivin'," said Mrs. Little. She was examining the turkey critically. "I guess it'll do," she declared finally. That was her highest expression of approbation. "Well, I rayther thought you'd think so," rejoined the old man, beaming. "I guess it's about as good a one as can be got,—they said 't was, down there. Sam White he was in there, and he said 't was; he said I was goin' to get it in pretty good season for Thanksgivin', he thought."

"I don't think it's such very extra season, the day before Thanksgivin'," said Mrs. Little.

"Well, I don't think 't was, nuther. I didn't see jest what Sam meant by it."

Ann Mary was dumb with admiration. When the turkey was laid on the broad shelf in the pantry, she went and gazed upon it. In the afternoon there was great enjoyment seeing it stuffed and made ready for the oven. Indeed, this day was throughout one of great enjoyment, being full of the very aroma of festivity and good cheer and gala times, and even sweeter than the occasion which it preceded. Ann Mary had only one damper all day, and that was the non-arrival of a letter. Mrs. Little had invited her son and his family to spend Thanksgiving, but now they probably were not coming, since not a word in reply had been received. When Mr. Little said there was no letter in the post-office, Ann Mary's face fell. "Oh, dear," said she, "don't you suppose Lucy will come, Grandma?"

"No," replied her grandmother, "I don't. Edward never did such a thing as not to send me word when he was comin', in his life, nor Maria neither. I ain't no idee they'll come."

"Oh, dear!" said Ann Mary again.

"Well, you'll have to make up your mind to it," returned her grandmother; she was sore over her own disappointment, and so was irascible toward Ann Mary's. "It's no worse for you than for the rest of us. I guess you can keep one Thanksgivin' without Lucy."

For a while it almost seemed to Ann Mary that she could not. Lucy was her only cousin. She loved Lucy dearly, and she was lonesome for another little girl; nobody knew how she had counted upon seeing her cousin. Ann Mary herself had a forlorn hope that Lucy still might come, even if Uncle Edward *was* always so particular about sending word and no word had been received. On Thanksgiving morning she kept running to the window, and looking down the road. But when the stage from the village came, it passed right by the house without slackening its speed.

Then there was no hope left at all.

" You might jest as well be easy," said her grandmother. " I guess you can have a good Thanksgivin' if Lucy *ain't* here. This evenin' you can ask Loretta to come over a little while, if you want to, an' you can make some nut-candy."

" Loretta *ain't* at home."

" She 'll come home for Thanksgivin', I guess. It ain't very likely she 's stayed away over that. When I get the dinner ready to take up, you can carry a plateful down to Sarah Bean's, an' that 'll be somethin' for you to do, too. I guess you can manage."

Thanksgiving day was a very pleasant day, although there was considerable snow on the ground, for it had snowed all the day before. Mr. Little and Ann Mary did not go to church as usual, on that account.

The old man did not like to drive to the village before the roads were beaten out. Mrs. Little lamented not a little over it. It was the custom for her husband and granddaughter to attend church Thanksgiving morning, while she stayed at home and cooked the dinner. " It does seem dreadful heathenish for nobody to go to meetin' Thanksgivin' day," said she; " an' we ain't even heard the proclamation read, neither. It rained so hard last Sabbath that we could n't go."

The season was unusually wintry and severe, and lately the family had been prevented from church-going. It was two Sundays since any of the family had gone. The village was three miles away, and the road was rough. Mr. Little was too old to drive over it in very bad weather.

When Ann Mary went to carry the plate of Thanksgiving dinner to Sarah Bean, she wore a pair of her grandfather's blue woolen socks drawn over her shoes to keep out the snow. The snow was rather deep for easy walking, but she did not

mind that. She carried the dinner with great care; there was a large plate well filled, and a tin dish was turned over it to keep it warm. Sarah Bean was an old woman who lived alone. Her house was about a quarter of a mile from the Littles'.



MR. LITTLE SELECTS THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

When Ann Mary reached the house, she found the old woman making a cup of tea. There did not seem to be much of anything but tea and bread and butter for her dinner. She was very deaf and infirm, all her joints shook when she tried to use them, and her voice quavered when she talked. She took the plate, and her hands trembled so that the tin dish played on the plate like a clapper. " Why," said she, overjoyed,

"this looks just like Thanksgiving day, tell your Grandma!"

"Why, it *is* Thanksgiving day," declared Ann Mary, with some wonder.

"What?" asked Sarah Bean.

"*It is Thanksgiving day, you know.*" But it was of no use, the old woman could not hear a word. Ann Mary's voice was too low.

Ann Mary could not walk very fast on account of the snow. She was absent some three-quarters of an hour; her grandmother had told her that dinner would be all on the table when she returned. She was enjoying the nice things in anticipation all the way; when she came near the house, she could smell roasted turkey, and there was also a sweet spicy odor in the air.

She noticed with surprise that a sleigh had been in the yard. "I wonder who's come," she said to herself. She thought of Lucy, and whether they could have driven over from the village. She ran in. "Why, who's come?" she cried out.

Her voice sounded like a shout in her own ears; it seemed to awaken echoes. She fairly startled herself, for there was no one in the room. There was absolute quiet through all the house. There was even no sizzling from the kettles on the stove, for everything had been dished up. The vegetables, all salted and peppered and buttered, were on the table—but the turkey was not there. In the great vacant place where the turkey should have been was a piece of white paper. Ann Mary spied it in a moment. She caught it up and looked at it. It was a note from her grandmother:

We have had word that Aunt Betsey has had a bad turn. Lizz wants us to come. The dinner is all ready for you. If we ain't home to-night, you can get Loretty to stay with you. Be a good girl.
GRANDMA.

Ann Mary read the note and stood reflecting, her mouth drooping at the corners. Aunt Betsey was Mrs. Little's sister; Lizz was her daughter who lived with her and took care of her. They lived in Derby, and Derby was fourteen miles away. It seemed a long distance to Ann Mary, and she felt sure that her grandparents could not come home that night. She looked around the empty room, and sighed. After a while she sat down and pulled off the snowy socks; she thought she might as well eat her dinner, although she did not feel so hungry as she had expected. Everything was on the table but the turkey and plum-pudding. Ann Mary supposed these were in the oven keeping warm; the door was ajar. But, when she looked, they were not there. She went into the pantry; they were not there either. It was very strange; there was the dripping-pan in which the turkey had been baked, on the back of the stove,

with some gravy in it; and there was the empty pudding-dish on the hearth.

"What has Grandma done with the turkey and the plum-pudding?" said Ann Mary aloud.

She looked again in the pantry; then she went down cellar—there seemed to be so few places in the house in which it was reasonable to search for a turkey and a plum-pudding!

Finally she gave it up, and sat down to dinner. There was plenty of squash, and potatoes, and turnips, and onions, and beets, and cranberry-sauce, and pies; but it was no Thanksgiving dinner without turkey and plum-pudding. It was like a great flourish of accompaniment without any song.

Ann Mary did as well as she could; she put some turkey-gravy on her potato and filled up her plate with vegetables; but she did not enjoy the dinner. She felt more and more lonely, too. She resolved that after she had washed up the dinner dishes, and changed her dress, she would go over to Loretta Adams's. It was quite a piece of work, washing the dinner dishes, there were so many pans and kettles; it was the middle of the afternoon when she finished. Then Ann Mary put on her best plaid dress, and tied her best red ribbons on her braids, and it was four o'clock before she started for Loretta's.

Loretta lived in a white cottage about half a mile away toward the village. The front yard had many bushes in it, and the front path was bordered with box; the bushes were now mounds of snow, and the box was indicated by two snowy ridges.

The house had a shut-up look; the sitting-room curtains were down. Ann Mary went around to the side door; but it was locked. Then she went up the front walk between the snowy ridges of box, and tried the front door; that also was locked. The Adamses had gone away. Ann Mary did not know what to do. The tears stood in her eyes, and she choked a little. She went back and forth between the two doors, and shook and pounded; she peeked around the corner of the curtain into the sitting-room. She could see Loretta's organ, with the music book, and all the familiar furniture, but the room wore an utterly deserted air.

Finally, Ann Mary sat down on the front doorstep, after she had brushed off the snow a little. She had made up her mind to wait a little while, and see if the folks would not come home. She had on her red hood, and her grandmother's old plaid shawl. She pulled the shawl tightly around her, and muffled her face in it; it was extremely cold weather for sitting on a doorstep. Just across the road was a low clump of birches; through and above the birches the sky showed red and clear where the sun was setting. Everything

looked cold and bare and desolate to the little girl who was trying to keep Thanksgiving. Suddenly she heard a little cry, and Loretta's white cat came around the corner of the house.

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," called Ann Mary. She was very fond of Loretta's cat; she had none of her own.

The cat came close and brushed around Ann

was afraid to go in. She made up her mind to go down to Sarah Bean's and ask whether she could not stay all night there.

So she kept on, and Loretta's white cat still followed her. There was no light in Sarah Bean's house. Ann Mary knocked and pounded, but it was of no use; the old woman had gone to bed, and she could not make her hear.



"WHEN ANN MARY REACHED THE HOUSE, SHE FOUND THE OLD WOMAN MAKING A CUP OF TEA."

Mary. So she took it up in her lap, and wrapped the shawl around it, and felt a little comforted.

She sat there on the doorstep and held the cat, until it was quite dusky, and she was very stiff with the cold. Then she put down the cat, and prepared to go home. But she had not gone far along the road when she found out that the cat was following her. The little white creature floundered through the snow at her heels, and mewed constantly. Sometimes it darted ahead and waited until she came up, but it did not seem willing to be carried in her arms.

When Ann Mary reached her own house the lonesome look of it sent a chill all over her; she

Ann Mary turned about and went home; the tears were running down her cold red cheeks. The cat mewed louder than ever. When she got home she took the cat up and carried it into the house. She determined to keep it for company, anyway. She was sure, now, that she would have to stay alone all night; the Adamses and Sarah Bean were the only neighbors, and it was so late now that she had no hope of her grandparents' return. Ann Mary was timid and nervous, but she had a vein of philosophy, and she generally grasped the situation with all the strength she had, when she became convinced that she must. She had laid her plans while walking home through the keen winter

air, even as the tears were streaming over her cheeks, and she proceeded to carry them into execution. She gave Loretta's cat its supper, and she ate a piece of mince-pie herself; then she fixed the kitchen and the sitting-room fires, and locked up the house very thoroughly. Next, she took the cat and the lamp and went into the dark-bedroom, and locked the door; then she and the cat were as safe as she knew how to make them. The dark-bedroom was in the very middle of the house, the center of a nest of rooms. It was small and square, had no windows, and only one door. It was a sort of fastness. Ann Mary made up her mind that she would not undress herself, and that she would keep the lamp burning all night. She climbed into the big yellow-posted bedstead, and the cat cuddled up to her and purred.

Ann Mary lay in bed and stared at the white satin scrolls on the wall-paper, and listened for noises. She heard a great many, but they were all mysterious and indefinable, till about ten o'clock. Then she sat straight up in bed and her heart beat fast. She certainly heard sleigh-bells; the sound penetrated even to the dark-bedroom. Then came a jarring pounding on the side door. Ann Mary got up, unfastened the bedroom door, took the lamp, and stepped out into the sitting-room. The pounding came again. "Ann Mary, Ann Mary!" cried a voice. It was her grandmother's.

"I'm comin', I'm comin', Grandma!" shouted Ann Mary. She had never felt so happy in her life. She pushed back the bolt of the side door with trembling haste. There stood her grandmother all muffled up, with a shawl over her head; and out in the yard were her grandfather and another man, and a horse and sleigh. The men were turning the sleigh around.

"Put the lamp in the window, Ann Mary," called Mr. Little, and Ann Mary obeyed. Her grandmother sank into a chair. "I'm jest about tuckered out," she groaned. "If I don't ketch my death with this day's work, I'm lucky. There ain't any more feelin' in my feet than as if they was lumps of stone."

Ann Mary stood at her grandmother's elbow, and her face was all beaming. "I thought you were n't coming," said she.

"Well, I should n't have come a step to-night, if it hadn't been for you—and the cow," said her grandmother in an indignant voice. "I was kind of uneasy about you, an' we knew the cow would n't be milked unless you got Mr. Adams to come over."

"Was Aunt Betsey very sick?" inquired Ann Mary.

Her grandmother gave her head a toss. "Sick! No, there wa'n't a thing the matter with her, ex-

cept she ate some sausage-meat, an' had a little faint turn. Lizz was scart to death, the way she always is. She did n't act as if she knew whether her head was on, all the time we were there. She did n't act as if she knew 't was Thanksgivin' day; an' she did n't have no turkey that I could see. Aunt Betsey bein' took sick seemed to put everythin' out of her head. I never saw such a nervous thing as she is. I was all out of patience when I got there. Betsey did n't seem to be very bad off, an' there we'd hurried enough to break our necks. We did n't dare to drive around to Sarah Bean's to let you know about it, for we was afraid we'd miss the train. We jest got in with the man that brought the word, an' he driv as fast as he could over to the village, an' then we lost the train, an' had to sit there in the depot two mortal hours. An' now we've come fourteen mile' in an open sleigh. The man that lives next door to Betsey said he'd bring us home, an' I thought we'd better come. He's goin' over to the village to-night; he's got folks there. I told him he'd a good deal better stay here, but he won't. He's as deaf as an adder, an' you can't make him hear anythin', anyway. We ain't spoke a word all the way home. Where's Loretty? She came over to stay with you, did n't she?"

Ann Mary explained that Loretta was not at home.

"That's queer, seems to me, Thanksgivin' day," said her grandmother. "Massy sakes, what cat's that? She came out of the settin'-room!"

Ann Mary explained about Loretta's cat. Then she burst forth with the question that had been uppermost in her mind ever since her grandmother came in. "Grandma," said she, "what did you do with the turkey and the plum-pudding?"

"What?"

"What did you do with the turkey and the plum-pudding?"

"The turkey an' the plum-puddin'?"

"Yes; I could n't find 'em anywhere."

Mrs. Little, who had removed her wraps, and was crouching over the kitchen stove, with her feet in the oven, looked at Ann Mary with a dazed expression.

"I dunno what you mean, child," said she.

Mr. Little had helped the man with the sleigh to start, and had now come in. He was pulling off his boots.

"Don't you remember, Mother," said he, "how you run back in the house, an' said you was goin' to set that turkey an' plum-pudding away, for you was afraid to leave 'em settin' right out in plain sight on the table, for fear that somebody might come in?"

"Yes; I do remember," said Mrs. Little. "I thought they looked 'most too temptin'. I set 'em

in the pantry. I thought Ann Mary could get 'em when she came in."

"They ain't in the pantry," said Ann Mary.

Her grandmother arose and went into the pantry with a masterful air. "Ain't in the pantry?" she

out of the pantry with dignity. "I've set 'em somewhere," said she in a curt voice, "an' I'll find 'em in the mornin'. You don't want any turkey or plum-puddin' to-night, neither of you!"

But Mrs. Little did not find the turkey and the



"THEY ALL STOOD IN THE PANTRY AND LOOKED ABOUT."

repeated. "I don't s'pose you more 'n gave one look."

Ann Mary followed her grandmother. She fairly expected to see the turkey and the pudding before her eyes on the shelf and to admit that she had been mistaken. Mr. Little also followed, and they all stood in the pantry and looked about.

"I guess they ain't here, Mother," said Mr. Little. "Can't you think where you set 'em?"

The old woman took up the lamp and stepped

plum-pudding in the morning. Some days went by, and their whereabouts was as much a mystery as ever. Mrs. Little could not remember where she had put them; but it had been in some secure hiding-place, since her own wit which had placed them there could not find it out. She was so mortified and worried over it, that she was nearly ill. She tried to propound the theory, and believe in it herself, that she had really set the turkey and the pudding in the pantry, and that they had been

stolen; but she was too honest. "I've heerd of folks puttin' things in such safe places that they could n't find 'em, before now," said she; "but I never heerd of losin' a turkey an' a plum-puddin' that way. I dunno but I'm losin' what little wits I ever did have." She went about with a humble and resentful air. She promised Ann Mary that she would cook another turkey and pudding the first of the week, if the missing ones were not found.

Sunday came and they were not discovered. It was a pleasant day, and the Littles went to the village to church. Ann Mary looked over across the church after they were seated and saw Loretta, with the pretty brown frizzes over her forehead, sitting between her father and mother, and she wondered when Loretta had come home.

The choir sang and the minister prayed. Suddenly Ann Mary saw him, standing there in the pulpit, unfold a paper. Then *the minister began to read the Thanksgiving Proclamation.* Ann Mary cast one scared glance at her grandmother, who returned it with one of inexpressible dignity and severity.

As soon as Meeting was done, her grandmother clutched her by the arm. "Don't you say a word about it to anybody," she whispered. "You mind!"

When they weré in the sleigh going home, she charged her husband. "You mind, you keep still, Father," said she. "It'll be town-talk if you don't."

The old man chuckled. "Don't you know, I said once that I hed kind of an idee that Thanksgiving' were n't quite so early, and you shut me up, Mother," he remarked. He looked good-naturedly malicious.

"Well, I dunno as it's anything so very queer," said Mrs. Little. "It comes a whole week later than it did last year, and I s'posed we'd missed hearin' the proclamation."

The next day a letter arrived saying that Lucy and her father and mother were coming to spend Thanksgiving. "I feel jest about beat," Mrs. Little said when she read the letter.

Really, she did feel about at her wit's end. The turkey and pudding were not yet found, and she had made up her mind that she would not dare wait much longer before providing more. She knew that another turkey must be procured, at all events. However, she waited until the last minute Wednesday afternoon, then she went to work mixing a pudding. Mr. Little had gone to the store for the turkey. "Sam White was over there, an'

he said he thought we was goin' right into turkeys this year," he reported when he got home.

That night the guests arrived. Thanksgiving morning, Lucy, and Ann Mary, and their grandfather, and Lucy's father and mother, were all going to Meeting. Mrs. Little was to stay at home and cook the dinner.

Thanksgiving morning, Mr. Little made a fire in the best-parlor air-tight stove, and just before they started for meeting, Lucy and Ann Mary were in the room. Lucy, in the big rocking-chair that was opposite the sofa, was rocking to and fro and talking. Ann Mary sat near the window. Each of the little girls had on her coat and hat.

Suddenly Lucy stopped rocking and looked intently over toward the sofa.

"What you lookin' at, Lucy?" asked Ann Mary, curiously.

Lucy still looked. "Why—I was wondering what was under that sofa," said she slowly. Then she turned to Ann Mary, and her face was quite pale and startled—she had heard the turkey and pudding story. "Oh, Ann Mary, it does look—like—oh—"

Both little girls rushed to the sofa, and threw themselves on the floor. "Oh, oh, oh!" they shrieked. "Grandma—Mother! Come quick, come quick!"

When the others came in, there sat Ann Mary and Lucy on the floor, and between them were the turkey and the plum-pudding, each carefully covered with a snow-white napkin.

Mrs. Little was quite pale and trembling. "I remember now," said she faintly, "I run in here with 'em."

She was so overcome that the others tried to take it quietly and not to laugh much. But every little while, after Lucy and Ann Mary were seated in church, they would look at each other and have to put their handkerchiefs to their faces. However, Ann Mary tried hard to listen to the sermon, and to behave well. In the depths of her childish heart she felt grateful and happy. There, by her side, sat her dear Lucy, whose sweet little face peeped out from a furry winter hat. Just across the aisle was Loretta, who was coming in the evening, and then they would pop corn and make nut-candy. At homè there was the beautiful new turkey and unlimited pudding and good cheer, and all disappointment and mystery were done away with.

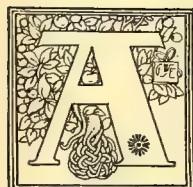
Ann Mary felt as if all her troubles would be followed by thanksgivings.



"SUCH A COMICAL WORLD!"

WOOD-CARVING.

BY JOHN TODD HILL.



LREADY hundreds of young Americans have taken up wood-carving as a pleasure and recreation, and hundreds more intend to practice the art. Some hints from a fellow-worker as to methods of work and uses of tools may therefore be of service to them. There is no art in which a little talent counts for so

much. Within certain limits it is the easiest of the arts. You must draw and paint for years, before you can attain excellence. But you may begin carving a chest, or chair, or book-case, with your first lesson, and finish it so well that it will be a valuable piece of furniture a hundred years hence.

Some of you may have seen the state bed at Haddon Hall, in England, in which Queen Elizabeth once slept. Its hangings were perhaps the best

specimens of English embroidery of that period, but now the beautiful colors have faded into one dull hue. The result of years of skillful labor is valueless, save for its associations. But the carved oak paneling in the adjoining ball-room is today as fresh as when it was finished, and time has added only a richness to its coloring.

The Bishop's Palace at Durham is stripped of its former luxury, and its walls are bare save for a few fragments of faded tapestry. But the magnificent staircase, with its great, carved balustrade, is unchanged and helps us to realize what the palace may have been when bishops lived there, and "held court like kings." The carving is not finely executed, and on close examination suggests rather the ax than the gouge. But the design is bold and striking, and the effect admirable.

When I was a little boy, I remember hearing one amateur wood-turner say to another:

"The secret of all good workmanship is to have sharp tools."

I was so young that I thought I had surprised a professional confidence,—one of the hidden mysteries of the craft. But though an open secret, it is none the less important. To know when your tools are dull and to keep them sharp is your first duty. When you have accomplished that, half your task is done.

You should have a soft oil-stone, a "slip" for the inside of the gouges and V tools, and a leather strop. Have the tools carefully ground, "long bevel," by an experienced man, and after that, unless some accident occurs, you yourself can keep them in order for a year or more. Never use a tool without first ascertaining that it is free from nicks. By and by, you will learn to make it literally as sharp as a razor. You will have much less sharpening to do if you are careful not to let

one tool hit against another when taking them from the bench or replacing them; for they are so highly tempered that they will be chipped by the slightest knock.

The necessary tools are chisels, gouges (see p. 47), and parting-tools; and they are made in such forms and sizes as may be required by the value



PANEL DESIGNED AND CARVED BY C. MALCOLM FRASER.

or nature of the work undertaken. "Addis" tools are the best, and are sold by most large dealers. By all means avoid "sets" of tools put up in boxes of six and twelve, and labeled "For Amateur Wood-carvers."

The cost of the tools you will need, together with the oil-stones and a mallet (which should be shaped like a potato-masher), is little more than four dollars.

In so short an article as this must be, only a few

hints can be given. In beginning, select a large and bold design. Let us suppose that you are about to carve a chest. Take some simple design and enlarge it so that it will cover the whole of an end panel. You will thus have room enough to work freely, and there will be less danger of breaking the wood. Besides these advantages, you are likely to obtain a more effective result. In the choice of his design, the beginner should freely avail himself of the best things he can find, as original designing requires much experience and practice.

When carving is to be on furniture, or used simply as a decorative feature, avoid realistic and choose conventional forms. A natural spray of wild roses on a bureau drawer, or a fragment of a blossoming apple-bough over a mirror, is as much out of place as it would be if carved on the façade of a building. The smallest piece of furniture should be in accordance with architectural principles, and the decoration should harmonize with the whole design, and not throw it into confusion.

If you carve a molding, your object is not only to beautify that particular molding, but to emphasize the line which the molding makes. If a beading be carved on a corner, it helps to soften the sharpness of the angles. A pilaster may be carved and adorned without interfering with its office of a support. But can a twisted bunch of ferns support a heavy burden, and should it be made to seem to do so? If a conventional, vine-like pattern run around a panel, it may form a beautiful border, and seem to frame the carving in the center; but a bunch of plants, growing from nowhere and spreading over the panel, will always give an unbalanced and unpleasant effect. In the same way a panel of flying swallows, covering the back of a settle, is misplaced. We don't wish to lean back against flying birds. On a chimney-piece they would seem well placed.

If, therefore, you wish to make a piece of furniture, see that its design is fitting and agreeable. Then your carving will add to it, and appear to good advantage. In the numberless variety of publications on the subject of furniture and deco-

ration, there will be no difficulty in finding useful suggestions.

For carving, it sometimes will be easier to draw your design on paper and paste it on the wood, than to draw on the wood itself. If the pattern is to be in relief, do not cut too close to the design in taking out the background, but allow yourself a little margin, and trim off the edges after you have reached the necessary depth. As a rule, beginners cut too deeply, seeming to think that the higher the relief the better will be the carving. Go over the whole piece once and take out a moderate depth. Then, if need be, go over it a second or third time. In taking out the background you will find the chisel, not the gouge, the best tool for cutting straight down. When you have removed most of the wood, the gouge will complete the work by trimming off the edges. Always select one that just fits the required curves. Thus you will work faster, and avoid breaking the wood. When the background is taken out, roughly model the design, going over the whole, so as to get the general effect. Then see whether the work promises to look as you wish, remembering that unless it is well modeled as a whole, no amount of "finishing" will make it satisfactory. It will be a help to set up your work from time to time, and to look at it from a distance. In finishing, turn the piece (or the bench it is on) as you work, so the light shall strike first on one side and then on the other, that no ragged edges or splinters may escape your notice.

No great exertion, and no great amount of strength, are necessary; for if the tools are sharp they will cut easily, and if you take off thin shavings the work will go on smoothly and rapidly. A long clean cut, running in the direction of the main line, should be used for drapery, acanthus leaves, and a hundred other such things. This is made, not by cutting in deeply at once, but by taking off a little at a time, and by often repeating the cut.

Strength not being needed, women have had no little success in wood-carving, having done much work that will bear the test of severe criticism.



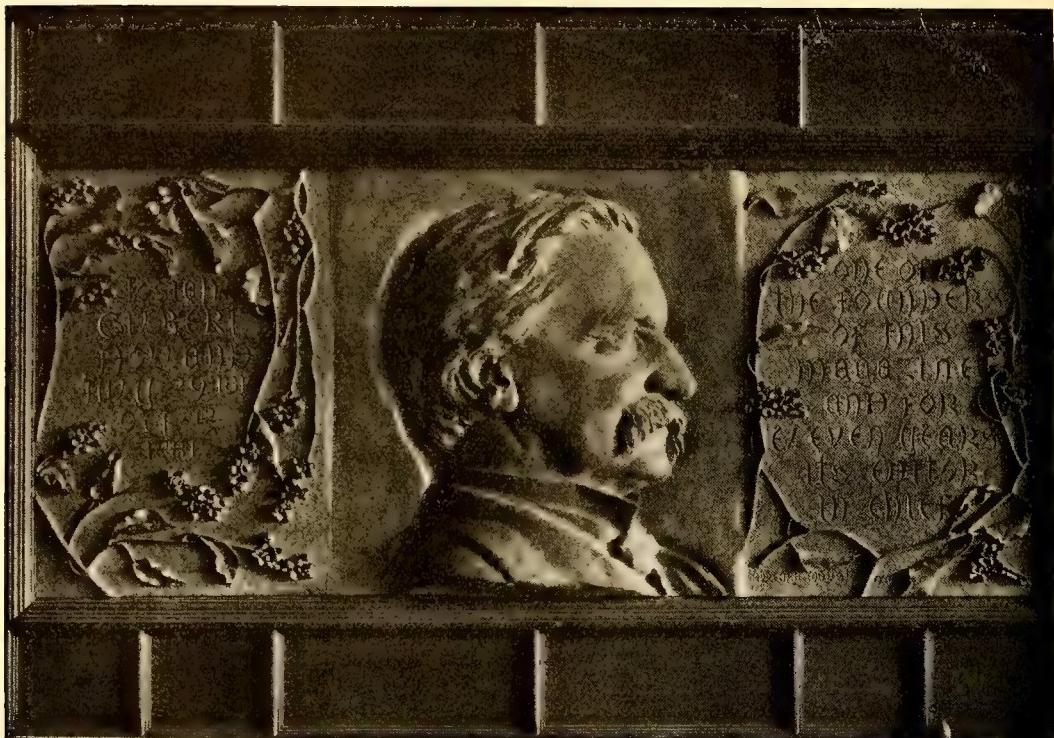
CARVED PANEL — SWAMP-ROSE.
(BY A STUDENT OF THE CINCINNATI ART-SCHOOL.)



CARVED PANEL — HAWTHORN.
(BY A STUDENT OF THE CINCINNATI ART-SCHOOL.)

Some of my own pupils, in spite of their small hands, have made me proud of their beautiful productions. As an example of woman's work and of a good reproduction in wood, a copy of a portrait carved by Miss Eggleston, after a relief by Mr. St. Gaudens, is given below.

For example, the drapery on a figure may be carved with all the tool-cuts running with the various folds, so that the figure will seem almost to move underneath the drapery, but if the drapery were filed or sandpapered smooth it would look as solid as a piece of pig-iron.



PORTRAIT OF DR. J. G. HOLLAND. PANEL FOR CENTER OF MANTEL. CARVED BY MISS ALLEGRA EGGLESTON.

Wood-carving has remained the most backward and neglected of the arts, because it was left so long in the hands of unthinking men, who were content to do the same things generation after generation, continually lessening the number of designs used, and losing the spirit in those carved, till their work became lifeless. Even the execution grew void of all individuality. One man's carving was exactly like another's. All Italian work looks alike. All German work looks alike. Much Italian carving is, indeed, exquisite in finish, but it too often reminds one of the sugar and paper decorations on wedding-cake. The acanthus leaf has done duty on everything. Then, to conceal poor workmanship, files and sandpaper have scoured it down till the carving appears as hard and stiff as if cast in iron. All wood-carving should be cut out clean, leaving the tool-marks. In this way you get variety of surface, and your work will look fresh and free.

Wood-carving was once a great art, and men of genius and imagination devoted their lives to it. Their thoughts were beautiful, their labor was conscientious, and the freshness and charm of their work are to-day as wonderful as ever. If we are to have such work again, we, too, must have ideas and give our best skill to our work.

At the very outset, put into your work as much thought as possible. Then, as you increase in skill, your ideas will grow in value. Avoid decoration that looks as if it were meant simply to fill so much space, and strive to have all ornament harmonize in idea with the thing it is intended to beautify. For instance, a panel in a sideboard would be appropriately decorated if surrounded by a simple border of conventional holly, the center space being occupied by a boar's head on a platter. Do you think a jar of sunflowers or a cherub's head would seem as fitting?

I remember a cabinet for birds' eggs, made by an amateur. The front was of glass, and the pilasters and side panels were beautifully carved. The lowest panels were decorated with wading birds—a pelican on one, and a crane on the other—for these birds would naturally be low down. Above came two panels containing a jay and a hawk; and last, a skylark and a swallow at the top.

I hear you saying, "Such designs are suited only to those well skilled in the art." Very true, but the principle applies to the simplest carving. Variety will add interest to your work. Perfect

ferent, and the beauty of the designs well repays study. By securing variety in design, your work will never become tiresome while you are doing it, or after it is done.

When we have learned the rudiments of the art and begin to have more complex ideas, we shall wish to carve figures. Here, really, we leave simple carving behind, and advance into the field of sculpture; for sculpture in wood is as truly sculptur as if its material were marble or bronze.

We must now take up modeling in clay, and henceforth our carving will be good exactly so far as our modeling is good. Carving can not excel its



"LYCIDAS."—A PANEL DESIGNED AND CARVED BY MISS ALLEGRA EGGLESTON.

harmony can be preserved in a piece, though no two parts are carved alike. There is a splendid example of this in Melrose Abbey,—a long row of tiles carved in stone, which, at first glance, seem to be alike, the amounts of light and shade being equal. In fact, however, every tile is dif-

clay model any more than the marble statue can excel its clay model. Hence the processes which lead to success are the same for one material as for the other. The work is modeled in the clay, a plaster cast is made, and then a close copy of it may be cut in marble or wood, or cast in bronze. Of clay

modeling I shall say only this: When you have grasped an idea, even if a conventional one, go to nature for your help in working it out. Suppose you are doing a horse's head. Do not rely on casts and pictures, but make studies in the stable, and see how quickly you will learn. You can not hope

not project and throw the rest into shadow. When the work is deeply recessed, high relief is effective.

An illustration of low-relief carving is given in the engraving, one of four panels from a series which I made for Mr. H. G. Marquand's "Snug-gery," in his Newport house. These pieces average sixteen inches by eighteen inches, with the highest relief but a quarter of an inch.

You can learn almost as much from studying good pieces of wood-carving as from a teacher; for, if the carving was properly done, you can tell just what tools were used to produce every effect. But, as good work is very rare, and as you are surrounded by bad examples, you must be careful not to be led astray. A great part of the wood-carving in the market is done by machinery, and only touched up by hand, though often described as hand-carving. Then, too, so much of the rest is spoiled by sandpaper and files that you can get no instruction from



ONE OF A SERIES OF PANELS DESIGNED AND CARVED BY THE AUTHOR.

for success in figures or draperies without models to work from. Every material makes a different fold, and though you may not exactly copy any fold, you will need to study from the real object.

One word in regard to high and low relief. It is commonly thought that there is something intrinsically more artistic in low than in high relief, because the low relief requires a more delicate and subtle treatment; and that the variations are so slight, and the whole thing so nearly flat, that a little has to count for much. But, in reality, one work of art is just as artistic as another, if it be as well done, and the question of high or low relief should be settled by the place the completed carving is to occupy. When it is to be looked at from a distance with the light coming from all sides, as on the gable of a house, high relief is proper; but for interior work, low relief gives the better effect. The indoor light being generally a side light, in low relief one part of the work does

it. However, you can learn much by examining good stone-carving. This branch of carving is further advanced than work in wood, and, in spite of the fact that the materials are so different, the one will serve as an example for the other. In a good piece of stone-carving all the tool-marks are left, and you will notice how they run; and how, by allowing the outside edge of the design to disappear here and there in the background, an effect is obtained almost as soft as if the design were modeled in clay. On the newer houses in New York city there are many good examples.

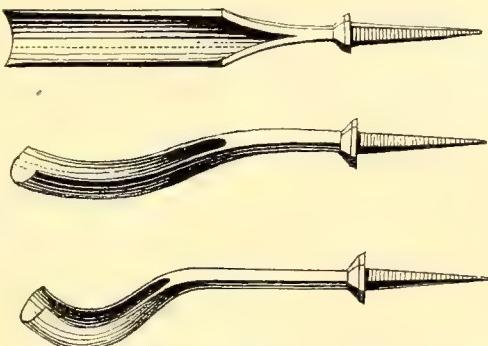
The best woods for carving are oak, cherry, and mahogany. Oak is rather hard, but it is so strong that it will not break unless you get a "stringy" piece. Cherry is quite strong and not so hard; and if it be not daubed with stain, but simply left to itself, it will soon become beautiful in color. Always get the reddest piece you can. If you can obtain a good piece of well-seasoned mahogany,

you will find it a delightful wood to use for large work, though it will not prove strong enough for a fine pattern. Beginners are often discouraged because they start with poor wood. I advise you to take especial care and pains in this particular, and be sure you have a piece with straight grain, free from knots and imperfections. Try the wood before you begin, for it is almost time thrown away to carve a "curly" or cross-grained piece.

To finish, with a brush or rag put on raw linseed oil. When it has soaked well into the wood, wipe the work clean with a woolen cloth, and apply a coat of *thin* shellac. Next day, take one of those little scrubbing-brushes used for the hands, and rub the work hard. This rubbing will remove the unpleasant shine, without taking off the shellac which protects the carving from dust.

My friend, the late John L. Hayes, of Cambridge, was one of the busiest lawyers in Boston, yet by his own handiwork he made his house a marvel to all who see it. Working sometimes but fifteen minutes a day, he accomplished an almost incredible amount and variety of work. This is the more surprising because he began wood-carving in middle life, without any previous artistic training. The cabinet for birds' eggs, mentioned before, is his work. Another example is a circular mirror-

frame, composed of a wreath of the flowers mentioned by Ophelia. Winding around throughout the circle of flowers, and ending at the bottom



SPECIMENS OF TOOLS FOR WOOD-CARVING.

in a knot, is a flowing ribbon, on which is carved the quotation: "There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance, pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts."

If our young wood-carvers find a few difficulties removed by the brief hints I have offered them, I have accomplished all I expected.

NOVEMBER IN THE GARDEN.

—
BY GRACE WINTHROP.
—

THE sunflowers in the garden
Are bending limp and low.
The cornstalks, brown and withered,
Stand rustling in a row.
"We were so fine," they murmur,
"A little while ago!"

The sky is gray and gloomy
Without the sunshine's glow.
There is no smiling anywhere
Unless — Oh, gladsome show!
Twelve plump and golden pumpkins
All beaming in a row!

They say, "Why so despairing?
We're always here, you know,
At this unpleasant season
Expressly sent to show
The need of glad Thanksgiving,
In spite of frost and snow."

THE LOAF OF PEACE.

BY OCTAVE THANET.



F the kitchen-door stand open — and the door of an Arkansas kitchen is likely to stand open on a late February day — you can look from the kettles of the big stove to the bend of the Black River, to the steep bank where red willow twigs top the velvet down which will be grass, and across the gray waters to willows and sycamores and cane-brakes and a few cabins in the clearings. Should you step to the door, you can see the plantation-store and mill, and a score of gambrel-roofed white houses. In the fields, the whitish-brown cotton-stalks lie on the dun-colored earth. The birds are singing in the cypress forest, and a red-bird flutters his gorgeous wings on a stray stalk that has escaped the cutter.

Aunt Callie, one day in February, saw the fields and the bird, and also a little girl whose flannel cape was the color of the bird's wing, and whose thick hair had a gleam of the same tint.

"Humph," said Aunt Callie, "reckon by her favor, dat ar's Haskett's gell comin' by."

"Haskett's gell," otherwise Mizzie Haskett, came awkwardly and shyly down the walk, and balanced herself on the kitchen steps. She wore her holiday attire, a blue-and-white cotton frock, red flannel cape, and a large bonnet (evidently made for a much older head) decked with red roses. Her hair was tied with a bright new green ribbon; and round a soft and snowy little neck was a large white frill in which glittered an imitation-gold pin. Certainly, her pretty skin did not need it, but she was powdered (or, to be accurate, floured) profusely; this last Southern touch of art being added injudiciously, after the putting on of the red cape. She was, moreover, consumed with embarrassment, which sent a flood of blushes through the flour layer, over her skin, from the roots of her hair to the nape of her neck.

"Ye seekin' any pusson, Sissy?" said Aunt

Callie frigidly. She had cooked for "the quality" twenty years, and she knew her own dignity.

"I be'n seekin' Miss Dora, please," the little girl answered meekly, in a very sweet voice.

Miss Caroll, overhearing both question and answer, hastened to invite the child to come in, which she did after a long interval of scraping her shoes outside.

Once in the kitchen, seated, and her feet twisted behind the rungs of a kitchen chair, Mizzie gasped twice, then said, "Paw sent me. It dropped through."

"What do you mean?" said Miss Caroll.

"It was sorter sad lookin'," continued Mizzie, on the verge of tears. "Paw made out to eat it, but I knowed 't was n't right."

"Eat what? I really don't understand."

"The brown bread, ma'am," sobbed Mizzie, big tears rolling down her cheeks, but persistently gasping her way through her sentences. "I put it in the steamer, like — you-all — tole me; but it — dropped through an' spread out. Did n't raise up high like you-all's."

"You unfortunate child," said Dora, "do you mean that you poured your brown bread into the steamer — without any tin?"

This, it appeared, was precisely what Mizzie had done.

"'Cause Mis' Caroll did n't say nuthin' 'cept Put it into the steamer."

"Paw an' me made it together," said she, taking out a square of cotton to wipe her eyes; "an' when it come out so sad an' curis lookin' he said for me to come here to-day, 'cause you-all wud be makin' of yo' bread, an' mabbe wud n't mind me lookin' on. Tole me to shore wipe my feet dry. Paw 'd hate terrible for me ter pester ye onyhow."

Aunt Callie visibly softened under this humility. "Dar, sot still an' watch me, den," said she.

"I'll tell you," said Dora, "I taught Aunt Callie our New England bread."

She could not have asked a more attentive scholar, Mizzie watching every motion of the great wooden spoon with the eyes of a hawk, and her lips moving at intervals as do those of a child who inaudibly repeats a lesson to himself.

Presently, the brown batter being safely in the tin mold, and the mold in the steamer, the small maid asked:

"Please, ma'am, cud we-all buy a tin trick like that at the store?"

Being informed that she could, she sighed with relief, extricated her feet from the chair, and "made her manners."

"I'm much obliged to you-all, ma'am, an' I wish ye well."

Hereupon she would have gone had not Dora detained her to slip a slice of cake and some apples into her hand.

They saw her stop, a little distance from the

sen' er ter school mos' days 'cept washin' day. He guv 'er dat pin, but mos' times she lends it ter Sal' Jane. Sal' Jane's all fur havin' 'er time an' 'er pleasure; but Mizpah, she's studdy."

Certainly she looked steady, too steady for her years, as she picked her way through the mud. She had stopped at the store, and the "tin trick" glittered under the crook of her elbow. Passing through the "settlement," she went over the brow of the tiny hill, down into the cypress brake. She hastened her pace, tripping along the dim forest



"'I 'LL TELL YOU,' SAID DORA, 'I TAUGHT AUNT CALLIE OUR NEW ENGLAND BREAD!'"

house, and carefully wrap the cake in a piece of paper.

"She 'll never tech a bite o' dat ar," said Aunt Callie,—"jes' tote it home to de young uns. She do dem chil'en good as a mudder. Dey ain't got any mudder, ye un'erstan'. She keep de 'ouse alone ebber sence her maw died. Dar's her paw; and Sal' Jane, dat's goin' on ten; and de baby, dat's two; an' her, dat's mabbe fo'teen. De cookin' an' scrubbin' an' makin' de cloze, she an' her paw, dey do it all. When he makin' a crop, den she do it all. But in winter he makes out to

ways. Beautiful ways they are in February, with the white bark shining like silver, and the velvet moss which coats the north side of the cypresses and sycamores, and the glitter of red berries on the blue-black twigs of the hackberry-trees, and the ferns waving in the damp places, and the little "bluets" which deck the ground, first of all the brave company of spring flowers; but none of these did brisk little Mizzie see, because she was too busy planning for the two younger children and for "Paw."

"We cud make out right well, ef 't wan't fur that

thar cotton," she said to herself. "Well, I wud n't keer 'bout losin' the cotton, either, ef 't was n't fur such a sight er bad feelin's. I jes' take the all-overs* every time I see paw getherin' his gun ter go out. An' it used ter be so nice!"

Mizzie sighed heavily. By this time, she had come out upon a clearing and cotton-fields. On the edge of the cotton-fields stood a bright blue house. Evidently it was a new house; not only was its color a surprise to the eye accustomed to the universal whitewash of plantation taste, but its snug architecture and straight chimneys proclaimed its recent building. A little girl sat on the porch beside a lank Arkansas hound. The hound rushed across the fields with joyful yelps. Mizzie hushed him as best she could:

"Down Jeru! Down charge! You'll fotch him out, shore."

The little girl had followed the dog. She was about Mizzie's age, and her black curls streamed out behind her as she ran.

"My, how long you was!" she exclaimed. "Did she tell ye?"

Mizzie nodded.

"Yes. You be thar, this aft'noon," replied she, solemnly, and she added, "I reckon I'd bes' fotch 'long the baby. Sal' Jane has had 'im all the mornin'. You must n't ax too much er them little folks."

"All right. I'll fotch 'long my doll."

The little girl looked about her with a hurried and stealthy air, then pushed her pretty face through the fence rails to kiss Mizzie, saying:

"Yo' right good ter fix it fer me so nice! An' I do love you better 'n any gell in this worl'——"

"Oh, Doshy!" cried Mizzie, "I see him comin'. Oh, fly!"

Instantly she herself darted across the road and plunged into the brake. Doshy ran swiftly toward the house. A voice commanded her to stop; she had been seen. She turned and went back to her father. He was a short, dark man, who snapped an ox-goad against his boot-legs in an unpleasant manner.

"Ain't that gell Dock Haskett's?" he inquired. "Warn't that her, here, yesterday, too?"

"Yes, sir," said Doshy.

"Did n't I tolle ye I did n't want ye ter have no more talk with Haskett's folks?"

Then Doshy plucked up heart to answer. "Paw, I cayn't help it. She's so good. An' I like her better 'n any little gell in school."

"Good?" repeated the father with strong derision. "Good! Ain't she a Haskett? Ain't she got a red head like his'n? Aw, them red heads kin talk an' git 'roun' decent folks, but they'll do ye a meanness whenever ye trust 'em. Look at

me! Kin I walk right yit? Confound him, I'll tote that ar bullet er his'n 'roun', long 's I live! An' my gell a-wantin' ter run with his gell! I ain't got patience ter enjure hit. Go 'long!"

The child made no answer, but, stifling a sob, flew into the house.

Sullenly the father limped about his work. He was not at all a harsh father, and that unusual look of fright and hurt which his girl had worn, smote his heart.

"Now I made the little trick feel bad. Blame it all!" he muttered, while he saddled his horse; and he felt all the more bitter toward Haskett, the cause of his ill-temper.

Everybody on the plantation knew that there was open war, a strong and bitter feud, between Luther Morrow and Dock Haskett. Yet, not six months before, they had been warm friends. The quarrel began over a trifle — a dispute as to which of two hunters was the better shot. There was a match which decided nothing, and a hog-hunt in which each shot the same number of wild hogs, and both claimed the last boar. The two men's tempers waxed warmer, and, by consequence, their friendship cooled, and foolish friends made the matter worse. And, finally, Jerusalem Jones, Luther's pet hound, must needs choose this season of wrath to steal a ham from the Haskett gallery. Dock Haskett, unhappily, snatched up his gun and shot at the beast. He missed Jerusalem Jones, but he hit Jerusalem's master, who was on his way to the Hasketts', bent on conciliation, owing to his wife's entreaties. (He even had it in mind to tell Dock that he was in no hurry for the payment of a certain note which would fall due in February. In their friendly days, Luther had lent Dock money.) Enraged at such a reception, Luther brought his own gun to his shoulder, and there was a very pretty fusillade before Mizzie and the neighbors could reach the place from the cotton-fields. Dock had a shot in the shoulder, and Luther was on the ground with that shot in the leg, which was not yet healed.

To-day, for the first time, Luther was able to ride to the store. He went on no pacific mission. Dock was saving his last bales of cotton for the higher spring-prices. They were at the gin, near the store. Luther's business was to have them attached for his debt. The very first person whom he met, after he had concluded this business, was a tall man, lean and awkward, with a kindly freckled face and red hair — in short, Dock Haskett.

He had heard about the cotton. He rode straight up to Luther. "This yere ain't no place fer talkin'," said he. "If ye reckon I done ye any wrong, I am ready ter have it out with ye any

* Shivers.

time an' place ye like; but I promised my gell ter fotch her some flour, and I got ter git it back ter her fust."

Before the two men separated, they had agreed to meet "an' talk 'bout things" that afternoon, at a lonely spot in the cypress brake, midway between their houses.

Then they rode home, carrying no very good appetite to their dinners.

Dock found the new brown-bread over the fire when he entered the room at home which was the Haskett's kitchen, dining-room, and bed-chamber all in one.

The baby toddled to meet him, babbling an inarticulate welcome which Mizzie interpreted at length—the baby was sixteen months old and more fluent than intelligible of speech.

An apple and a piece of cake had been saved for the father.

"Ye-all had some?" said he. Sal' Jane assured him they had, "all 'cept Mizzie, an' *she* fotched 'em."

"Mizzie an' me 'll go shares," said Dock. "Ye are allers good ter the little tricks. Reckon I kin trust 'em with ye."

He sighed in a curious way, Mizzie thought, as he spoke, and as he kissed her. While she was laying the table for dinner, he helped her, as usual, but more than once he caught himself standing still, dish in hand, staring around the room. To a mere stranger, it might have seemed bare and comfortless. The bricks on the hearth and in the great black throat of the fire-piace were uneven and broken. It was a meager array of tin and delft that was ranged on the shelf above. The walls were unplastered, and their sole ornaments were two colored cards,—one, presented with a box of soap, representing a very chubby infant washing himself; the other, the gift of a stray insurance agent, a red and black sketch of a burning house. The floor was in waves, and the only piece of carpet was before the bed. Dock himself had chopped the rude bedstead out of white-oak timbers, and Mizzie had stuffed the pillows and the mattress with cotton. The great cracks in the walls where the clapboards were warped or broken had been plastered with mud. There were barely two panes of glass in the single window of the room. But Dock looked fondly at the red cushions covering the broken seats of the cane-bottomed chairs, at the figured brown oil-cloth on the table and the bright tin spoons which shone in the blue glass jug bought by Mizzie's cotton-money, and the lamp filled with real coal-oil, and it seemed to him a truly luxurious and beautiful apartment, only he used no such fine words.

"Don't it look good!" thought Dock sorrowfully.

"Ye feelin' puny* to-day, Paw?" said Mizzie, with an anxious look.

"Naw, honey, I war jes' studyin'." In a minute he added, in a serious tone, "Mizzie, do ye set 's much store by Doshy Morrow now'days ez ye use ter?"

Mizzie came up closer to him and leaned her head against his arm, while she answered, "Yes, Paw. *She* ain't hurted you, ye know." She twisted the cloth of his sleeve, and went on, "Paw, wud ye—wud ye mind my learnin' Doshy to make this 'ere bread?"

"In co'se not, honey. I ain't no ill-will ter the little trick, nur ter her maw neether. She war powerful kind ter us-all, onct." He muttered under his breath, "Maybe she 'd be kind ag'in, if——"

Instead of completing the sentence, he kissed the anxious little face.

Mizzie thought that he was even kinder than usual that day. After their simple dinner, she saw him chopping wood. He chopped a great pile, enough to last a long while, in the mild weather of February and March. Then he brought the sack of meal into the gallery from the shed. "Handier fur ye," he muttered; and he cut up the half-a-pig which hung in the shed, so that it was ready for cooking.

By this time, the hour was near three by the wheezy old clock on the shelf. Dock returned to the house.

Sal' Jane was poking the fire, at that moment, with an important air which was explained by her first speech.

"Mizzie's gone with the baby, an' I 'm to keep the water b'ilin', so the bread won't spile."

"That 's right, honey," said her father. He kissed her and went out again.

She thought nothing of his having his gun over his shoulder.

About the same time, Luther Morrow, also carrying a gun, was shutting his gate. He looked grimly and sadly at the cotton-fields and the house, but he forced a smile when his wife nodded to him from the door-way; and after he had walked a little distance he turned to wave his hand.

"Mendoshy's alluz b'en a good wife ter me," he thought; "mabbe she 'd like fer ter 'member that 'ar, ef anythin' happens."

The place of meeting was marked by a blasted cypress growing on the edge of a ravine or "slash." A tangle of thorn-trees, papaws and trumpet-vines made a rude hedge above the bank on the roadside. Luther's first glance showed him Dock's tall figure in blue jeans, outlined against the chalk-white of the cypress. At the same moment, Dock

perceived his enemy, and both men advanced, frowning. Half-way, they stopped as abruptly as if shot, with a curious, embarrassed, shame-faced look. Yet that which had stopped them was but a child's laugh. Immediately it was answered by another childish laugh.

"They're down thar in the slash, I reckon," said Dock. "Say, war n't that yo' gell's voice?"

"Yes; war n't t' other un *your'n?*" said Luther. He was seized with an absurd and incongruous curiosity.

"Cayn't we get nearer to see?" said he.

Dock jerked his thumb over his shoulder, saying, "Thar's a opener place a piece back."

"All right," said Luther.

Neither man caring to walk ahead of the other, the two marched peaceably side by side.

Just so,—the abrupt remembering it and the sting of it made Dock wince,—just so they had walked over that very road a year before; then they carried a coffin between them, and the coffin was that of Dock's wife. She was buried out in the woods, as she had wished. The spot was not twenty rods away. Luther had been Dock's good friend and neighbor then, and it was Mrs. Morrow who brought the bunch of holly and red berries that was lying on the coffin. "And how comes it we b'en walkin' yere to-day, seekin' each other's blood?" thought Dock.

Luther's reflections were of another nature.

"Thar! if that ar bad little trick are runnin' with Haskett's gell agin, ayfter my tellin' her—I jes' *will* guv 'er the bud"—leastways, I'll skeer 'er up, a-promisin' it ter her!"

Dock soon halted, where the underbrush was less dense.

Each of the men eyed the other sharply before getting on his hands and knees to crawl through. Luther, half-way, met with a mishap, catching on a thorn-tree. A smothered exclamation from him attracted Dock's notice.

"My foot got cotched in the elbow-brush," he groaned, "and that ar blamed thorn-tree's got hold er my breeches; I cayn't reach it with my han's, nur I cayn't kick it 'way with my foot! Say, kin ye cut the ornery branch off?"

"Waal, ye *be* helt fas', ain't ye?" Dock answered, hastening to his aid, without a sign of levity. He solemnly cut away the limb of the thorn-tree.

"Thank 'e," said Luther, in a surly voice.

They both crawled to the edge. In some way, they both felt a disposition to postpone their quarrel. They looked over the hedge of "elbow-brush" and thorn-tree and leafless trumpet-vine. Down below, in the hollow, a fire had been built against a log. Three sticks, crossed above, sup-

ported a kettle on which rested a covered tin vessel. A savory steam arose from this, crisp-ing in the air, delicious to the nostrils and beau-tiful to the eye. Close to the fire, Mizzie and Doshy sat together. The baby sat on a blanket beside Mizzie, hilariously playing with Doshy's new doll. On the outskirts of the group, the dog, Jerusalem Jones, was chasing a pig.

"Whut they monkeyin' with, onyhow?" said Luther.

"Hush! Hark to 'em!" said Dock.

Doshy was explaining something to Mizzie: "An' he loves brown-bread a turrible sight. He eat some ter Mis' Caroll's, an' he b'en talkin' 'bout it ever sence. An' I'll have this yere fur supper, an' he'll eat it, an' he'll say, 'Who made it?' an' I'll say, 'Me'; an' I'll say *you* learned me, an' then he'll 'low yo' 're a real nice little girl."

"I'm 'fraid he won't," said Mizzie; "my paw don't mind a bit my likin' you; but yo' paw'd like fur ter set the doege on me."

"Naw, he wud n't neether," cried Doshy. "He jes' lets on ter be cross; he's *real* good, inside. Don'y'e mind how he gethered them pecans fur we-all afore they had the trouble? He's real kind; he never whips none o' us. Jes' *sez* he will—but he don't."

"Blame it all, the pesky little trick! She b'en 'cute nuff ter fin' that out," cried Luther, while Dock stifled a chuckle.

"My paw's good, too," said Mizzie. "He chopped a right smart er wood fur me to-day. I never have ter chop wood."

"Neither does Maw," said Doshy proudly. "My Paw always does hit, an' he done a heap to-day, too."

The two fathers exchanged glances; without a word each read what the other's forebodings had been, by what he remembered of his own. And each felt, in a vague and dubious way, complimented by the other's dread of being killed.

A loud scream from one of the little girls turned their eyes back to the fire. Jerusalem Jones had worked mischief. He thought it was an unprotected orphan of a pig that he was harassing; so, barking and jumping, he had chased the wretched little beast into the brake. But, in a second, he came back faster than he went, and pursued by three wild hogs. These wild hogs are hideous creatures, long, muscular, with great black heads, and tusks like scimitars curling upward out of their jaws. They would have ended Jerusalem Jones's ill-doing in short order, had they caught him. Jerusalem, howling with fright, bounded up to the girls, the wild hogs at his heels, uttering the strange, fierce sound which these beasts make when they rally to face the hunters. It is the note of danger. The

* Switch.



“‘HUSH! HARK TO ‘EM!’ SAID DOCK.”

girls turned pale. They leaped to their feet. Mizzie snatched up the baby. With a single bound and a mighty swing of her strong little arms, she dropped the astonished infant in the midst of a thicket of thorn-trees. Then, snatching a brand from the fire, she stood at bay.

“Fight ‘em with the fire, Doshy!” she said; “don’t let ‘em git our bread!”

Doshy had bravely caught a stick, but seeing the baby safe, she had flown to the rescue of Jerusalem Jones. The dog was rolling on the ground in desperate conflict with the smallest hog. In his agony, Jerusalem wrenched himself free and made a flying leap through the fire, thereby overturning the gypsy kettle and sending the brown-bread tin headlong at the hogs. Doshy uttered a piteous scream:

“Oh, my bread! my nice bread!”

Mizzie was on the other side nearer the brown-bread. Before the huge black noses could touch the tin, she kicked over the log.

“Gether the bread an’ run!” she screamed.

The two hogs turned on Mizzie. Doshy was running to her playmate’s aid; but she was too far away. Horrified, she saw one infuriated boar strike the burning stick out of the brave little hand. “Jeru! Jeru!” she cried in her despair, while she threw her stick at the hog.

Let it be told to his credit, Jerusalem responded;

though he had run on his own account, though he was bleeding in half a dozen places, the dog leaped back into the fray, drove his teeth through the big boar’s ear, and hung there. The boar had caught Mizzie’s skirt; he flung up his wicked head now. But meanwhile the other boar, with his teeth clashing, his eyes like red coals —

“Oh, Lord, Luther!” gasped Dock, “cayn’t ye git a sight at it? My pore little gell’s square in front o’ me!”

He shut his eyes for one intolerable second; the next, the ping of a bullet made him crash his way through the brush, and slip recklessly down the bank. As an apple falls when hit by a stone, the boar tumbled to the ground. Then Dock’s bullet laid the other hog beside him.

The sagacious Jerusalem had loosened his hold when he saw the gun-barrel. Now he capered over the body with yells of triumph. But he ceased his dance and looked in amazement at his master, who was actually hugging Haskett’s girl.

“Please, Mister Morrow,” she said, “look a’ the baby. I put ‘im in, but I cayn’t git ‘im out.”

The baby, however, was already in its father’s arms. Doshy was mourning over her brown-bread.

“Put it back in the steamer,” commanded Mizzie, adding: “Oh, please, Mister Morrow, ‘t

ain't Doshy's fault, bein' with me; I coaxed her fur ter learn ter make the bread!"

"Honey," her father answered tenderly, "it's the bes' bread ever was baked! — an' Haskett n' me'll eat it together. Won't we, Dock?"

"We will so," said Dock, rubbing the tears from his eyes, "an' I guv in, now, 'bout the shootin'. I cud n't hev made that shot jest un'er the child's elbow! Why, ye got a han' o' iron——"

"An' I guv in 'bout that ar ornery, triflin', no-count dog," answered Luther; "ye was right for ter shoot 'im, Dock. Ye kin kill him off, this minnit, ef yer wan' ter."

"Naw, sir. Not ayfter his tacklin' that hoeg ez he did," cried Dock; "but ye know, Luther, — I meant that shot, six months ago, fer him, not fer *you*; an' I are turrible sorry I done hit——"

"Shet up!" said Luther impulsively. "I've done ez mean by you ez you've done by me. Blamed if I know how it come we-uns was fightin',

onyhow. Say, let's take the brown-bread ter my house an' eat it — an' tell Mendoshy."

Thus it happened that the man who passed the Morrow house that evening had a most extraordinary tale to relate at the store.

"I tell ye, they was all roun' the table, Dock Haskett an' his baby, an' his two gells, an' all the Morrowses. An' Luther he kissed Haskett's gell spang on the forehead, an' he war a-cuttin' her a hunk o' brown-bread. An' Dock he says, 'She did n't do no better nor *yore* gell'; an' then Luther he guvs his gell a buss, too, an' they all were a-laffin', an' Mis' Morrow she laffed till she cried."

Aunt Callie's comment was, "Waal, good cookin' 's never wasted, an' them gells ain't likely to fergit how to make brown-bread. I ain't sorry I learned 'er, though, ez a gineral thing, I 'ain't no 'pinion er folkses romancin' 'roun' my kitchen."



THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC

BY EDMUND ALTON.

INTRODUCTORY.

FROM a far-off part of our Republic lately came a queer complaint,—that a two-hours' visit from a revenue cutter was the only sign the people of Kodiak had seen in four years that there was such a thing as a United States Government.

This bit of news, droll as it may seem at first, is, when linked with other facts, anything but amusing. It tells of national neglect and wrong—the story of American citizens, living in the most flourishing district of Alaska, deserted by the Government to which they yield their allegiance, and which, so far as outward evidences go, ignores their rights and welfare, if not, indeed, their very existence.

And yet I wonder how many American citizens, living in more favored parts of our dominion, enjoying the benefits of local rule in States and Territories, surrounded by the operations of Federal power, and under the shadow of its protection,—how many of us, when reading that story of injustice, gave a moment's thought to the condition of our countrymen in the North, and paused to compare that condition with our own? How many of us have ever seriously put the question to ourselves: What is the Government of the United States, and what is it doing for us?

The young philosopher, pondering over the meaning of strange words, and quietly passing judgment on all subjects as he grows in years, soon learns to regard the Government as a thing of Power. From fragments of talk he gathers some idea about the vastness of its authority and the glory of its achievements. He knows, in a con-

fused and dreamy way, that it exists; but he does not see it, he does not feel it, he does not hear it. He thinks of it with patriotic awe, as he might think of something supernatural. To him it is a vague, mysterious Presence—an invisible, all-pervading, sleepless Majesty, presiding like some mighty Genius over the affairs and destiny of the Republic.

Later on, when he begins to pore over the daily papers and read about what is happening in the world, some of the mystery disappears. He hears of a Congress, of a President, and of a Supreme Court, transacting business miles away in the City of Washington, and he learns to think of them whenever the Government is named. But as summer days approach, he reads more news from Washington: the Justices have closed the Court and gone; Congress has decamped; and, last of all, the President has seized a fishing-rod and fled into the wilderness for rest. What has become of the Government? Veiled, impenetrable sovereignty, unseen and silent, it still exists, still goes onward with its work.

Certainly, in the loftier sense of the term, the Government is invisible. Its mention may well inspire awe—it suggests sovereign grandeur and authority. Its majesty and power are the majesty and power of a nation—of the sixty millions of people who compose the Republic. The Government is the people, speaking and executing their own sovereign will. It is the Republic in action! The power itself can not be seen; the means, or agencies, through which it speaks and acts, are visible. Those agencies are human—there is nothing supernatural about them.

The older boys and girls whom I address know all this. You know more, for you have studied the Constitution of the United States. You know the theory, the outline, the general plan and purposes of the Government,—in other words, you understand what it was designed to be. But a person might know the Constitution from beginning to end—he might be able to recite it backward—and yet be utterly in the dark as to what the Government actually is. A government may be one thing in theory, and quite a different thing in practice. According to the Constitution, the Government of the United States is a system, grand, protective, just! According to some thinkers who have freely uttered their thoughts during the present year, it is a grim and ravenous Monster, devouring the substance of the people and threatening them with ruin!

Nor is the reality hid only from the young. It is safe to say that to the average American (and the expression sweeps over many an aged head) the Government of the United States is scarcely

more than a fancy,—his notions as to what it is doing, and as to how it does it, border often on the ludicrous. It was a boy who, when asked how Congress is divided, promptly answered, "Into three classes—civilized, half-civilized, and savage." But it was a man who, stating that he had seven sons and no daughters, and that, as he understood the law, a man who has seven sons and no daughters is entitled to a pension, gravely applied to the Government for his allowance!

It has often been remarked that the American people, as a rule, know more about ancient and foreign history than they do about their own. It is quite in keeping with this view that the man who knows the least about the Declaration of Independence should be the first on hand and make the loudest noise whenever the Fourth of July comes around. And it is not going far beyond the truth to say that the American who knows practically nothing about the Constitution and laws of his country is the wildest in his praise of American institutions and in his talk about the exalted rights of citizenship!

Passing by what he knows, or what he does not know, about the local governments of town and county and State (and he does not know too much!), what does the average American—the well-meaning, easy-going, every-day citizen—know about the management of national affairs? He knows that this is the province of the Federal Power—the Government of the United States. He knows that this power works under the forms of law and through the agency of men; that these men are, by the Constitution, divided into three great classes, or departments—the Congress, the Judiciary, and the Executive; that the Congress makes the laws, declaring what shall or shall not be done, which it is the function of the Judiciary to interpret, the office of the Executive to carry out, and the duty of every citizen to obey. But he does not read the laws which Congress makes; he does not look at the decisions which the Judiciary renders; and, not knowing precisely what the Executive has been ordered by Congress to do, he can not know what that department is doing, or have any intelligent conception of his own rights and duties as a citizen under those laws. Yet, within a fortnight, he will exercise the highest right and perform (or, rather, pretend to perform) the highest duty of American citizenship—he will vote for a man to go to Congress and help four hundred other Congressmen to make *more* laws, and he will vote for a President to execute the laws those men shall make! And, just here, to show how little he really knows about the Constitution itself, we may trip him on one of its very first and simplest provisions. He imagines that,

as a citizen of Albany, for instance, in voting for a man to represent the people of that county in Congress he must name, as his choice, some man who also resides in that county; whereas (my young readers are able to inform him), if he and the other voters of the Albany district prefer to be represented by some man who lives in Buffalo, or anywhere else in the entire State of New York, they have a perfect right (so far as the mere question of that man's place of residence is concerned) to make that choice. He has doubtless read the Constitution, but he has by no means mastered it.

In one way or another—chiefly through the public prints—he gets occasional notice of Governmental action. Every paper he picks up has something to say concerning some branch of the Government service, or some branch of Government work. He reads about a fight on the frontier between a troop of soldiers and a band of hostile Indians, and he naturally infers that we have an army; but as to the size of that army, or where the rest of it is, and in what work engaged, he does not bother himself to inquire. In the same way, he hears of a sailing-vessel crashing into a "United States man-of-war," or of a sham battle, or torpedo-practice, in which some sailors are killed and others wounded, and the idea flashes across his mind that we have also a navy; but as to where the other ships of the navy are—whether floating on the top, or dismantled and at the bottom, of the sea—or as to what we would do in case an enemy should bombard our coast, he has no exact knowledge. From the quips and bantering comments of the press, the subject seems to be one for national ridicule and sport, and he drops it with a smile or jest.

The carrier daily delivers to him his letters,—some from the remotest regions of the earth,—and he recognizes in this another agency of the Government. But the infinite details, the vast and almost perfect system by which the postal service is enabled to do its work so promptly and efficiently, are not considered. He receives his mail as he does many other things in life,—as a matter of course and of habit.

He handles the specie, the "greenbacks," the gold and silver certificates, and the bonds bearing the impress of the United States, together with notes bearing the names of national banks,—things which might stir in his mind a multitude of fiscal thoughts. How does the Government get the bullion which it coins? by what right does it issue greenbacks? in what do they differ from the specie certificates? and why, if the Government can make money out of paper, should it borrow money and issue bonds and pay interest on its debt? and what is that debt, anyhow? and what

has the Government to do with national banks? And back of all these questions are others: What is the revenue of the Government? How is it raised, and how and for what is it disbursed? If any of these queries enter his head, he does not banish a wink of sleep in an effort to answer them;—though perhaps the politicians have recently accosted him on the subject, and he has gleaned some facts in spite of their conflicting views.

At long intervals he meets the census-taker on his travels, and he understands that the Government has had its curiosity aroused and is counting the population of the Republic. But it would make his brain whirl to look at the massive volumes the Census Office turns out, and to read its statistics of trade and agriculture, and of nearly everything else that touches the social and business condition of the country.

Stray items may reach him now and then from other points. He may hear of men of genius—men with long names and longer heads—engaged in a variety of odd tasks. He may hear of some brooding over craters and lava, musing over moraines, and philosophizing about the strange behavior of brooks; of others surveying the coast or studying the land; of some tracking the course of an earthquake—of others measuring the movements of tides; of one locating the ores of the earth—of another mapping the shoals of the sea. He may hear of one assembling the scattered bones of a monster brute; of another uncovering the buried ruins and the history of an ancient race. He may hear of one stocking the streams with fish; of another investigating insects and arguing that wingless spiders can fly against the wind. He may hear of one stationed on a lofty peak, signaling an advancing storm; of another sweeping the distant depths, following the flight of some runaway star as it tears headlong through space.

But does he see the hand of Government in any of these things? What are his reflections? The Constitution expressly refers to armies, to a navy, to a postal service, to coinage and matters of revenue, to a census, and to a number of other subjects which he may readily recognize, when he stumbles across them in his path, as proper for the Government to deal with. Well, the Constitution speaks also about promoting the progress of science and useful arts. Does he think, for an instant, that under this provision the Government is paying for scientific work? If so, then why should not everybody engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, as a pastime or as a vocation, have the right to be sustained by national wealth? Tell him that the Government has invaded science, art, and literature; ask him to explain where it derives its authority to do so;

ask him to draw the line between the proper duties of Government and the rights of private enterprise—ask him, in short, to mark the bounds of the system itself. What answer does he give?

These are only a few of a thousand and one topics that might arrest his attention, in his reading or his observations, and suggest the exercise of Federal power. To say that he comprehends it in all its immensity, in all its ramifications, in all its far-reaching effects, is to pay him a compliment at the expense of fact. To know the reality, to know how far it is actually working out the purposes for which it was established, and how far it has swerved from its true course, he must know more than Constitutional principles; he must know the laws, the agencies created by those laws, what those agents are doing, and the methods which they employ. His knowledge, at the best, is but a smattering; to him, after all, the Government is little else than a conjecture, a fancy—an airy, intangible, invisible theory.

This is blunt speech. For there are tens of thousands of citizens who have very clear and correct notions about what the Government is, and about what it ought to be. The "average American" is, to be sure, an indefinite sort of person, and he is apt to think and know more about public affairs than he shows. But there is one class of Americans to which he does not belong—Americans who, unfortunately, do take what they call a "practical view" of things. They know the Blue Book better than they know the Constitution; they look upon the Government simply as a great collection of offices; they know the salary attached to every office; and their highest and only ambition, as citizens, is to secure the best-paying offices for themselves. The American with his "theory" and imperfect knowledge is so far ahead of this type of "enlightenment" as to put comparison out of all question.

The American who glories in the majesty of the Republic, and who values his own freedom, can not afford to dream; the duty he owes to the commonwealth, to society, and to himself, he can not, with honor or safety, ignore. The true grandeur of our Government depends upon the justice of its

laws; those laws depend upon the virtue, the patriotism, and the wisdom of the people. The fight for independence did not end with the Treaty of Peace; nor did the adoption of the Constitution settle forever all questions of civil liberty and government. Dangers have appeared in the past; dangers menace us to-day; dangers will yet arise. They may come from the direction of the Government; or they may come from society, as evils for the Government to meet. The political struggle now going on, which the people are expected to decide intelligently at the polls, is important, regarded from the stand-point either of principle or of policy. For the rising generation, graver questions and contests are in store. May they be bravely met and honorably determined by the ballot and the other weapons of peace and law!

The subject of government is a profound and momentous one, yet it is not wholly beyond the grasp of the young. It would be an error for parents or teachers to withhold it from you as a matter reserved for older minds. You can not be too much impressed by a consciousness of its gravity; you can not take too broad a view of national destiny and of your rights and duties as younger citizens; you can not begin to study these things too soon.

You are not expected to plunge at once into the depths of "political science"; you need not vex your early wits over abstruse "economic" puzzles. With time and experience will come ability to handle disputed problems, and to follow the drift of national policy and power. At the start, the mask of mystery should be lifted off; the reality of government should stand before your thoughts. To this end, these serial sketches have been prepared. They will not acquaint you with all the details of the system; that is not their aim. They are designed to show you, at a glance, the Republic at its daily work:—to conduct you into the presence of the Government of the United States; to introduce you to it, as to a stranger, and, with a few social remarks about the weather in order to put you at your ease, leave you to learn, from further intimacy, the disposition and the habits of your host.

(To be continued.)

In The Cellar.

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY MARTHA W. HITCHCOCK.



T was a big, rambling old place, — the mill-house at Buctouche, but none too large for the miller's family. Per-

haps the children themselves were large for their age. At all events, they seemed to be everywhere; the house overflowed with them, yet there were always one or two about the mill, paddling in the mill-pond, or chasing the chickens about the yard.

Miranda and Sarah grew up in the belief that chickens, like children, were born to original sin. Nothing else satisfactorily explained their tendency to get into the garden.

"Sarah, run chase them chickens out o' the garden," called Mrs. McKenzie, as usual, one fine morning in the fall. Late though it was, there were still precious seeds to be garnered from the yellow vines, and so thought the chickens, too.

Sarah was a very little tot,—the youngest. She started boldly down the garden-path, but stopped short on seeing the big rooster, chuckling in low tones, as busy as the rest among the seeds.

"Their mother is with them," she called back in her little piping voice.

"M'rindy, you run help her." Miranda obeyed.

"It is n't their mother at all," she explained. "She does n't know their mother from their father."

"I guess we 'll kill a young gobbler for Thanksgiving," mused the mother, looking into the barn-yard as the children "shooed" the greedy fowls through the gate. "A turkey and a green goose—you 'll like that, won't you, Dave?"

One of the biggest of the big boys was leaning against a door-post—"Keeping the barn up," he called it.

"Well, my appetite is very delicate," he answered, regretfully, and then burst into a great shout of laughter. However good his jokes might be, nobody enjoyed them so much as Dave himself. "I can manage to pick a bone, though, Mother."

"I'm hungry," said the listening Sarah, in a decided tone.

"Mercy sakes, child, you've but just left the breakfast-table!"

"It's talking about Thanksgiving that makes her hungry," David explained. "I feel just that way too."

In fact, it was the same at Buctouche all the year round. Something in the air made one ready to eat at any hour of the day or night. There was the salt air of the sea, and the sweet resinous smell of the pine-woods, and then all the lumber, heaped in fresh, clean profusion everywhere, in piles that towered above the lowly old mill and hid it from view. Perhaps that was the "hungriest" smell of all.

Fortunately there was always enough to eat in the McKenzie family; but it was not turkey and green goose every day. Oh, no; nor pumpkin-pie, and cranberries, and plum-pudding! The little McKenzies lived in Canada, where English plum-pudding formed part of every festival, but you see they were American enough to have pumpkin-pie, too.

Lucky little McKenzies!

Preparations for the day began soon after Mrs. McKenzie made her first allusion to green goose and the young gobbler. Before nightfall those fated birds were hanging by their heels, plump, snow-white after their plucking, inside the door of the ice-house.

Miranda helped to make the pies. She was "handy," her mother said,—a care-taking, earnest child, very unlike the humorous David, his boisterous brothers Joe, Isaac, William, and Daniel, or even roly-poly Sarah, who showed an early fondness for adventure and a distaste for honest work.

Miranda was her mother's "right-hand-man." She stoned the raisins; she stuffed the green goose (after her mother had prepared the appetizing mixture of bread-crumbs, sage, and onion), while Mrs. McKenzie prepared the gobbler; and when stuffed, Miranda's fowl certainly showed the more beautiful outlines.

When Thanksgiving morning came, Miranda arose with a deep sense of responsibility.

"The pudding must go in at ten," she repeated to herself. "The goose and the gobbler are to roast until they are done."

Breakfast was no sooner over, than Miranda was teasing to hang the fowl forthwith. A curious way to roast fowls was this: to hang them from the mantel-piece like Christmas stockings, letting them turn and slowly brown before the crackling wood-fire.

"Is n't it time now, Mother?"

"No, child, not yet. Fetch me the butter," replied Mrs. McKenzie, still busy over the pudding. The boys, idle that day, gathered around the fire, where the sight of their luxurious laziness irritated Miranda. Like a little Martha, she was cumbered with many cares, and she wished these to be understood even if they were not shared by her unappreciative family.

"Come, Dave," she said, imitating the sharp, bustling tone of her mother, "you are too idle for anything. Fetch the butter for Mother, now; I'm busy." Dave opened his big blue eyes in slow surprise.

"Hark to the little crowing hen! Don't you be saucy, now. That's all I have to say to you." Then, so far from jumping to obey, the bad boy contrived, while he tilted back his chair again, to thrust out one long leg, just as Miranda impatiently brushed by, tripping her up, but catching her as she fell with an affectation of great solicitude.

"Now see the harm of being in such a hurry. Why can't you be more like me? I'm never in a hurry." Dave winked at Isaac with one of his usual smiles. After this the boys felt it their duty to tease "M'rindy" all they could. She was, as Dave said, too "saucy." Something certainly was wrong with her to-day—the day that was to have been so happy. She felt angry with the boys, and was cross even to baby Sarah, who was playing contentedly in a corner with her kitten. The boys were mean and hateful to tease her so,—she, the only one who was useful; if it were not for her, those lazy boys would go hungry all day before they would do anything to help. Determined to be an example of virtue, she fussed and fretted, worried her mother with questions and advice, as the good woman hustled about making the beds and "cleaning up," as she called it, before Uncle Jacob, Aunt Betsey, and the five children arrived. A Thanksgiving service was to be held that afternoon, in the Presbyterian church, which would be attended by the whole McKenzie family, as well as by the country people from many miles around.

"Oh, I'm sure it's time to hang the goose,"

sighed Miranda. "It won't be done in time, Mother. It's bigger than the gobbler. Can't I hang it now?"

"I can't think what's come over you!" exclaimed poor Mrs. McKenzie, out of patience. "You're not helping, you're a-hindering me. Now, please go and sit down, and stay there till I call you."

Miranda walked off with a deep sense of injury.—After all she had done to help! What ingratitude! Nobody loved her, nobody realized how much they owed to her. If she should die now, they would find out. Then they would miss her, indeed! She would go away somewhere, as her mother ordered, and then her mother would see soon enough whether her daughter was a help or a hindrance.

"I won't come until she calls and calls," thought Miranda, angrily. She was uncertain where to go. Upstairs it was cold, and she would be too easily found—she wished to go where no one would think of looking for her. The cellar!—that was the place! To tell the truth, Miranda seldom went there when she could help it. A year or two before, Dave had frightened her badly in its dark depths by pretending to be a ghost, and she never got over a secret dread of "seeing something" there. But to-day fear was forgotten in an uglier feeling. Miranda had resolved to be miserable. The thought of sitting in the darkness among potato-barrels and sulking, gave her a grim satisfaction. It would seem like another injury heaped upon her patient head by her unfeeling family.

The cellar-door opened from a large store-room beyond the kitchen. Miranda passed the boys without being noticed; they were deep in a game of jack-stones, on the hearth. The fire needed more wood. Miranda recollected the goose and the gobbler and half turned to rekindle it; but she hardened her heart. "Let them look after it,—it won't be my fault, now, if the goose and the gobbler are not done in time." She passed on, took a candle from the shelf and lit it in the store-room, then gently opened and shut the cellar-door.

"Now, Dave, gi' me my alley!" shouted William, falling upon the offender and scuffling with him. Nobody heard the soft closing of the door. The big clock in the corner ticked away; the ashes fell on the hearth; the boys, bent upon some new plan, rushed out-of-doors; little Sarah, sitting in the corner, had succeeded in unbuttoning her frock and buttoning it up again on the unwilling kitten, where it was held in place by winding the sleeves around and tying them like a sash.

A few minutes later, Mrs. McKenzie hustled in and cast an anxious glance at the clock.

"Mercy sakes!" she cried; then she looked at the fire. "Mercy sakes *alive!*" she repeated excitedly. "You boys!—why you've let the fire go clean out. M'rindy, why did n't you 'tend to it?—After all your fussing and trying to help!"

But Miranda and the boys were out of hearing. Mrs. McKenzie went to the door and called:

"Dave, Joseph, Isaac, William, Dan'l,—you and M'rindy come straight in the house. Now, what ailed you to let the fire go out?" she asked the boys more amiably, remembering the day. "Hev you forgot the green goose and the gobbler? Come, it is time to hang 'em, and high time, too!"

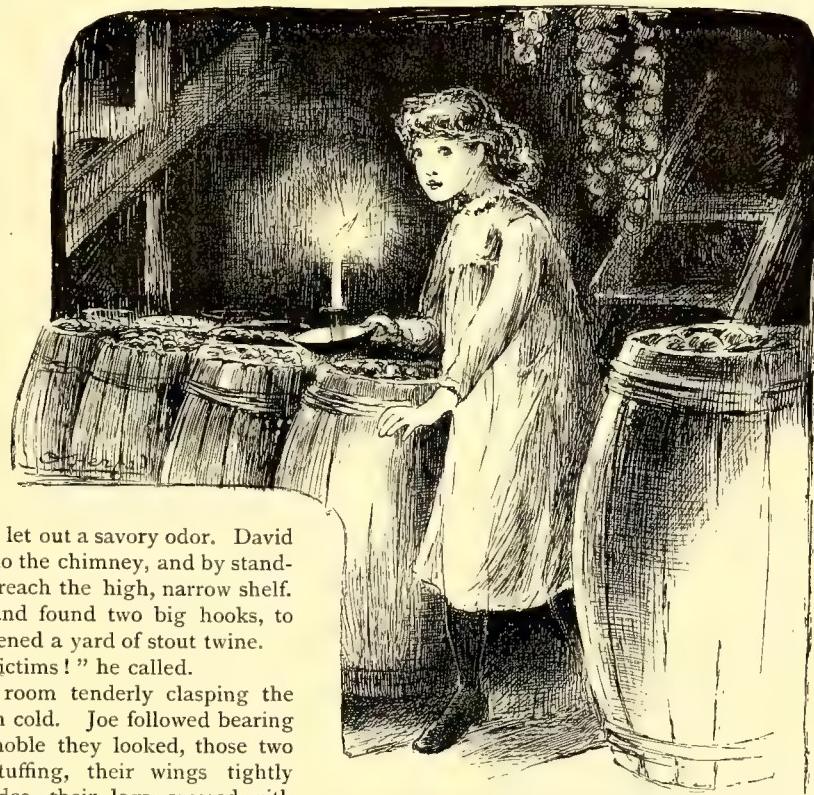
"Hurrah!" shouted Daniel, a silent youth who seldom showed enthusiasm. He now hurriedly gathered up an armful of wood and soon had a roaring fire in the great, wide stone-chimney which took up all one side of the room. There was a Dutch-oven to the right of the fireplace, the door of which, being opened, let out a savory odor. David had dragged a chair to the chimney, and by standing on it was able to reach the high, narrow shelf. Here he felt about and found two big hooks, to each of which he fastened a yard of stout twine.

"Bring forth the victims!" he called.

Isaac entered the room tenderly clasping the green goose, stiff with cold. Joe followed bearing the gobbler. How noble they looked, those two birds, portly with stuffing, their wings tightly skewered to their sides, their legs crossed with an air of beautiful resignation! The boys then hung up the birds, amid jokes and laughter in which Mrs. McKenzie joined freely—now that the pudding was off her mind. She brought two dishes and placed them under the fowls to catch the dripping. The boys sat near, delighted to hear the hissing, crackling sounds with which the goose and the gobbler roasted. The weight of the fowls caused them to twirl continually on the strings; but if one ceased for a moment the boys made haste to give it a thrust which sent it spinning and bumping against its companion or the jambs of the fire-place. Now and then Mrs. McKenzie came and basted them, with a long-

handled ladle. Meanwhile the roasting birds gave out a most appetizing smell. The boys, like young epicures as they were, could think of nothing else. Indeed it would have been difficult for the greatest sage and philosopher, seated before those fat and juicy birds, on a frosty Thanksgiving morning, to fix his thoughts elsewhere,—above all, if the Buc-touche air had given him a perpetual appetite.

Just at this auspicious moment, there was heard a sound of laughter and merry voices, the door was flung open, and with a rush of nipping air, in came



"CANDLE IN HAND, SHE WENT DOUBTFULLY FORWARD."

the five frisky McKenzie cousins, followed by bluff Uncle Jacob, who was a sea-captain, and Aunt Betsey, his wife.

In the darksome cellar, poor sulky Miranda heard all the merriment. Candle in hand, she had climbed down the steep stairway, little more than a ladder, and, turning to the right, gone doubtfully forward, testing with her feet the damp flooring which she well knew to be full of pitfalls, for the flickering candle-light was not of much use.

The cellar was large and rambling, like the old house, and divided into skeleton rooms by the great timbers which supported the partitions

above. The various stores with which country cellars abound, were distributed into these rooms, and Miranda was in search of the apple-bins. Moving this way and that, she was suddenly left in darkness, for a faint gust of air blew out her candle. To turn and go back was her first impulse; the cellar was so damp, so dark, and so terribly still. But there was much obstinate pride in Miranda. To go back before they missed her seemed like surrender. So she kept on, feeling her way, dimly making out obstacles by the faint light stealing through holes which purposely had been left, for ventilation, in the stone foundation of the house. When a barrel came under her hand she tried its contents. The first held turnips; the second, beets; and then came a wide desert of potatoes. A broad patch of light on the ground gave her a start, but it turned out to be only cabbages planted heads-up in a shallow bed of sand. In that way they were kept fresh through the winter. At last, by a sweet, spicy smell, Miranda knew that she was in the neighborhood of the apple-bins. Presently she touched the cool, juicy fruit, and taking a deep bite into a luscious apple she settled down with her back against a barrel, making believe to be comfortable. "Now I'll wait quietly here and enjoy these apples, till I hear the folks hunting for me," she said.

Can you imagine a more stupid and unpleasant way to spend Thanksgiving morning?

As she sat there in the chill silence, the same question occurred to Miranda. Little by little, with nothing to do but think, she began to change her views, to give right names to her ill-temper and her vanity, and to realize how silly her self-importance would seem in the eyes of her mother and the boys.

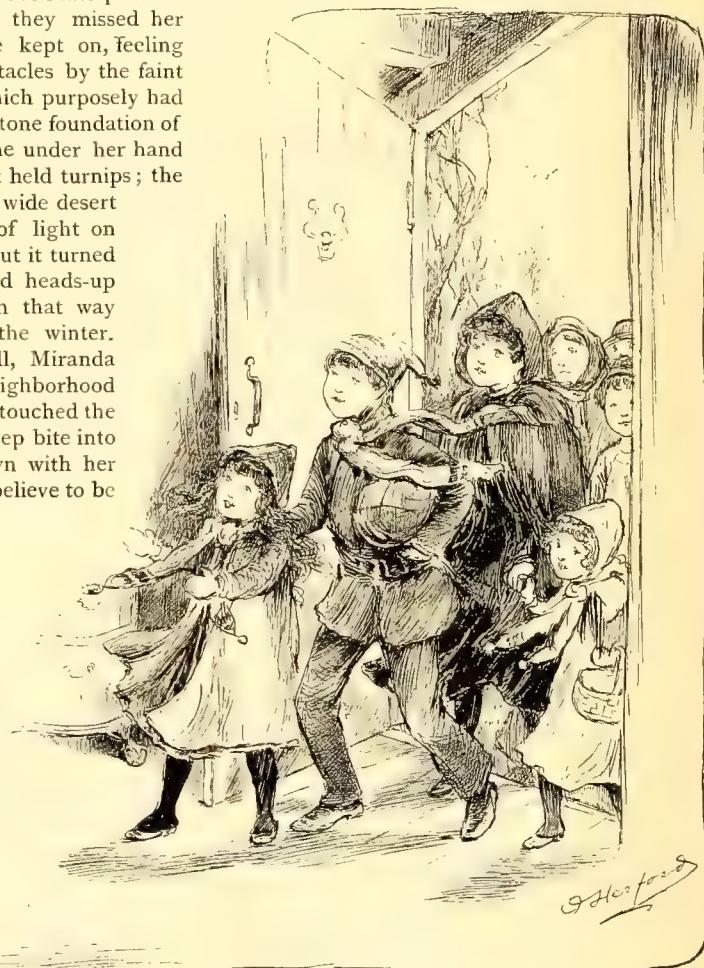
"I sha'n't stay here any longer. I'll go back and try, with all my might, to really help," she thought, scrambling to her feet.

Now, what follows is perfectly true, although it seems a queer thing. Miranda found that she was lost. Lost in the dark: wandering this way and that among the vegetables, butter-kegs, soap-tubs, and fish-barrels, groping always for the ladder leading up to the light. She strained her eyes, trying to see more plainly. A dozen times the stairs seemed just before her, but still her fingers

closed on something else. Big girl as she was—"going on eleven"—she began to cry as she wandered on without ever getting anywhere.

"Oh, where is it? Where is it?" she sobbed. "I wish I had n't come down here,—I wish I'd minded Mother!"

At that moment the stillness was broken by a



"IN CAME THE FRISKY COUSINS."

peal of laughter and the trampling of feet overhead. The sounds were subdued by the stout beams between, but still were so loud that she knew the kitchen must be just above her.

"They are all having a good time; they don't even miss me," she thought, angrily. It was a bitter, though a needed, lesson. But how to get out of the cellar? that was the question now—as to whether she was missed or not, Miranda postponed inquiring. If the kitchen were overhead,

twenty paces one way or another would lead her to the stairs. She walked straight ahead for twenty steps, and her outstretched hands met the foundation-wall. Again and again she tried, but soon the voices scattered and she no longer knew where the kitchen lay. This was after the McKenzie cousins arrived, and were taking off their things in the best room, and then racing through the hall, and then sliding down the stairs.

Miranda had swallowed the last remnant of pride. She had called for help before now; but in the continuous talking and laughter upstairs nobody heard her.

Above, the new-comers had asked and answered many questions. Ben had shot nine wild ducks; Uncle Jacob had lost half his spring lambs by the unseasonable cold; Aunt Betsey had been shown several rolls of fine homespun cloth, and had instructed her sister-in-law how to make a beautiful purple dye, in which gorgeous tint her daughter Mary Ann was arrayed—presenting the appearance of a very lively larkspur.

It was Uncle Jacob who finally said :

" Seems to me I have n't seen all hands. Why, where 's M'rindy ? "

M'rindy, indeed !

Where in the world was she? And presently all the family were wondering—then searching—then whistling and shouting. Good Mrs. McKenzie had quite forgotten the morning's annoyance, and, unable to account for Miranda's disappearance, was sadly alarmed. The children formed scouting-parties and hunted through the garden, the barn, and the mill. In all the noise, nobody,

for a while, heard poor little Miranda calling out, " Here I am ! In the cel-lar ! "

At last Mrs. McKenzie, lifting her hand, exclaimed :

" Hush ! I heard a cry."

Then every one, breathlessly listening, heard the doleful voice, choked with sobs, repeating :

" In the cel-lar ! "

They rushed to the door, flung it open, and in two seconds had found the poor little lost sheep, close by the cellar-stairs. She was crying hard by this time, and they were trying their best to comfort her, proving that she was indeed loved and had been missed in her absence. But she revived as if by magic when David suddenly shouted :

" The goose and the gobbler are singed to a coal ! "

Sure enough ! In the excitement of the search for Miranda every one had forgotten the dinner roasting before the fire; and the flames blazing up, caught and enwrapped the devoted birds in a devouring flame.

David's lamentation, in a few minutes more, might have been literally true. Fortunately the singeing was but skin deep. The fowls were rescued, scraped, and set forth in the places of honor upon a table loaded with the best of fare, amid the jolliest bursts of laughter. When served, every one declared them excellent.

" The goose and gobbler," said the unquenchable David, " remind me of the singed cat that was better than she looked to be."

And Miranda, you may be sure, relished them far better than her fare of apples in the cellar.

THE WESTERN MEADOW-LARK.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

IN the spring of 1882 I was sitting one day at the door of my house on the prairies of Manitoba, watching a furious thunder-storm, accompanied by a heavy rainfall. The rolling of the thunder was so incessant that the intervals between the peals rarely reached thirty seconds; but in such silent intervals as there were, I was surprised to hear again and again the sweet melody of the prairie-lark.

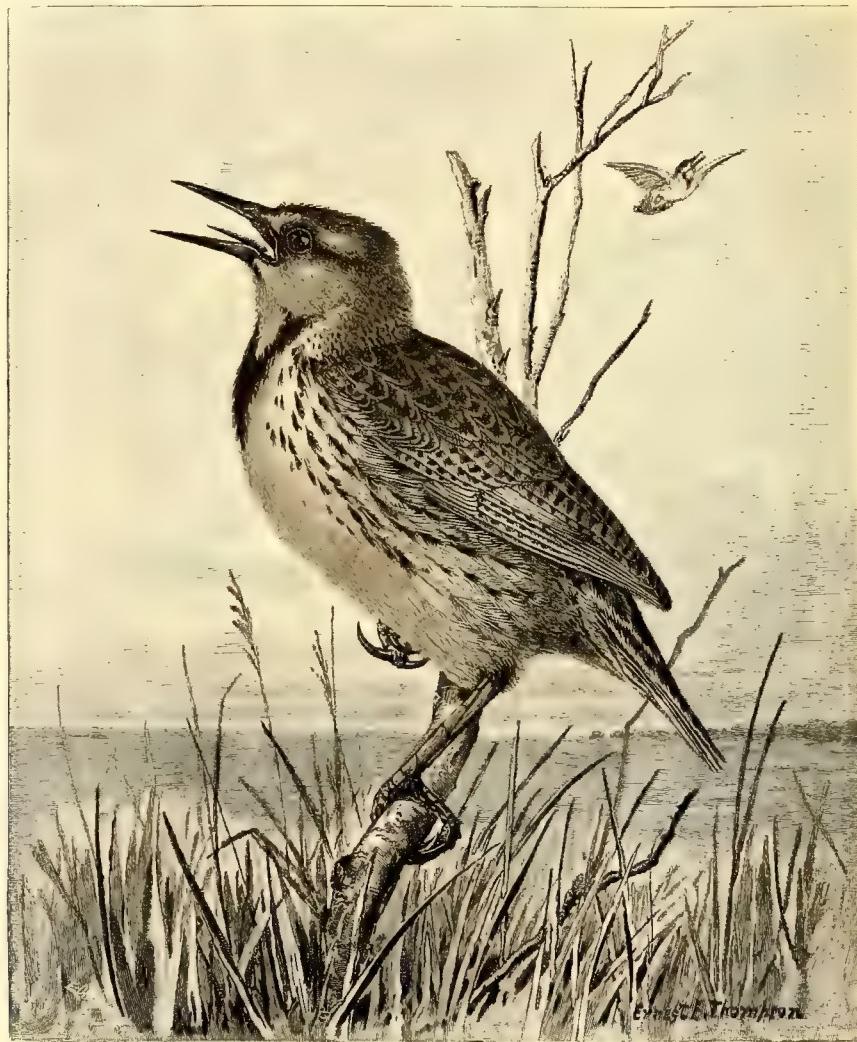
Eager to find the cheery bird, I took down my telescope, and from the door surveyed the plain,

in the direction of the singing; and I at length discovered the brave little musician perched on a low twig, out in the storm. The rain was beating on his back and running in a steady stream from the end of his tail, but still he sang on, in the loud, melodious strains that have made the Western meadow-lark famous as a songster. He sat upon the bough so steadily, with one foot tucked up out of the wet, and sang with so little apparent intention of stopping on account of the weather, that I went

for paper and pencil, and, observing him through the telescope, made a sketch which I afterward finished more carefully, and now present to the reader.

The other bird, on the wing, was added to show

distinguish them, they are so unlike in voice and habits that they need not be confounded by the young naturalist. The song of the Eastern meadow-lark is a pleasing feature of the bird-concerts in the fields of eastern America; yet the song does



THE WESTERN MEADOW-LARK.

that the prairie meadow-lark also sings in the air, like a true lark.

It may be well to explain that the bird before us is very different from the common meadow-lark of the Eastern States. Though they are so much alike in appearance that none but an expert can

not give the bird a position of superiority, nor even a place in the first rank of our songsters. But the song of the Western bird is loud, wild, melodious, and varied beyond description, and will yet secure for it the highest place of all in the estimation of those who delight in bird-music.

ELSIE'S INVENTION.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

ELSIE has made an invention, and her papa, who is a lawyer, declares that she must have it patented, because, if *she* does not, somebody else will, as soon as it is seen in public. Nobody was more surprised than Papa when he was told that his little daughter had made a useful invention. He knew that she was rather ingenious in the matter of girlish devices, and she seemed to take such professional pride in the care of little Fred, her invalid brother (who had something the matter with his spine), that the whole family had long ago decided that she was destined to be either a woman doctor or a trained nurse.

They were a large family, the Holworthys. Some of them were already nearly grown and helping to earn their own living — that is, the boys were — and the older girls were at their wits'-end to devise some way of doing their share. After much distress of mind they had decided that, for the present, the best they could do was to help Mamma, who, with her household cares and poor little Fred to fret her, — not to mention the other boys' clothes, — was rather overburdened at times.

Elsie, as has been said, had gradually assumed, more and more, the care of the invalid; but of late his poor little twisted spine had caused him more trouble than usual. The pillows did not seem to fit, or else they were too warm; and though the little fellow tried to be patient, Elsie saw that he was perpetually uncomfortable, and she set her brain to work to invent a remedy. She tried him in the easy-chair, tilted back, but that would not do; and in the rocking-chair, but that was worse. He was lifted into the hammock, and for a while was comfortable, for he said that it fitted nicely and was cool, and seemed to hold him in its arms; but, after a while, he slipped down toward the middle of the hammock and again the pain returned.

"Else," he said, at length, "I don't believe anything will do, unless we can melt the easy-chair, and the rocking-chair, and the bed, and the hammock, all into one. I do believe I could be comfortable in that." He did not mean to be peevish or unreasonable, but the dull, never-ceasing back-ache and restlessness were more than he could endure; and the tears came into his eyes as Elsie stood before him watching his pale, pinched face.

"Fred," she exclaimed suddenly, after pondering a few minutes, "I believe I can do it!"

"Do what?"

"Why, melt the rocking-chair and the hammock into one. Yes, and the easy-chair and the bed too!" And she gave a little skip as her idea took definite shape.

"It won't take long to do it, and you can help. You know how we netted the hammock. Well, our new contrivance can be made in the same way. There is some twine left. I'll get the needles and mesh-sticks, and we will go right at it."

Fred was interested at once, entered heartily into the scheme, and forgot his aching back for the time; but Elsie would not tell him all her plans, because, she said, she was not very sure of them herself, and they might not succeed after all, and that would disappoint him.

There was a broken-down hammock in the garret, which entered into Elsie's calculations. Having procured this, they managed, by mending

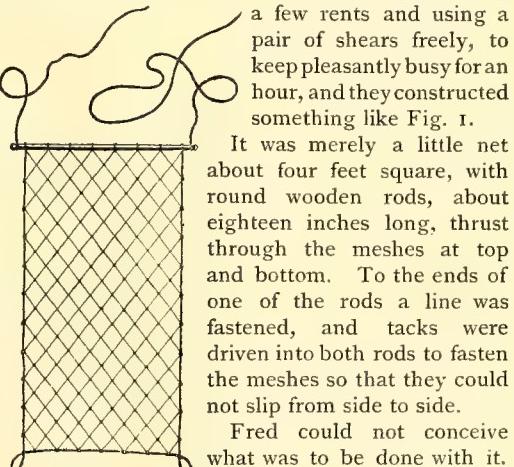


FIG. I.

a few rents and using a pair of shears freely, to keep pleasantly busy for an hour, and they constructed something like Fig. I.

It was merely a little net about four feet square, with round wooden rods, about eighteen inches long, thrust through the meshes at top and bottom. To the ends of one of the rods a line was fastened, and tacks were driven into both rods to fasten the meshes so that they could not slip from side to side.

Fred could not conceive what was to be done with it.

Elsie, with the wonderful tact that made her so excellent a nurse, managed to keep his curiosity excited and at the same time to prevent his becoming cross in consequence of her refusal to explain.

"Now, I must run away with it for a few minutes," she said, when the work was done, "and when I come back it will be all ready for the 'grand combination act.' See! here is the last

ST. NICHOLAS with the rest of the story which you began last month."

And Elsie produced the magazine, which she had thoughtfully held in reserve for some such crisis.

Fred received it eagerly and was deep in the story before she reached the door. Wearied with her long confinement, Elsie skipped down-stairs and out to the orchard, where she knew she would find some camp-stools under the "sunset tree."

Placing one of them in the shade, under a conveniently low limb of the tree, she placed the lower part of the net upon it, so that the ends of one rod rested just under the ends of the cross-pieces. Then she threw the line over the limb and hoisted the top of the net until it hung in a curve, as shown in Fig. 2. Deftly making two half-hitches (an accomplishment which her cousin, a naval cadet, had taught her), she gave a pull to see that all was secure, and then very carefully sat down and leaned back, prudently reaching up over her head and taking hold of the upper rod to prevent falling over backward.

Luckily, she had made a good guess at the correct length of the line, and she gave a little sigh of delight which turned into a half shriek as the camp-stool unexpectedly reared upon its hind legs and threatened to go over backward. However, it went just so far and no farther, and Elsie had only to place another camp-stool within reach of her feet, and her bliss was complete.

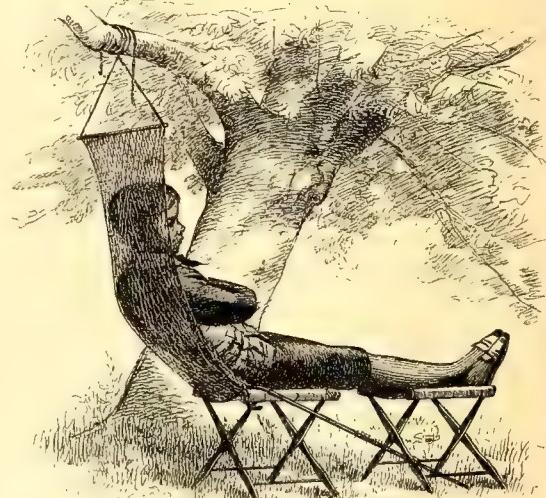
The "few minutes" were gone forever, and Elsie, wearied with her sisterly cares, and the mental labor of "contriving," slept serenely under the apple-tree in the lap of her invention.



FIG. 2.

This from the two younger boys as they came home from school. Over the stone-wall they scrambled, and with a common impulse raced down through the orchard, with difficulty suppressing a yell when they discovered their sister asleep in such a strange combination of hammock and camp-stool. She, however, waked at the rush of feet, and was at once overwhelmed with questions:

"Where did you get it?" "Who gave it to you?" "Let us try it!" Elsie was fain to give place to the boys, who, boy-like, pronounced the invention "immense!" and declared that Fred must be im-



"THE BOYS MADE HAMMOCK-BACKS FOR EVERY CAMP-STOOL ON THE PREMISES."

mediately carried out and placed in what Tom called Elsie's "self-adjusting, back-acting, hammocky easy rocking-chair."

Mamma's consent was obtained, and Fred—a pitifully light-weight—was soon tenderly placed in the newly-invented chair, where, for more than an hour, he was admired by all beholders, including the entire Holworthy family, and their immediate neighbors. Before he had not been able to spend more than half an hour in the open air; but now, rocked gently by the breeze, he could not bear to be taken in-doors even at sunset, and nothing would do but to have Elsie's chair suspended from the hammock-hook in his own room, with a camp-stool to complete the arrangement. It is very singular, but he began to gain from that very day, and even the doctor says the improvement is largely due to Elsie's invention.

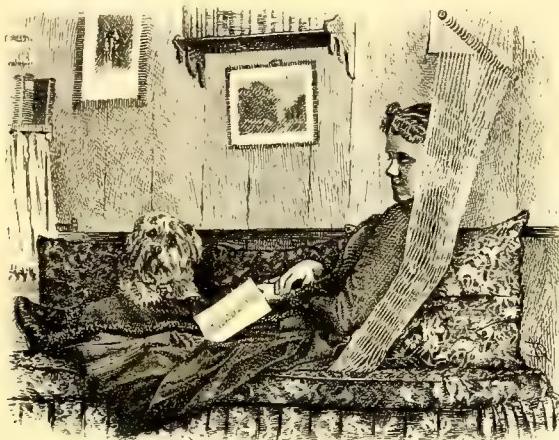
Of course the boys went right to work and made hammock-backs for every camp-stool on the premises. The doctor asked, and, of course, received Elsie's permission, to introduce them in the hospital; the State Medical Inspector has mentioned them in his official report, and Elsie has received so many congratulations that her brothers say she will certainly be spoiled.

But Mamma and Fred insist that even when she is spoiled, nobody will know it.

NOTE.—Elsie's invention may be made just as well from a strip of thin canvas or stair-cloth, of

suitable width. In the case of the latter, the material may be doubled under, forming a sort of pocket or bag to fit over the end of the camp-stool; the lower rod may, therefore, be omitted. In using a net, it will be found that the meshes will hang almost straight up and down if suspended one way, but will draw together in the middle if hung the other way. The point of suspension

may be the trunk, instead of the limb, of a tree, or a hook in a wall, or, in fact, anything that will bear a moderate weight. If a hook can be fixed in the ceiling above the head of a lounge or a bed, the hammock-back can be adjusted—the occupant sitting on the lower part—so that it makes a delightfully cool and easy support in a half-reclining posture.



A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ONE night, an owl was prowling round
Looking for mice, when on the ground
He spied a cat, and straightway flew
Quite close to it. "Tu whit, tu whoo!"
Quoth he, "may I again ne'er stir,
If here, dressed in a coat of fur,
I do not see a four-legged owl.
Oh, what a very funny fowl!
It makes me laugh, so droll—Ha! ha!
Ha! ha!—it are,—ha! ha! ha! ha!
It are, it are, it really are
The drollest thing I've seen by far!"

" You 're much mistaken, scornful sir,"
The cat said, as she ceased to purr;
" For though, like one, I often prowl
About at night, I am no owl.
And if I were, why, still would you
Be queerer creature of the two;
For you look, there 's no doubt of that,
Extremely like a two-legged cat.
As for your grammar, 'pon my word
(Excuse this giggle), he—he—he—he,
It be, it be, it really be
The very worst I ever heard."



THE BIRDS' FAREWELL.

BY O. HERFORD.

OUR DEAR LITTLE MAID:

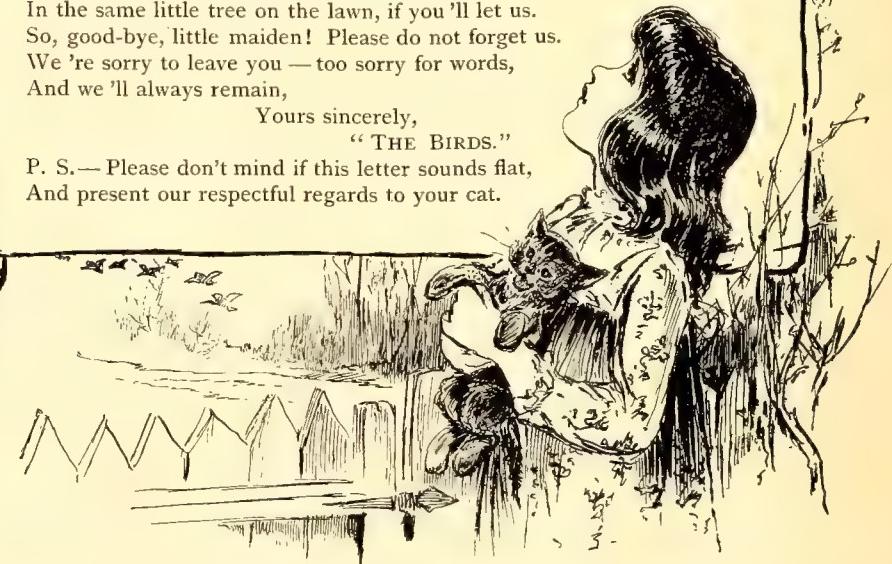
We must bid you good-bye,
For November is here, and it's time we should fly
To the South, where we have an engagement to
sing.

But remember this, dear, we 'll return in the spring.
And if, while abroad, we hear anything new,
We 'll learn it, and sing it next summer to you
In the same little tree on the lawn, if you 'll let us.
So, good-bye, little maiden! Please do not forget us.
We 're sorry to leave you — too sorry for words,
And we 'll always remain,

Yours sincerely,

"THE BIRDS."

P. S.— Please don't mind if this letter sounds flat,
And present our respectful regards to your cat.

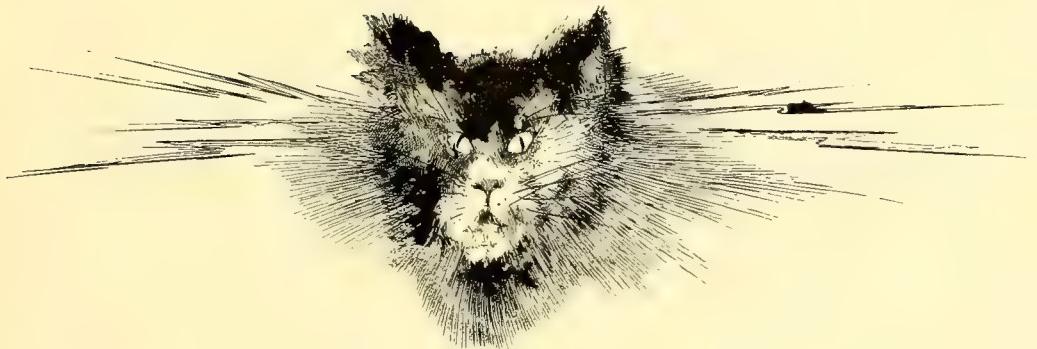




BY MARIA J. HAMMOND.

WE took our pussy's photograph,
Then one of a neighbor's cat,
And then a third, and then a fourth,—
A dozen pussies sat.
And then we took the photograph
Of every photograph;
Oh, that is often done, you know ;
Indeed you need n't laugh !

We showed Mamma the last effect.
“Here is the type,” we said,
“Of all the dozen pussy cats—
See what a splendid head !”
“Splendid ? A terror !” cried Mamma,—
Quite frank, to say the least.
“Each puss would be a truer type
Than this composite beast !”





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

GOOD-DAY, my beloved. It is delightful to see your fresh, bright faces on this cool, clear morning. Let us open the day, together, with this pretty nutting song sent by our friend Emma C. Dowd :

Autumn has come ! Now, girls and boys,
Here 's fun that 's worth a hundred joys !
Bring on your baskets and your pails,
And scamper over hills and dales
To where the good old chestnuts stand,
Dropping their gifts on every hand.

Tap ! tap ! the merry nuts fall fast,
No time to take a sly repast !
What fun it is ! the air resounds
With eager cries and joyous sounds ;
Oh, never sport deserved more praise
Than nutting on these autumn days !

After the nutting, we 'll all step across to Italy, so to speak, and take a look at

THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S.

IT will be easy to do this, for the dear Little School-ma'am has sent you an extract from a delightful letter she has received from a friend now traveling in Italy. He writes from Venice, one of the loveliest cities in the world :

"The famous Doge's Palace and the beautiful Cathedral of St. Mark's are 'just around the corner,' so that we walk to them within two minutes' time. We lunched to-day in the celebrated Café Florian, in the Piazza San Marco, and afterward fed the pigeons in fine style. You can't imagine how delightful we found it. For three soldi, or pennies, you buy a little cornucopia filled with kernels, and no sooner do these pretty birds see it in your hand than they throng about you

seemingly by hundreds, certainly by scores—in the air and on the ground—eager for the treat. After scattering some grains upon the ground, I stood up and held out a handful at arm's-length—when, *whish!* with a great flutter and whirr, half-a-dozen of the lovely creatures were upon my wrist and fingers, and were emptying my palm in a jiffy, with perfect fearlessness. This attracted others, and, in a moment more, three were walking around upon my hat, and my head was the center of a small cloud of wings. I kept up this performance by filling my hand again, emptying upon my hat what was left in the paper, and the birds kept up their part, too, until we had around us quite a little ring of lounging Venetians, who seemed to enjoy the spectacle."

BIRDS' STORE-HOUSES.

SOME of my bird friends who spend their winters in Mexico have told me how the birds there manage to store and eat the acorns, of which they are as fond as robins are of strawberries. In order to save the desired morsel, the birds carry the acorns in their bills, sometimes for miles, to the steep dry sides of a mountain which in winter is covered with the hollow stalks of the last year's agave flowers. Beginning at the bottom, they bore, with their skillful beaks, little holes in these dead stalks. The holes are then filled with acorns, and by and by, when food grows scarce, our birds come back to their mountain-side store-houses, take out an acorn at a time and fly with it to a neighboring yucca-tree, in the bark of which they bore an opening large enough to hold the acorn firmly; then they can insert the nut, break it open, - and eat it in comfort.

NUTS AND MOUNTAINS.

TALKING of store-houses reminds me that this morning my gay little friend the red-squirrel came out of his hiding-place in the crotch of a big elm-tree, whisking his pretty bushy tail and racing about over the elm's big branches until he had gained an appetite for his breakfast; and then he went into his store-house and brought forth a last year's hickory-nut, carrying it in his cheek until he came to a spot which suited him for a dining-room. There he seated himself saucily, curled his tail up over his back in a jaunty fashion, took the nut in his handy little fore-paws and began to eat it.

While Mr. Squirrel was munching the nut, I wondered if he knew what an ancient ancestry the nut can claim. Probably he did not know, and very possibly he would not care anything about it; but it is true that the ancestors of the hickory-nut that he was relishing so much, flourished in the land long before the great ribs of the Rocky Mountains had risen above the sea.

— How is that? How is *what*, my chicks ? Oh, that about the Rocky Mountains having risen above the sea? Well, the fact is, I once heard the Little School-ma'am speak of the matter to the Red school-house boys, but I can not remember the confusing particulars now. Ask your geologists.

THE SPIDER AND THE WASP.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I saw something this morning which may be as interesting to your boys and girls as it was to me.

I was sitting on the piazza, watching the bathers, when I happened to see a wasp fly through a spider's web, and wasp and spider came to the ground together. This seemed unusual to me; but I thought it an accident, and watched idly to see how long it would take the spider to vanquish the wasp, which seemed to be struggling. The spider was what I would call quite a large one of the kind that is so frequently seen in sheltered corners out-of-doors. The wasp was not an ordinary one; it was small, the body striped white and black, and not so "wasp-waisted" as the kind I have generally seen. After struggling an instant, the wasp broke away from the spider, but the latter lay motionless. Then I was curious, and awaited the sequel. Some other ladies who were with me were afraid of the wasp and tried to kill it, but I begged them not to, so fortunately I saw the end. The wasp flew away, frightened by the ladies' parasols, but quickly came back and hunted around till it found the spider, which had never moved, although it did not look as if it were dead, as its legs were not curled up, which is always the case when I kill a spider. The wasp next dragged the spider, which certainly must have weighed considerably more than itself, a little distance, then finally lifted it and flew off. It was evidently a deliberate attack and capture on the part of the wasp.

I know it is the habit of the species of wasp called "mud-dauber" to capture *small* spiders, but they are generally the soft-webbers—green ones which live in the trees. This was a large, hairy, brown spider.

I read a little article of Mr. Burroughs's, as to the habits of some spiders, in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS. Although interesting, I dislike them exceedingly. The performance of this morning, however, appeared to me such a reversal of the usual order of things that I thought you might like to tell the true story to your crowds of readers. I am a "grown up," but I always read ST. NICHOLAS, and have read it for fifteen years.

Your constant reader,

S. K.

"AN ILL WEED NEEDS NO NURSING."

THAT'S what I heard a farmer say this morning when he looked at a great bed of thistles that were smiling away on a fertile hill-side. They were all purple with bloom, and I thought they looked very pretty; but the farmer called them ill weeds and caused them to be mown down. He said that there are too many of them; that from the North Pole to the Equator they grow and blossom and send their white-winged seeds flying as if the whole earth belonged to them. He said there is no climate nor country where thistles are not to be found. Is that in accord with your observations, my hearers?

WHY DOES THE NETTLE STING?

A BEE has told me—and the bee ought to know, for he too has a sting, and uses it—that long, long ago, the nettle was a peaceful plant, as unoffending as a blade of grass; but that, living in constant fear of being browsed upon by donkeys, trampled underfoot by cattle, plucked by children, or grubbed up root and all by the farmer, its temper—poor thing!—became forever soured, and at last drove it into a restless, feverish, waspish habit of stinging everybody who touched it.

Bees, you see, have a little fun in them, after all, though you are not apt to think so while they are stinging you.

ANOTHER BIG GRAPE-VINE.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

MY DEAR JACK: I read in your last number about a large grape-vine in England, and I thought I would write and tell you about Santa Barbara's grape-vine. It is forty-six inches around the trunk, and forty tons of grapes were gathered from it last year. It is fifty-two years old. My sister Lou and I take riding-lessons. We live in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but are spending the summer here.

Your loving reader,

NELLIE E. H.—.

THE DEACON AND THE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

WHO threw this queer jingle upon my pulpit? It must have been some one who knows the Deacon as well as the Little School-ma'am. But everybody knows them; and so—

Ah, I know! It was somebody in sympathy with the artist who drew the picture that came at the same time! Now, for the jingle:

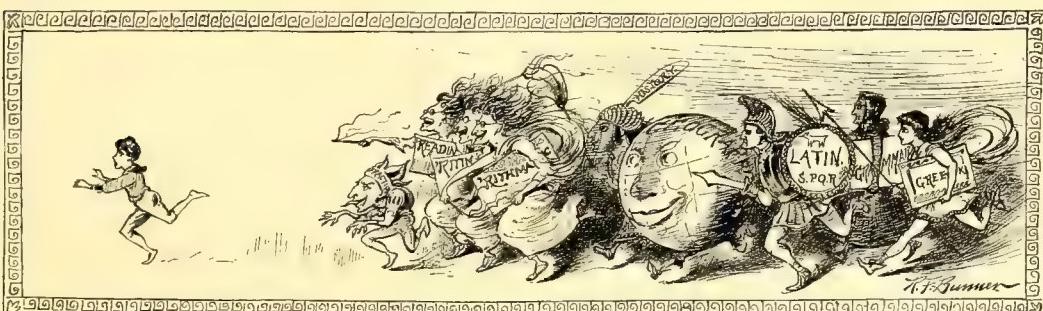
"You are old, my dear deacon," the school-ma'am remarked,

"And studies with youth pass away;
Yet you're quite in advance of the books, I am sure,—

Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," the good deacon replied,

"I was fleetest of foot in my set;
And I ran on ahead of my studies so fast
That they've never caught up with me yet."





MY
LADY-BIRD'S
CHAMBER

HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. NO. VII.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

Andantino con moto.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

1. Come up in - to La - dy - Bird's cham - ber, The sun and the wind, long a-

m p

Con Pedale.

cres.

wake,... Are play - ing bo - peep at her win - dows, And La - dy - Bird's bed is to

rit. *a tempo.*

make... So spread up the lav - en-dered lin - en, With blank-ets tucked in at the

f *p* *rit.* *a tempo.*

toes,... And wish her the soft - est of slum - bers, For La - dy-Bird's sweet as a

rit.... et.... dim..... pp

rose, For La - dy-Bird's sweet as a rose....

II.

The haunts of the wild-bee and woodbird
Are ringing all day with her glee;
When down in her white nest she cuddles,
With a sigh and a smile—lost is she!
Then shake up the drowsy old bolster,
And plump it across at the head,
And pat-pat the downy white pillows,
To dress up my Lady-Bird's bed,
To dress up my Lady-Bird's bed.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, as most of you know, is a union of local societies which have been organized for the study of nature by personal observation.

It is not for the sake of any money you may make out of it that we advocate the study of nature. If it were, our association must change its name; for Louis Agassiz used to say that he had "no time to make money." We urge you to join us in this study for the sake of learning what is true. We honor those who set knowledge above "gold and the crystal," and esteem the price of wisdom "above rubies." There is great pleasure in the mere seeking of truth. There is a delight in all discovery.

Now, nature offers to every one of us new gifts every day. No matter how long a beetle may have been known to others, until you have found it for yourself, it is not old to you. So, too, although the species may be familiar, each new specimen has the charm of novelty.

But besides the pleasure of learning, it has been found that one who studies nature aright greatly improves his powers of attention, discrimination, and reasoning. The right way to study nature is to use your own eyes instead of depending upon printed accounts of what somebody else has seen with his. It is a lazy boy who hires another to do his fishing for him. To depend upon the observation of others will no more increase your mental powers than it would improve your muscular development if a friend should swing Indian clubs for you. To one who tries to get all his knowledge of nature from books, everything comes at second-hand; nothing comes to him as his own discovery. There is no joy in it, and but little benefit. That is why the Agassiz Association always insists upon "personal observation"; which is simply a Latinized way of saying, using your own eyes to see what you can see.

This statement should make plain the nature of the work expected from the little clubs we are organizing in so many cities and towns. The members are to search and find out what there is of interest within, say, five miles of home.

In order to do this, they will make excursions after flowers, minerals, insects, or whatever they most care about, and perhaps make a map show-

ing just where each sort may be found. Of course, they will find a few books useful to help them learn the names of what they find; they will need a cabinet in which to keep their treasures; and they will be glad to have wise men lecture to them now and then, and explain the things that are too hard to study out for themselves. I can not see that it would do any great harm even if every town and village in the land should have its Natural Science Club, with a little library and museum, and with wide-awake members ready at any time to give the curious traveler an account of all the interesting objects to be found in an afternoon's walk, and able to show him specimens of each variety, nicely preserved, accurately classified, and neatly labeled. All who have read *ST. NICHOLAS* carefully for a few years past, know that the Agassiz Association has organized societies of this sort very successfully, and that the boys and girls — yes, and their parents and teachers, too — have found much recreation in these clubs, and learned much natural history and natural science, as well.

During this very year, and since I last wrote to you about our Association, more than a hundred new clubs or "Chapters" have been added to our roll — and that means more than a thousand new members. You see, there must be at least four in a chapter, and there may be as many more as are desired. One of our chapters, in New Brunswick, N. J., has more than four hundred members, with about a dozen professors to guide them, and there are microscopes, and stereopticons, and all sorts of instruments to aid them in their studies.

After a number of these little clubs are fairly at work in any large city, or throughout a State, they often wish to become better acquainted with one another, and so the clubs hold joint-meetings occasionally, and they call these large united gatherings "Assemblies."

These Assemblies elect their own officers, and hold regular conventions. One of the largest has been formed this year by combining the various societies in Massachusetts. We had a very successful convention in Boston on Decoration Day. This holiday happens to occur within a few days of Agassiz's birthday, which is very pleasant and convenient for us. There was an address from Professor Hyatt, of the Boston Society of Natural

History, a man deservedly popular with young people; and one from Professor Crosby, who has been conducting for our benefit a very interesting course of lessons in mineralogy, extending over more than a year (for which lessons he furnishes the specimens and necessary instruments). Professor Morse, of Salem, the author of an excellent book on the study of zoölogy, also lectured to us. Professor Morse's son is a member of a very active chapter of the Agassiz Association, so active that it organized a stock company of boys and built a house for their meetings. Dr. Lincoln, who is now helping the members of our Boston Assembly to make a thorough study of all minerals to be found within ten miles of the Boston State House, was also one of our instructors.

Another of our recently formed Assemblies is the State Assembly of New Jersey. Rev. L. H. Light-hope is president of this Assembly, and while I write (August 10th), he is conducting a well-attended sea-side meeting. It is to continue for a week. Every morning the members make an excursion, under the lead of some expert, and may have the choice of Botany, Entomology, or Microscopy. Every afternoon they gather in the large Educational Hall, and examine their "finds," with the assistance of the Professor who led them in the morning. Every evening they attend a lecture, usually illustrated by the gas-microscope, or by the stereopticon. Professor Austen, the president of the New Brunswick Chapter, has been very helpful in organizing and managing this pleasant sea-side Assembly.

The Iowa State Assembly is about to hold its fifth annual convention. Iowa conventions are always successful. All the chapters send delegates, who bring to the meeting not only carefully written reports of the work the chapters have done during the year, but also the finest of the specimens collected. The young men, and young women, too, give most interesting accounts of their studies, illustrating them with specimens, original drawings, diagrams, and maps. Then there is a dinner, a meeting for the practical demonstration of their methods of work, and one or two excursions. This Assembly offers three prizes each year for the best work done in any chapter since the previous convention.

I must not stop to give in detail accounts even of all our large Assemblies; still less can I undertake to tell of the individual chapters. Among so many, it would be impossible to select single ones for special praise. Merely by way of illustration, however, I may mention Chapter No. 3, of Frankford, Philadelphia, which, under the lead of John Shallcross and Robert T. Taylor, has maintained itself in full vigor since the first year

of our extension beyond Massachusetts, and which was instrumental in founding the Philadelphia Assembly, the first Assembly in the Association.

The "Manhattan Chapter," of New York City, is a noteworthy illustration of what young people can do without aid. This society has grown from a handful of boys, meeting from house to house, into a club of a hundred young men, renting rooms at No. 103 Lexington Avenue, and exhibiting there a fine collection fairly representing the natural productions of Manhattan Island." This chapter, like all others, is glad to welcome visitors to its rooms.

The largest chapter in Massachusetts is No. 448, of Fitchburg, with a hundred and fifty members. This chapter has published a handsome pamphlet, giving an account of all the flowering plants to be found in the vicinity.

A new sort of club has been devised and put into successful operation during the year. Chapters of this sort are called "Corresponding Chapters." They are composed of members who do not live in the same town, but are united by their common interest in the same study. The first of these was the Archaeological Chapter. Its President is Hilborne T. Cresson, of Philadelphia; Vice-president, Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, N. J.; Secretary, A. H. Leitch, of Dayton, O. The members of this club are grown men; and they propose, under the auspices and general direction of the Peabody Museum, of Cambridge, to preserve ancient mounds from the spade of the vandal and the speculator, until they can be properly and scientifically explored under competent supervision. Two other corresponding chapters recently added are the Gray Memorial Chapter, for the study of botany, and the Isaac Lea Memorial Chapter, for the study of shells.

It is worthy of mention that from the beginning the girls and women have kept equal step with the boys and men, not only in patient and thorough work in field and laboratory but also in the work of organization and direction. Many ladies are efficient secretaries, curators, or presidents of chapters, and one girl has held with honor the office of president of a State Assembly.

We have been asked why we favor the establishment of societies. Why should not the study be carried on by individuals? All true study, it is claimed by these critics, is prosecuted in solitude and silence. Great books are not written by a society of authors; poets do not sing in chorus; artists do not paint in clubs; and the light of scientific discovery has come to the world in little flashes of illumination, which have fallen singly upon the minds of silent and lonely thinkers.

There is much truth in this argument, and there

can be no good work done either in or out of any society unless each separate worker acts and thinks for and by himself. Yet there are important advantages which are secured by united effort. Every one who finds anything that interests him, wants some one to whom he can show it. A pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled. Thus, at the meetings of our clubs, each member has a friendly audience to listen to the results of his private study. Then, too, when several friends join in a society they are often able to buy more expensive books and instruments than any could afford alone. A library may be had, a microscope bought, a lecturer secured, a room rented, a building erected. Think, too, of the pleasure of these social gatherings, often enlivened by music and song; think of the pleasant excursions, picnics or field-meetings, and the occasional evening receptions.

Besides, when we bring several of these local clubs into fellowship with one another through correspondence, exchanges, or a convention now and then, the pleasures and benefits are greatly increased, and many things are done which no single chapter could do. Storms can be traced and their courses represented on maps; erratic boulders can be tracked to their ancient homes; the routes of travel of birds and insects can be followed for hundreds of miles, and facts of interest gathered in every department of science.

One of the most important features of the last year's work has been in this direction. Simple blanks have been sent to different chapters, with the request that they be filled out with records of local observation in particular branches. One boy has prepared a set of blanks on which different observers are writing accounts of all the dragonflies they may see, telling the place where each specimen was found, its name, description, habits, etc., and other members have prepared similar blanks for records of observations on birds and minerals. In this way distant parts of the country are brought into friendly acquaintance, and boys of Maine and boys of Florida, girls of California and girls of Massachusetts, become interested in learning one another's thoughts, and in giving one another information and assistance.

Perhaps a more definite idea of what our boys and girls find in their rambles may be gained from a list of a few of the topics upon which members have made original notes during the year. From hundreds may be named these: Two Rare Fossils from Catskill, Rose-Leaf Galls, White Blackbirds, Ivy-Blossoms, Curious Trees, Animals that do not Drink, Do Salmon Eat Birds? Complementary Colors, An Abnormal Cabbage-Leaf. A Living Barometer, Rainbow and Sun-Dogs, Double Adder's-Tongue, New Jersey Butterflies, Eggs of the Cray-fish, Colorado Ants, Floating Pollen, A Double Stinger, Frost Pictures, An Experience with a Heron, A White Weasel, A Strange Mouse, Girls in a Silver-Mine.

In closing this brief report, I wish, in behalf of the Agassiz Association, again to invite all who are in any way interested in the study of Nature to join us, either by organizing societies in their own towns; or, if that be impossible, by joining as individuals. All are welcome, from the oldest to the youngest. We have a council of fifty scientists always ready to receive from our members questions about whatever may puzzle them, and these gentlemen are eager to give all the help they can. We are just about to begin a course of simple observation-lessons in botany, open to all our members. The plan is to send to every one who takes the course a set of perhaps fifty specimens, nicely prepared, with printed instructions on the proper way of so observing them as to see all that can be seen, and for telling in the proper way all that is seen—and nothing more. To all who would like to consider the question of joining the Association, we will send, free, papers giving full directions for organizing a club or a chapter, or for joining alone. We will also send, until the supply is exhausted, an excellent wood-engraving of Agassiz, representing him examining a sea-urchin. This picture is printed on one of the papers of information, but is one of the best likenesses of Professor Agassiz in existence. All who are interested may address:

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION,

50 South Street,

Pittsfield, Mass.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WHITTIER, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for nearly seven years, this is my first attempt at a letter, and I think it will have the honor of being the first sent to the "Letter-box" from Whittier, as our little town is scarcely a year old, although it has nearly a thousand inhabitants. We think it has one of the prettiest locations possible, at the foot of the Puente Hills, about twenty miles from the Pacific, which can be plainly seen. On clear days, we can easily count the vessels in San Pedro Harbor, twenty miles away. And the Santa Catalina Island, thirty-five miles from shore, is in sight nearly all the time. The town is five hundred feet above sea-level and overlooks the beautiful Los Nietos and Santa Anna valleys with their orange orchards, vineyards, etc. The hills are fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, and with their lovely, although small, cañons afford splendid opportunities for picnicking and "exploring." We girls are very fond of the latter, and there are very few of the pretty spots within an afternoon's walk with which we are unacquainted. The greater portion of the inhabitants of Whittier are Friends, or Quakers; consequently the most appropriate name for the settlement was that of the great "Quaker Poet," and all true Whittierites love the name of the town almost as well as the town itself. The Friends' College, to be erected on the Pacific Coast and to cost \$100,000, is located at Whittier, and the grading of the grounds for the buildings is nearly completed. The college is on quite a high hill and will be visible for miles. "The Greenleaf" is our best hotel, and it is said to be one of the best in the southern part of the State, with exception of those in the larger cities. I am fourteen years old and my native State is Iowa, but I have also lived in Kansas and Texas. I like California best, however, for here we have only to turn around to see ocean, mountains, and valley, perpetual snow and perpetual summer. I am afraid my description of the country is rather "dry," but if this is published I will write again about one of our many excursions, picnics, etc. I wish that more of your Northern readers were in this land of sunshine, for I am sure that would enjoy it as well as I do. *Adios*, dear ST. NICHOLAS, with love and best wishes from your California friend and constant reader,

LOU H.—

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to write you a letter, and tell you how much I enjoy reading the ST. NICHOLAS.

Our mails from San Francisco come twice a month, and sometimes we have to wait for the papers. The stories I have liked the best are "Sara Crewe," "Santa Claus in the Pulpit," and "The Clocks of Rondaine."

I think it is very good of you to publish letters from little girls and boys. Reading these letters made me want to write, too, so that I could have mine published also.

I have lived in Southern California and in Honolulu. I like Honolulu better; it is not so warm in summer, nor so cold in winter. I must not write too long a letter this time.

From your admiring reader, CLARENCE H. S.—

MANITOWOC, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, and will be twelve years old next Saturday. I live near the shore of Lake Michigan. There are high, sandy banks along the shore, and the sand-swallows build nests in them. Sometimes the crows rob the nests.

Once I saw three crows catch a young swallow and tear it to pieces. The swallows were in great distress, but could not defend their young. Some blackbirds drove the crows away.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. I shall be pleased if you print this.

Yours truly, J. M. A.—

BLACKSTONE.

DEAR OLD SAINT: For you are truly a saint to the children, big and little. I suppose I must be called one of the big ones, as I am eighteen; but I am just as fond of you as when I was eight. And such a help as you have been to me. For the past year, I have taken a good deal of interest in history and astronomy, and Proctor's articles on astronomy, and the pieces entitled "Boy Heroes of Crécy and Poitiers," "Windsor Castle," "Little Louis the Dauphin," "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," and numerous other articles in your past pages, have been of great interest and help to me. We have all the volumes bound, from the very first, and their handsome scarlet bindings make a very pretty show in our book-case. I have a little niece who is two years old, and the first book she knew

to call by name was "St. NICKY." One day, when she was only about a year and one-half old, she said to Mamma, "Please go down to Gamma's and see Sa' NICKY!" She loves the "Brownies," and can tell the Duke and Chinaman. My younger sister calls Mr. Cox, "Uncle Palmer."

How much we shall all miss our dear Miss Alcott!

Your interested reader, MOLLY B.—

DEAR ST. NICK: I have seen several stories of little folks in your "Letter-box," and thought I would write you some of the funny sayings of our Baby Kate, who is three years old.

One night she wanted to go to her auntie's; "But Kate, it is dark," said Mamma. "Dark dot no mouf; dark dot no teefs; dark tan't bite," was baby's answer.

She mixes the parts of speech; for instance, she told me, one day, "Polly very bad dirl; she Papa told she not to bloke she umbrella; her did."

She always calls the spring of water the "spring time."

Her papa called her his "sunshine," but she improved on it, and when some one called her a "fraud," she answered, "No, I is n't a frog, I 's papa shine daughter!"

And, indeed, she is a "shine daughter" for us all.

AUNTIE.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am afraid I am rather old to write to you, as I am nearly seventeen; but as I still read and love your magazine very much, my age does not matter, I suppose.

I live in Hawthorn, one of the many suburbs of Melbourne, and as I am an only child, I have a grand time.

The school to which I have been going for six years, is to be given up at midwinter, to my great distress, as by that I shall lose my best friend, Muriel, the daughter of my school-mistress. There are to be some nice tableaux at our breaking-up, instead of the usual French or German play. There is to be "Rosalind in Arden," "Hermione," "Present, Past, and Future," and "Rebecca and Rowena." We were to have had Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," but we found that there were not enough "fair" girls in the school.

All the Melbourne people are looking forward eagerly to our grand exhibition of August; there are great preparations for it going on now, and the building is growing enormous. The pictures are what I shall specially love, as I am very fond of painting, and like your beautiful illustrations so much. Senhor Loureiro, a Portuguese artist, teaches me drawing and painting at school, and I am very fond of drawing little pictures from your magazine, as birthday-cards. Those by Mr. Birch, in "Sara Crewe" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," are my especial favorites. I take great delight in reading, and should like to travel all over the world to see the places described in books. There is a splendid rink close by our house, where my friends and I often skate; I am very fond indeed of it.

I remain, your interested reader, MAGGIE M.—

BOULDER VALLEY, M. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live up in the Rocky Mountains. This valley was named Boulder Valley because there is here, in great quantities, a kind of gray rock called boulders.

I have two sisters and brother; my brother and younger sister are twins, six years old, and my other sister is eight years old, and I am ten. We all enjoy your stories very much.

With love and best wishes, ANNIE L. P.—

POTTSVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls of seven and eight years. We can not write, so Mamma is doing it for us. We love ST. NICHOLAS very much. Last summer Papa bought us a dear little pony. Her name is "Gypsy."

We like the "Brownies" very much, they are so cute. We have just come home from Europe. We were there all winter. We like London better than any of the other cities, because they speak English there. Once while we were in a bazar, we got lost from Mamma, and we could not find her again. A gentleman asked us what was the matter. We told him, and he wished to know where we lived. We did not know where the hotel was. The gentleman did not know what to do. Just then we heard some one ask, at the counter back

of us, if they had seen two little girls straying around, and there was Mamma. This is the first letter we have ever written to our dear ST. NICHOLAS, and we hope it will be printed, as it is a surprise for Papa. Your little readers,

LILY AND VIOLET DE K.—

ST. NICHOLAS can not announce before next month the name of the winner of the ten-dollar prize for the best King's Move Puzzle. But meanwhile, we present herewith a King's Move Puzzle of one hundred and sixty-nine squares, sent to us by an English friend who signs herself "Monica." She says "the number of ways in which ST. NICHOLAS may be spelled in it is over eight thousand." Can our mathematical young friends tell whether "Monica" is right?

S	A	L	O	H	C	I	C	H	O	L	A	S
A	L	O	H	C	I	N	I	C	H	O	L	A
L	O	H	C	I	N	T	N	I	C	H	O	L
O	H	C	I	N	T	N	T	N	I	C	H	O
H	C	I	N	T	N	I	N	T	N	I	C	H
C	I	N	T	N	I	A	I	N	T	N	I	C
I	N	T	N	I	A	S	A	I	N	T	N	I
C	I	N	T	N	I	A	I	N	T	N	I	C
H	C	I	N	T	N	I	N	T	N	I	C	H
O	H	C	I	N	T	N	T	N	I	C	H	O
L	O	H	C	I	N	T	N	I	C	H	O	L
A	L	O	H	C	I	N	I	C	H	O	L	A
S	A	L	O	H	C	I	C	H	O	L	A	S

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps some of your readers would be interested to see in the "Letter-box" an account of General Sheridan's funeral.

It would be more complete if I could give an account of the services in the church, but I was not one of the few who received tickets of admission.

The day the funeral party arrived from Nonquitt, we went down to St. Matthew's Church to see the body taken into it. After some waiting, policemen cleared the side of the street in which the church stands, and soon the bell began to toll. A few mounted policemen rode ahead of the escort. Then came the cavalry, which drew up in line opposite the church. Then came the caisson, bearing the casket, covered with a flag, and upon the flag were the General's chapeau, sash, and sword. The caisson was surrounded by a guard, and followed by carriages containing those who had been at the station to receive the train. There was a very brief service, during which the cavalry remained drawn up outside. Then all but the guard left the church, and at the word of command, the cavalry rode away. The next day the church was open to the public. The galleries were hung with flags, draped with black. At the altar a red light was cast over the flags hung there. At the back of the church some yellow cavalry-flags were draped. Fastened to the head of the catafalque was the General's headquarters' flag, draped, of course. The casket was beautiful in its simplicity. The flag, falling completely over one side, hid the heavy draping and gold handles which were visible on the other. On each side of the catafalque stood a small table, supporting draped candelabra, in which candles were burning. An officer stood at the head of the catafalque, and another sat in one of the front pews. In another pew were two members of the "Loyal Legion." These constituted the guard of honor.

On the morning of the funeral the streets around the church and along which the procession was to move were crowded, but the police kept the sidewalks all around the church clear. As I did not stand near the church, I did not hear the Marine Band play when the casket was borne from it.

As usual, the mounted policemen rode at the head of the proces-

sion; then General Schofield, leading the cavalry. The artillery followed, and after it the bands, with the Marine Band in advance. Only the drum and fife were used. Next came the foot-artillery, marching with arms reversed. All the principal officers had knots of crapes fastened to the hilts of their swords. Two large flags, with the names of many battles inscribed on them, were carried, heavily draped, in the procession. The carriages containing the clergy and pallbearers followed; then the caissons, drawn by four horses, and surrounded by a guard. On it was the flag-covered casket, on which still lay the chapeau, sash, and sword of the dead hero. Following closely was the beautiful bay horse "Guy," saddled and bridled, with the General's boots fastened to the sides, toes pointing to the rear. In size the horse reminded me of the pictures of the horse on which Sheridan took his famous ride. He was led by a sergeant of cavalry. Poor fellow! — unlike the other horses, impatient from long standing, and, in some cases, almost ungovernable — "Guy" hung his head and followed with slow steps, as if fully realizing that the master he loved would never mount him again.

Carriages followed containing Mrs. Sheridan, the family, the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the Diplomatic Corps, the Committees from Congress, friends of the family, some of the servants, and others. I did not go to Arlington, and know no more of the services there than the papers have told.

I hope I have not made this too long to print, and that it will interest some of your readers

Your admiring reader and friend, ISABELLA C.—

CALDWELL, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl thirteen years old. We live in the country, and have had many different pets. At one time we had a young alligator, but one day, being left too long in the sun, it died. I have a sister who, when she was little, said many funny things. One being told that roe was the eggs of shad, she asked if Annie (the cook) took the shells off before she cooked them. On going for the first time through a tunnel, in the train, she exclaimed to her nurse, "Oh! I don't want to go to bed yet!" This is the first year we have taken you, but we have read the bound volumes. I think you are just splendid, and enjoy reading you very much

Your faithful reader, FLORENCE R.—

ST. ALBANS, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nearly twelve years old, and have taken you for five years. I enjoy you so much. I thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was just lovely.

I own an engine and boiler which are quite powerful. It is a three-horse-power boiler, and instead of being heated by coal, it is heated by gas. The engine is a pony power and is very neat. I can run many machines with it.

I also own an Indian pony which is not very beautiful, but his strength makes up for it.

Your interested reader,

WORTH S.—

P. S.—We call him "Broncho."

LAKE ROLAND, MARYLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been taking you ever since '74, which I believe was your first year, I have never written to you before. I always enjoy reading the letters, from boys all over the world, in your "Letter-box." I am just "half-past" twelve now, so you see I am not the first subscriber from our family.

I have been exploring the country all summer on my bicycle, and have enjoyed it, in spite of some of the "headers" I have had. I always enjoy the stories in your jolly magazine, and especially those about boys' outdoor sports. I often lend you to my friends who do not take you, and every fellow thinks you are the best magazine out. We play base-ball a great deal here, also tennis, lacrosse, polo, and cricket; and in very warm weather we go swimming in a lovely fresh-water lake near by. I would rather play base-ball than anything else. I hope I shall always be young enough to read ST. NICHOLAS, and I think I shall. With the hope that you will find room for this if it is worth printing, I am,

Your interested reader,

EUGENE A.—

WE present our thanks to the young friends whose names here follow, for pleasant letters received from them:

Leah Tuttle, Gertie Doud, Walter Naish, Elsie, Louis J. Hall and Thos. W. Hatch, A. Julia G., Millie and Sue, Josie Meighan, Georgiana M., Tessie and Winnie, P. W. Arnold, Norah Gilhooley, Frederika M., E. Gertie Smith, Lulu King Whitney, A. C. L. and G. H., Hugh P. Tiemann, and Elisabeth D. Montague.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS. 1. H-owl. 2. H-elm. 3. H-all. 4. H-old.
 5. H-ire. 6. H-ill. 7. H-art.
DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. His. 3. Horal. 4. Pirates.
 5. Sated. 6. Led. 7. S.

MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC. All-Saints' eve. Cross-words: 1. Asopus. 2. Latona. 3. Lemnos. 4. Somnus. 5. Aurora. 6. Icarus. 7. Nestor. 8. Thalia. 9. Scylla. 10. Europa. 11. Vulcan. 12. Erebus.

DIAMONDS. 1. B. 2. Dot. 3. Laura. 4. Darling. 5. Boulangier. 6. Trinket. 7. Anger. 8. Get. 9. R. 11. C. 2. Low. 3. Lamar. 4. Lamprel. 5. Companion. 6. Warning. 7. Reine. 8. Log. 9. N. III. 1. M. 2. Gar. 3. Caged. 4. Garners. 5. Mag-nolias. 6. Reeling. 7. Drink. 8. Sag. 9. S.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Coleridge.

A PYRAMID. From 1 to 7; trumper; 13 to 8, Harold; 14 to 9, ebony; 15 to 10, risk; 16 to 11, mee (k); 17 to 12, as; 18, L.

To our puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—"Trix and Prim"—"Wakametoa"—Mary and Mabel Osgood—Jamie and Mamma—"Lehte"—Ada C. H.—Blanche and Fred—A. Fiske and Co.—Miss Flint—Mary Beard—Louise Ingham Adams—"Alpha Zeta"—Nellie L. Howes.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Paul Reese, 12—A. and S. Johnson, 2—E. H. Rosister, 2—M. E. Dalglish, 1—Sue F., 1—Maria and Aline, 1—Yula Campbell, 1—D. Bostwick and B. Southworth, 1—"Edgemere," 12—Marion, 3—"Roseba," 3—A. Schmidt, 1—A. M., S. R., and A. L. Bingham, 8—Ellershause, 5—Esther W. Ayres, 1—"Professor and Co.", 5—Ida Wallace, 1—"May and 79," 12—J. W. Frothingham, Jr., 1—J. R. Williamson, 1—Irma B., 1—"Patty-pan and Kettledrum," 7—Etta Reilly, 2—"Punch and Judy," 2—D. N. S. Barney, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—"Grandma," 10—"Infantry," 11—"Two Little Sisters," 2—W. A. Jurgens, 1—"The Currant Pickers," 12—Mary L. Warren, 1—"Monell," 1—Clayton and Perry Risley, 4—Lillie, 4—Carolina M. G., 1—"Jo and I," 10—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 7—Ethel West, 1—No Name, Westerly, 2—"Hypatia," 1—"Yodle Club," 11—Mary W. Stone, 12.

CONCEALED AUTHORS.

THREE names are concealed in each sentence.

1. A boy in a picture-shop opened a portfolio and came across an engraving of Lake Como or Erie—he did not know which—and bought it to adorn his mother's cottage, which he liked to decorate.

2. Please tell Mr. Colby, rondeaux will be sung by Emil to-night; one coming from Cabul we received to-day.

3. In Auburn some lady told me that she rid a number of houses of mice by using poison; and that, she told Mr. Ladd, is only one of the many ways to get rid of the pests.

4. It was to welcome the bald, rich man that a bee cherished a desire to walk on the poor man's head.

5. The ancestral cot, that I was born in, is still standing. In front of the same, there is a superb urn. Etzie bought to mark the grave of our pet dog, "Hero," extolling his many virtues and telling of our sorrow at his loss.

6. When William on his travels sets out he, yearly, visits foreign lands, and states that in Morocco operas are presented on a grand scale, for he has seen a representation of Moscow perfectly faultless in all its details.

STANHOPE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a king of Jerusalem, and my finals name a town of India.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An ancient city in Assyria. 2. The sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus. 3. A daughter of Priam. 4. An ancient name for the Spanish town of Denia. 5. An artist made famous by his pictures of ideal rural life. 6. Without sense. 7. A famous city said to have been founded by Nimrod.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

TAKE one word from another, and leave a complete word. Example: Take to send forth, from a hermit, and leave before. Answer, Ere-emit-e.

1. Take one of a certain tribe of Indians from put into confusion by defeat, and leave a perch. 2. Take to disencumber from a spear with three prongs, and leave a pavilion. 3. Take the Roman divinity of plenty, who was the wife of Saturn, from a disease, and leave and. 4. Take quick from to secure, and leave to make well. 5. Take a snake-like fish from navigating, and leave a sovereign. 6. Take to perform from custom, and leave estimation. 7. Take a sailor from setting out, and leave to pain acutely. 8. Take a fluid from conniving, and leave the side of an army. 9. Take the sum-

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Autumn tints. Cross-words: 1. bArrow. 2. sUnset. 3. sTring. 4. tUrkey. 5. iMages. 6. aNchor.

7. sTatue. 8. lIshes. 9. sNails. 10. sTudio. 11. iSland.

RHOMBOIDS: I. Across: 1. Pate. 2. Near. 3. Arid. 4. Lays. 5. Leod. II. Across: 1. Bacca. 2. Balsa. 3. Mopus. 4. Gerah. 5. Rapil.

Pt. October morning!—how the sun
Glitters on glowing shock and sheaf,
On apple crisp with mellow gold,
On wonder-painted leaf!
October evening:—look, the moon,
Like one in fairyland benighted!
Outdoors Jack Frost bites sharp; within,
Good, our first fire is lighted!

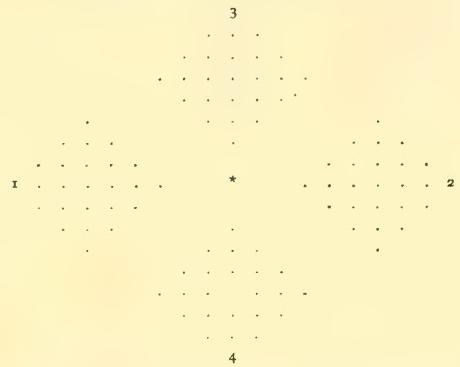
DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. H. 2. Bob. 3. Rogue. 4. Pu-laski. 5. Burke. 6. Sty. 7. H.

mit from paused, and leave hastened. 10. Take a beverage from pilfering, and leave to hurl.

All of the words removed consist of the same number of letters. When placed one below the other, the central row will spell the name of a famous battle fought on November 7, 1811.

F. S. F.

COMBINATION DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. Part of the foot. 3. Part of a tree. 4. Part of a store. 5. Part of a house. 6. An ivory lever. 7. In Carthage.

II. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. A step. 3. The Ottoman empire. 4. Hurting. 5. To pain acutely. 6. A geographical abbreviation. 7. In Carthage.

III. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. Induced. 3. Delicate fabrics. 4. Acknowledgment of payment. 5. Divinity. 6. To discern. 7. In Carthage.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. A bird. 3. The person to whom a gift is made. 4. Depending. 5. Supernatural. 6. Conclusion. 7. In Carthage.

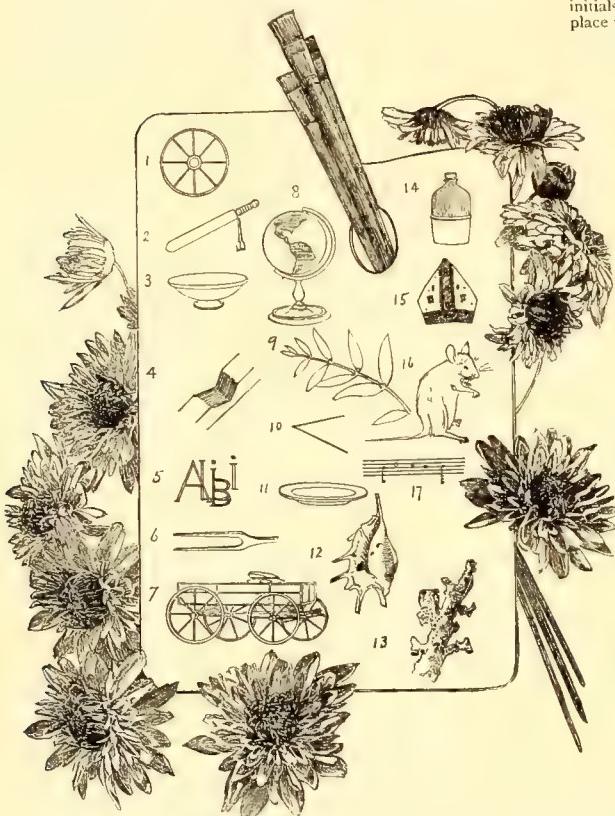
Central letter (indicated by a star), in Carthage. From 1 to 2, spell two words; from 3 to 4 spell single word, meaning destroying the effect of a charm upon.

DYKE CLEMENTS.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

The central letters, reading downward, spell one of the muses.
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. One of the sons of Cœlus and Terra. 2. The wife of Alcinous. 3. The goddess of the earth. 4. The god of love. 5. The goddess of the hearth. 6. A king of Phrygia. 7. The father of Faunus. 8. The father of Eteocles. 9. The son of Andramon. 10. The personification of the earth. 11. The goddess of peace.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.



In the accompanying illustration each of the numbered objects may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a famous American artist, sometimes called the "American Titian," who graduated from Harvard College in 1800.

PL.

On thramw, no fresenichules, on thalhusfe aese —
No tobfaclenor lefe ni yan mebrem —
On heads, no snihe, on busterflite, no sebe,
On fritsu, no slewfor, on veleas, no drib,
Brymene

SEPARATED WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate hard, and make a masculine name and an insect. Answer. Adam-ant.

- ANSWER, Adamant.

 1. Separate a gas-meter, and make a deep cut and more ancient.
 2. Separate one who holds the doctrine of idealism, and make a notion and a catalogue.
 3. Separate a farewell, and make low hotel and supporter.
 4. Separate a tavern-keeper, and make a hot and supporter.
 5. Separate an aged warrior and counselor mentioned by Homer, and make a snug abode and a connective that marks an alternative.
 6. Separate a member of an English uni-

versity, and make garments for women and to garrison. 7. Separate makes more close, and make tense and an old word meaning existence. 8. Separate a bar of wood used with the hand as a lever, and make a laborer and an ear of corn. 9. Separate turned away, and make to assert and to spread new hay. 10. Separate eminent, and make a word that expresses denial and a masculine nickname. 11. Separate money paid for the use of a quay, and make an index and maturity. 12. Separate several, and make a luminary and arid.

The initials of the first row of words (after they have been separated) spell what all should be doing on Thanksgiving Day; the initials of the second row of words spell two words which name a place where Thanksgiving Day is most keenly enjoyed.

CYRIL BEANE.

STAR PUZZLE

FROM 1 to 2, exhibits; from 1 to 3, flattery; from 2 to 3, one of an organized body of combatants; from 4 to 5, congealed; from 4 to 6, hugs; from 5 to 6, a French word meaning acts of civility.

FRANK SNELLING.

WORD-BUILDING

TAKE the smallest article that any one can find;
Build a short extension neatly on behind;
Take the little nickname, reverse it by a sea,
Ten times ten thousand, or a varnish it will be.
Turn about, add nothing; the number, too, will turn
Into jerry darkness which will brightly burn.
Cleave this through the middle, thrust a letter in,
With this work of millions islands may begin.
Add another vowel, stir the mixture well,
Deep, prophetic sayings this will surely tell;
But if you should fit it following the sea
On the waves a shalllop goes dancing airy;
Add a single article, precisely like the first,
To show a pretty feat which knights have oft rehearsed.

L.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

FROM 1 to 2, merciful; from 3 to 4, impartial; from 1 to 3, covered with wax; from 3 to 2, to lament; from 1 to 4, to compare critically; from 4 to 2, to rival.

ENCLOSED DIAMOND: 1, In pine-apple; 2, a chart; 3, a builder in stone or brick; 4, emotion; 5, equilibrium; 6, a scriptural name; 7, a pine-apple.
"JOHN BEVERLINGE."

"JOHN BEERWING

WORD SQUARES

1. r. Gems. 2. An oppressor. 3. A fruit. 4. A girl's nickname. 5. To encircle. 6. Horses.

- name. 5. To encircle. 6. Horses.
II. 1. Irritates. 2. To give way. 3. A Peruvian animal. 4. On
every supper-table. 5. Once more. 6. Ranks.

"ALPHA ZETA."



DRAWN BY REGINALD B. BIRCH.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

DECEMBER, 1888.

NO. 2.

Copyright, 1888, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

OUR Madge, in growing tall and wise,
Has reached that most befogged of tracts,
The Land of Half-Belief, that lies
Between the Fairies and the Facts.

Her little heart 's a crowded nest
Of faiths and fancies, dear and shy;
The dearer, since she somehow guessed
They'd flutter from her by and by.

Her doubts are pains, yet pleasures, too,
With which her timid thoughts will play;
How sad the chill, "It may n't be true"—
How sweet the thrill, "But, then, it may!"

On Christmas Eve she long had lain
With sleepless eyes, like owlet's bright;
She rose, and rubbed the frosted pane,
And stared into the starry night.

She saw the moon laugh round and clear
From smoky wreaths of cloud, and throw,
In shapes like branching horns of deer,
The sharp tree-shadows on the snow.

She throbbed with fright, she flushed with shame,
Her pillow'd head she closely hid;
She said, "I don't believe he came!"
She sighed, "Oh, dear — suppose he did!"

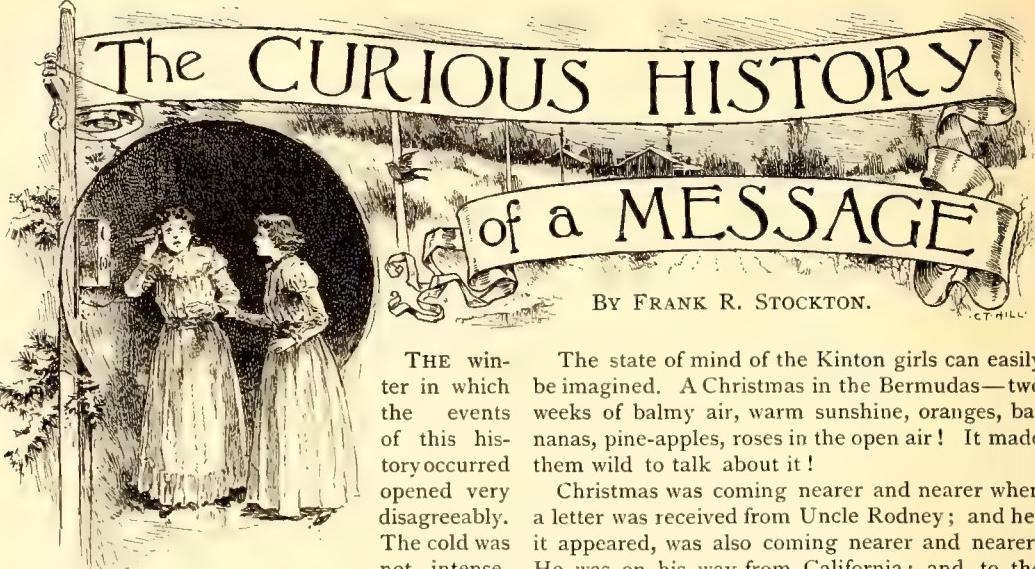
Oh, would he come, the jolly Saint
Whom everybody talked about?
" It may be so—and yet, it may n't;
If I should watch, I might find out!"

She turned; her pulses wildly beat;
She'd like to spy—but should she dare?
Yes! Pat, pat, pat, with stealthy feet
She passed adown the winding stair.

The great hearth glowed; the grave old cat,
With fixed, expanded, emerald eyes,
Erect, before the chimney sat;
He seemed to wear a waiting guise.

The andirons shone; the clock ticked on;
Each moment made her more afraid.
" Oh, if he comes, I'll wish I'd gone—
But if I go, I'll wish I'd staid!"

" Perhaps he is n't real at all—
But—if he is—perhaps he 'll mind!"
A sudden soot-flake chanced to fall—
She fled, and never looked behind!



BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

C. THILL

THE winter in which the events of this history occurred opened very disagreeably. The cold was not intense, nor the snows

deep, but it was a sloppy, sleety, slippery December in which one could expect neither good ice nor good sleighing.

The probabilities of an unseasonable Christmas were very much discussed by the members of a family named Kinton, who lived in a country house about thirty miles from New York. Mrs. Kinton was a widow, and her family was made up of herself and three daughters, whose ages ranged from seventeen to six. Her brother, Mr. Rodney Carr, was very often with them, but his presence was not at all to be depended upon.

The two older girls, Elinor and Maud, were generally ready to enjoy Christmas in any weather and in any place; but this year the prospect of a Christmas at home appeared extremely distasteful to them on account of a certain other prospect that had been held out to them by their uncle Rodney. This uncle was a generous man, and always glad to promote the pleasure of his nieces; and early in this winter he had made them a half-promise of something which Mrs. Kinton thought he should have said nothing about until he had felt himself able to make a whole promise. He had gone to California upon business; and, before starting, had told Elinor and Maud that if a certain enterprise proved successful, he would make them a Christmas present of a trip to the Bermudas. This unusual gift had been suggested to him by the fact that the most intimate friends of Elinor and Maud, the two Sanderson girls, who spent their winters in New York, were going with their mother to the Bermudas for their Christmas holidays; and Mrs. Sanderson had told him that she would be very glad if his nieces could go with them.

The state of mind of the Kinton girls can easily be imagined. A Christmas in the Bermudas—two weeks of balmy air, warm sunshine, oranges, bananas, pine-apples, roses in the open air! It made them wild to talk about it!

Christmas was coming nearer and nearer when a letter was received from Uncle Rodney; and he, it appeared, was also coming nearer and nearer. He was on his way from California; and, to the surprise of the Kinton family, he was also on his way to England. The business which took him there, he wrote, was pressing; and as he wished to catch a certain steamer, it would be impossible for him to stop to see his relatives. He had not yet decided the important question of a trip to the Bermudas; but on the way he would make some calculations, and see whether or not he would be able to give them this pleasure, and as he would pass through Afton, their railroad station, where the train stopped for a few minutes, he would send them his decision, by telephone.

The Kinton house, like several other residences in the neighborhood, was connected with the railroad station, about four miles distant, by a telephone wire; and communication in this way was often very useful, especially in bad weather.

At first the girls declared that they would wait for no telephone, but would go to the station and see Uncle Rodney, if it were only for a minute; but on consulting a time-table of the railroad they found that the train on which their uncle would travel would reach Afton very early in the morning; and Mrs. Kinton put a veto upon the proposition to take the long drive at such an unseasonable hour. Consequently there was nothing to do but to wait for the day on which Uncle Rodney had said he would pass through Afton and be ready at the telephone at the proper time.

On the day after the receipt of this letter there came to the Kinton house a pleasant, little, middle-aged gentleman, who received a hearty welcome from every member of the family. This was Professor Cupper, an old friend and a man of science. It was his custom, whenever he felt like it, to spend a few days with the Kintons. Seasons

and weather made no difference to him. Friends were friends at any time of the year; and weather which might be bad for ordinary purposes was often very suitable for scientific investigations.

Of course the Professor was soon made acquainted with the exciting state of affairs, in which he immediately took an animated interest. He well knew what winter-time was in the Bermudas. He knew how his dear young friends would enjoy Christmas among the roses and the palmettoes; and he talked so enthusiastically about the land of flowers that the girls were filled with a wilder impatience; and even their mother admitted that she was beginning to be nervously anxious to know what Rodney would say. If the girls were to be in the Bermudas before Christmas it was necessary to know the fact soon, for certain preparations would have to be made. If Rodney were not such a queer sort of fellow, she said, he would have made up his mind days ago, and would have written or telegraphed his decision. But this sort of touch-and-go communication suited his fancies exactly.

The eventful morning arrived. Before it was yet light the two girls were up, dressed, and at the telephone. They had no reason to expect the message so soon; but the train might be ahead of time, and Uncle Rodney might have but half a minute in which to say what he had to tell them. On no account must the telephone bell ring without some one being there to give an instant response.

Consequently the Kinton girls, even little Ruth, were at the instrument, where Professor Cupper speedily made his appearance; and not long afterward Mrs. Kinton joined the expectant group.

The moment arrived at which the message could reasonably be expected. All were in a tingle! The moment passed; it became long passed. The girls looked aghast at each other! What had happened? Even the ruddy face of the Professor seemed to pale a little. He stepped to the instrument and sounded the signal. No answer came. He sounded again and again, with like result. For ten or fifteen minutes he called and rang without response.

"What can possibly be the matter?" cried Elinor. "Is everybody dead or asleep at the station?"

"Not likely," said the Professor. "But it is likely that your wire is broken."

At this announcement the girls broke into lamentations. Uncle Rodney must have arrived and departed, and the words which he had undoubtedly spoken into the telephone at the station had been lost! Now, how could they know what their uncle had decided upon? How could they know whether he intended them to go to the Bermudas or

not? He was to sail from New York that day, but he had not informed them what steamer he intended to take, and they did not know where to send a telegram. He had asked them to write to him in the care of a banker in London; but if they were to send a letter after him it would be so long before they could get an answer to it! Even a message by cable would not be much better, for he would not receive it long before he would receive a letter. There was absolutely nothing which they could do.

This mournful conclusion weighed heavily upon the whole family. Even little Ruth, who did not exactly understand the state of affairs, looked as if she were about to cry.

"I should have liked it better," exclaimed Maud, "if Uncle Rodney had told us we could not go; but to hear, after the holidays are over, that we might have gone, would be simply too hard to bear."

"As soon as I have had some breakfast," said the Professor, "I will go to the station—if Mrs. Kinton will give me a conveyance—and I will find out what has happened."

"And we will go with you!" cried Elinor and Maud.

After a hasty breakfast the Professor and the two girls set out in a sleigh for Afton. The snow was soft and not very deep, and the roadway beneath was rough; but notwithstanding the bumps and jolts, and the occasional blood-curdling gratings of the runners upon bare places, the impatient girls urged George, the driver, to keep his horses on their fastest trot.

When they were about half-way to the station, the Professor cried out:

"Hi! there it is! The line is broken!"

All looked around, and could see plainly enough that the wire had parted near one of the poles, and that part of it was resting on the ground. But it was of no use to stop; they were in a hurry to reach Afton to learn if Uncle Rodney had been there, and if he had left a message.

When they reached the railroad station they found that Mr. Carr had arrived on time; that he had telephoned to his sister's house; and that he had gone. The station-master told them that he had been outside, and had not heard what Mr. Carr had said, but that he thought it probable, since he had a very short time in which to say anything, that he had rung the bell, and without waiting for an answering ring, had delivered his message.

"That is very likely," said the Professor, "for Mr. Carr knew that his nieces were expecting to hear from him at the moment the train arrived here, and that they would, therefore, be ready at

their telephone. But as the line was broken, of course the message never reached them."

Very much dispirited, the little party drove home. The girls had been buoying themselves up with the hope that Uncle Rodney knew that the wire was broken, and had left a message for them at the station; but, instead of this, he had gone away in the belief that he had communicated with them, and would, therefore, do no more. Now they could not expect to hear from him until he reached England, and it would then be too late. The kindly nature of the Professor was affected by this disappointment of his young friends; and the thought came to him that had he been rich enough he would, himself, have made them a present of a trip to the Bermudas. Even George, the driver, who knew all about the affair and was deeply interested in it, wore a doleful face.

They drove slowly homeward, and when they reached the place where the wire had been broken, the Professor asked George to stop, and he got out to take a look into the condition of affairs. There was no real need that he should do this, for of course he could not repair the damage, and the station-master had promised to attend to that. But he had an investigating mind and he wished to find out just how the accident had happened.

It was easy enough to see how the wire had been broken. A tall tree stood near the spot, and from this a heavy dead limb had fallen which must have struck the wire—this had been broken off close to one of the poles, and from the supporting insulator near the top of the pole an end of the wire, an inch or two in length, projected. From looking up at the damaged wire the Professor glanced down the pole, and when his eyes rested upon the ground he saw there, lying on the frozen crust of the snow, a little dead bird, its wings partly outspread.

The Professor stepped quickly to the pole, and, stooping, regarded the bird. Then he stood up, stepped back a little and looked up at the broken wire. After which he advanced toward the bird, and looked down at it. From these observations he was called away by the girls, who wished to know what he was looking at.

Without answering, the Professor carefully picked up the bird, and returned to the sleigh.

"It is a poor little dead bird!" exclaimed Maud; "a dead, frozen bird!"

"Yes," said the Professor, "that is what it is." And, resuming his seat, they moved on.

For the rest of the way the Professor did not talk much; and when they reached the house, without taking off his hat, coat or overshoes, he sat down on a chair in the hall and steadfastly regarded the bird which lay in his outspread hands.

Mrs. Kinton, with Ruth, came hurrying downstairs. "Did you discover anything?" she asked.

Maud was about to speak when the Professor interrupted. "Yes," he said, delivering his words slowly, and with earnestness, "I think I have discovered something. I have reason to believe that the message sent by Rodney Carr is in this bird."

Exclamations of amazement burst from all his hearers. "What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Kinton.

"I will tell you," said the Professor. And they all gathered around him, gazing with astonished eyes at the bird which he held. "By a falling limb," he said, "your telephone wire was broken close to the glass insulator on one of the poles, and on the side of the pole nearest this house. At the bottom of the pole directly under the fracture I found this dead bird. Now my theory is this. The limb probably fell during the high wind of last night. The bird, taking an early morning flight, alighted on the broken end of the wire which projected a little from the pole after the manner of a twig. While settling on this slight perch and probably fluttering its wings as it took its position, Mr. Carr sent his message along the wire."

"If the end had merely projected into the air, there would have been no circuit, and no message: but the bird's little feet were on the wire, one of his fluttering wings probably touched the pole or the block, a connection with the earth was made, and the message passed into the bird. The little creature was instantly killed, and dropped to the ground, its wings still outspread."

"Do you mean," cried Elinor, "that you believe Uncle Rodney's message is now in that bird?"

"Yes," said the Professor, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, "I believe, or, at least, I strongly conjecture that your uncle's message is now in that curious complication of electric threads which is diffused through the body of a bird, as it is through that of a man, and which is known as the nervous system."

Mrs. Kinton and her eldest daughter were too surprised to say a word, but Maud exclaimed:

"A dead bird with a message in his nervous system is of no good to anybody! Oh, you poor little thing, not only dead but frozen, if you could but wake up and tell us whether Uncle Rodney said we were to go to the Bermudas or not to go, you would be the dearest and best bird in the world!"

"I have been considering this matter very earnestly," said Professor Cupper, "and I am going to try to get that message out of the bird. If its nervous system is charged with the modulated electric current produced by your uncle's words, I do not

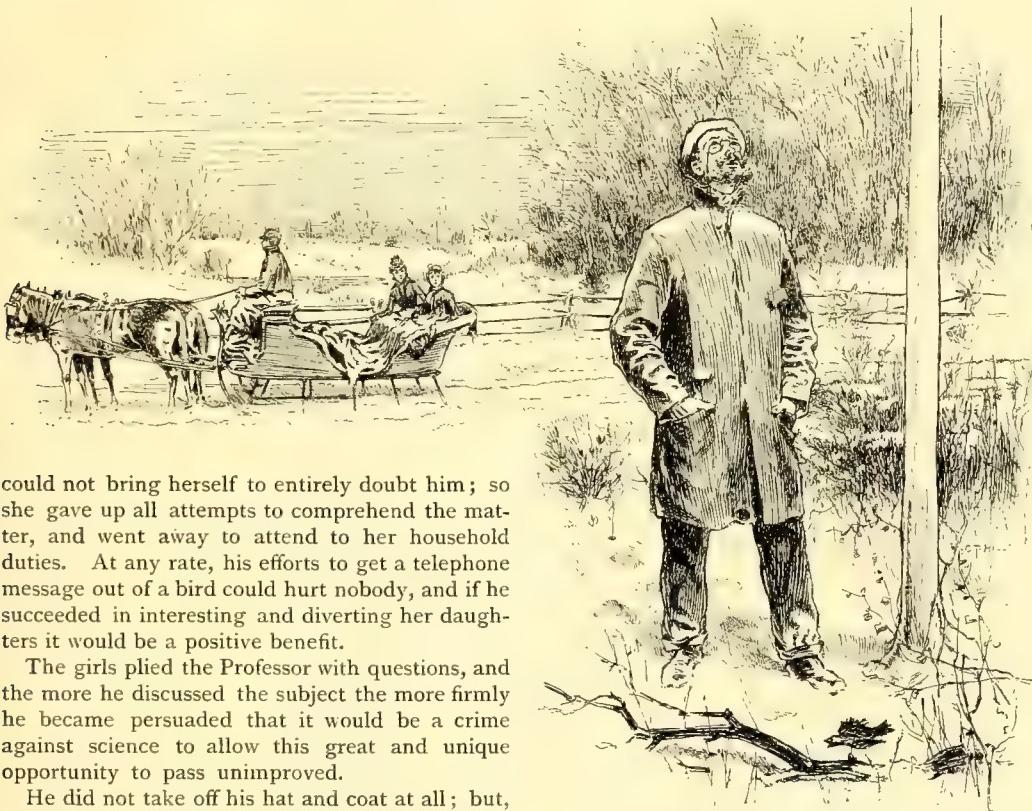
see why those modulations should not be transferred to a delicate electrical machine, which should record or repeat the message, faintly perhaps, but with force enough for us to determine its purport."

"If you can do that," said Elinor, "it will be a miracle!"

Mrs. Kinton's mind was in a state of bewilderment. She could not readily put full faith in what the Professor had said, and yet science had done so many wonderful things, and the Professor himself had done so many wonderful things, that she

uncle's message the moment it was reproduced, if, indeed, he should be able to reproduce it at all.

How this message was to be made known, whether by means of a phonograph, or a graphophone, or some other electric appliance, the Professor did not say. He was going to consult with some scientific brethren, and they would help him to determine what sort of experiments ought to be tried. He would bring back with him the necessary instruments, and perhaps also one or more of his learned friends, for this was a matter in



could not bring herself to entirely doubt him; so she gave up all attempts to comprehend the matter, and went away to attend to her household duties. At any rate, his efforts to get a telephone message out of a bird could hurt nobody, and if he succeeded in interesting and diverting her daughters it would be a positive benefit.

The girls plied the Professor with questions, and the more he discussed the subject the more firmly he became persuaded that it would be a crime against science to allow this great and unique opportunity to pass unimproved.

He did not take off his hat and coat at all; but, calling to Mrs. Kinton, he earnestly requested her to send him to the station in time to take the next train to New York. There he would procure the electrical appliances which he needed, and return to her house in the evening, or, at the latest, the next morning.

Of course the Professor went to New York, for everybody could see that he must not be thwarted in this most important investigation. He would have taken the bird with him, to try his experiments on it in the city; but apart from the fear that the electrical conditions of the little thing's nervous system might be disturbed by the journey, he was determined that the girls should hear their

"THE PROFESSOR WISHED TO FIND OUT JUST HOW THE ACCIDENT HAD HAPPENED."

which he was sure all scientific minds would be interested.

The bird whose nervous system, according to Professor Cupper's belief, was charged with the electric message in which Elinor and Maud took so deep an interest, was left with these two girls by the professor, with injunctions to take the best of care of it. Accordingly they carried it into an unused upper room, and there it was gently placed upon a small table; and when they went out they carefully closed the door, in order that no cat or other enemy should disturb or injure what Maud

called "the ornithological depository of their fate."

The direct interest of little Ruth in this affair

so loud if there was any danger of a little bird being at the other end of the wire.

She went upstairs and entered the room, and as she was a careful little girl, she shut the door behind her. Then she drew a chair up to the table, and, leaning upon it, earnestly regarded the bird. So far as she could see, there was nothing the matter with it except that it was dead; and she knew very well that in various ways and manners a great many birds do become dead. There seemed to her nothing very peculiar in the condition of this one.

Presently, however, she observed something which did seem to her to be peculiar. She drew back from the table, let her hands fall in her lap, and a thoughtful expression came into her face.

"Do dead birds wink?" she softly said to herself.

It seemed as if this were really the case, for while she spoke one eye of the bird was, for the second time, slowly opened and quickly shut. While she was pondering upon this strange occurrence a momentary tremor passed through the body of the bird. It was very slight, but her young eyes were sharp.

"It is shivering," she said. "Poor thing! It must be cold!"

She glanced at the window and saw that one of the upper sashes had

been lowered. This had been done by her sisters, who had thought the room too warm. She went to the window and found that, even standing on a chair, she could not push up the sash.

Then another idea entered her mind. She went to her own little room, which was on the same floor, and brought back with her her doll's bed and bedstead. She knew perfectly well what a



ELINOR AND MAUD.

was not great, for there was no idea of her going to the Bermudas. But she had heard what had been said about this mysterious bird, and although she did not understand it, that did not at all interfere with her curiosity and desire to have an undisturbed look at the little creature which had been choked to death by a message from her uncle Rodney, who she thought should not have spoken

fond mother should do to warm a doll who was too cold. She put the bedstead on the floor, away from the window; then she took off the two little blankets, and, opening the register, laid them upon it. When they were thoroughly warmed, she took them to the bed, and, having arranged everything very neatly, she went to the table, tenderly picked up the poor, cold little bird, and carrying it to the bed, snugly tucked it in between the blankets.

Ruth now seated herself upon the floor near by to watch over her little charge, and very soon she saw a decided shaking between the blankets.

"It keeps on being cold," she said. And taking up a little down quilt which was used by her doll only in very cold weather, she placed that over the bird.

This additional covering, however, did not seem to have any effect in quieting the little creature. From shaking, it began to struggle. In a few moments one wing was almost entirely out from under the covering and exposed to the air; and while Ruth was endeavoring to put back this wing the other one came out, and then one leg. When she felt the sharp little claws on her hand, she was startled, although they did not hurt her, and involuntarily drew back. In a moment the bird wriggled itself out from between the blankets. Then it hopped into the middle of the bed; and as Ruth put out her hand to catch it, it spread its wings and flew to the back of a chair.

Ruth started to her feet, and as she did so the bird flew from the chair and began circling around and around the room. The little girl did not know what to do. She felt that the bird ought to be caught, or that somebody ought to be called; but before she had decided upon any further action the bird perceived the open window, and, darting through it, was lost to her view.

Tears now came into the eyes of the little girl, and slowly she went downstairs and told what had happened. Elinor and Maud were shocked and distressed, and even their mother was truly grieved. No matter how things resulted, it would be a great disappointment to the Professor not to be able to try his experiments. Ruth was too young to be blamed very much for doing what she thought was an act of kindness, but the girls found great fault with themselves for not having locked the door of the room.

"As it was likely that the bird was merely stunned by the electric current, and frozen stiff as it lay upon the snow," said Elinor, "it might have been easier for the Professor to get at the message than if it were really dead. A live nervous system; I should think, would be more likely to retain an electrical impression than a dead one."

"Don't talk that way," cried Maud, "or you will have us all wild to go out and catch that bird. It would be the worst kind of a wild-goose chase, for a bird with a message in him looks just like any other; and even if we had tied a rag to its leg or put a mark on it I think that by the time it had been chased from field to forest, and had had stones hurled at it and nets thrown over it, its electrical conditions would have been a good deal disturbed. No! We may as well drop this bird of Fate as it has dropped us. I don't believe the message went into him anyway. It simply shot out into the air, and we shall never know what it was until Uncle Rodney reaches England and writes or telegraphs back. Then, of course, it will be too late, and we shall have to be content to wait for the Bermudas until some other winter."

"One thing must be done instantly," said Mrs. Kinton. "We must telegraph to Professor Cupper what has happened. It would be very unkind to let him put himself to any further trouble now that the bird is gone and there is nothing for himself or his friends to experiment upon."



"THE BIRD BEGAN CIRLING AROUND THE ROOM."

In twenty minutes George was riding to the station with a message which briefly stated that the bird of hope had revived and flown away.

Elinor and Maud went early to bed that night. They had a feeling that this world was a very tiresome place, and there was nothing in it worth sitting up for. But the next morning's mail brought a letter from Professor Cupper which made different beings of them.

The letter had been written late the night before, and was brief and hurried, as the Professor wished to get it into the post-office before the last mail closed. In it he said that he had been greatly disappointed and grieved by the news that it was impossible for him to proceed with the most interesting experiment of his life. That was over and done with, but he had been earnestly pondering upon the subject, and had come to the conclusion, for reasons which he would afterward explain, that the message was a favorable one, and that Mr. Carr had told his nieces that they were to go to the Bermudas. The Professor had decided to remain in New York for a few days, but would then return and finish his visit; and would give in full his grounds for the conviction that the Christmas present which the girls so earnestly desired had been sent to them.

"I believe it!" cried Elinor. "It is certain that Uncle Rodney sent us a message, and if Professor Cupper, who knows all about these things, says it was the right message, I see no reason to doubt it."

"I don't doubt it," said Maud. "I believe any other kind of a message would have killed that bird as dead as a door nail."

At first Mrs. Kinton felt perplexed, but as she so well understood her brother's generous disposition, and had such confidence in Professor Cupper's scientific ability, she did not feel warranted in opposing the conviction of the Professor and the desires of her daughters; and preparations for the trip to the Bermudas were immediately commenced. Of course her brother had sent no money, but it had been arranged how his sister could draw the money on his account.

Fingers now began to fly, and Elinor and Maud felt that the world offered many reasons why they should sit up late. In two days they were in New York, and on the day afterward, with their friends, they sailed for the Bermudas.

Shortly after their departure the Professor arrived at Mrs. Kinton's house, and, for the first time in his life, was delighted to find that his young friends were not there. He lost no time in giving Mrs. Kinton his grounds for the opinion he had sent her.

"On some accounts," he said, "it is a pity the bird escaped; but, after all, this matters little, for, alive, it could have been of no use to me. Its

emotions on reviving in a state of captivity would probably have obliterated, in its nervous system, all electric impressions. Having, therefore, nothing positive on which to base my judgment, I was obliged to consider the subject with reference to probabilities. The bird was not killed by the electric current; it was merely stunned, and afterward stiffened by lying upon the snow. I therefore infer that the message sent was a very brief one; and, being brief, I infer that it was favorable. Your brother has too kind a heart to say to the girls: "No"; or, "You can not go." No matter how limited his time, he would have managed to say something in the way of explanation and palliation. On the other hand: "Yes," or, "Go and be happy," would be all-sufficient. Such a message might merely stun a bird; a longer one might kill it."

"Maud said something of that kind," remarked Mrs. Kinton.

"Maud is a very intelligent girl," said the Professor, "and it will not surprise me if she ultimately engages in scientific pursuits. And now, madam," he continued, "how grateful should we be to science! If we had not been able to induce, even inferentially, through the medium of an ordinary bird, the purport of your brother's message, we should have known nothing of his desires and intentions."

"No," said Mrs. Kinton, smiling, "nothing!"

The girls spent a royal two weeks in the Bermudas, and shortly after their return there came a letter from their uncle Rodney in answer to one in which their mother had given him a full account of the state of affairs. In this letter Mr. Carr wrote:

"As well as I can recollect them, I telephoned to you these words, 'Very sorry, but I can't send the girls this year. Better luck next Christmas! All well?' But I could not wait for an answer to this question, for the whistle sounded, and I was obliged to run for the train. It was much against my will that I sent this message. Affairs had gone badly with me in California; and I found, too, that if I did not very speedily show myself in England I should have heavy losses. I earnestly considered the question on my way toward Afton, but finally decided that under the circumstances I could not afford to give the girls that Bermuda trip. But when I reached England I found my affairs in a great deal better shape than I had any reason to expect. By the time I got down to London, and found your letter, I was already considering what I should do to compensate the girls for the loss of their semi-tropical Christmas; for I knew it was then too late for them to go south with the Sandersons. So when I learned that my message had not been received, and the girls had gone to the Bermudas, I was delighted. In spite of your explanations, I must admit that I do not comprehend how that bird and Professor Cupper managed the matter; but nobody can be happier than I am that they managed it so well."

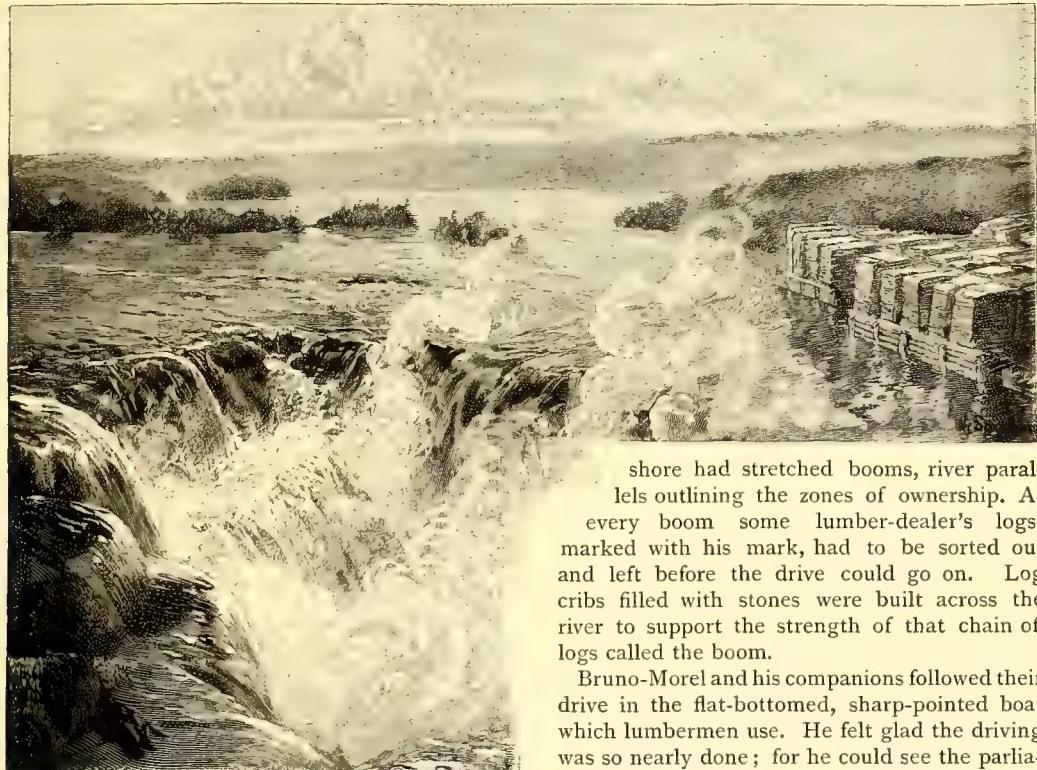
Maud sprang to her feet, one hand in the air:

"How grateful we should be," she cried, "for the blessings of science!"

THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

DEDICATION.—This story is dedicated to that happy young girl, Jean Trego, always tenderly kind to old people, and always a lover of the outdoor world.



CHAPTER I.

THE DRIVE AND THE SLIDE.

THE river Ottawa reflected such a sunset as one sees only in northern latitudes after the air has been cleared by thunder-storms. Its purple-brown water, which has gained for it the name of royal river, spread into far-off bays, the slate rock of its bed rising here almost to the surface, and there lying submerged by the channel's full flood. Canada is a country of river-like lakes and lake-like rivers.

A long drive of logs floated in the current,—the last drive of the season, for it was very late in May. Three weeks before, the river had been floored with unsawed timber, and from shore to

shore had stretched booms, river parallels outlining the zones of ownership. At every boom some lumber-dealer's logs, marked with his mark, had to be sorted out and left before the drive could go on. Log cribs filled with stones were built across the river to support the strength of that chain of logs called the boom.

Bruno-Morel and his companions followed their drive in the flat-bottomed, sharp-pointed boat which lumbermen use. He felt glad the driving was so nearly done; for he could see the parliament buildings of Ottawa town stand out on their headland like a vision of palaces in the clouds. Distantly, he could see the French suburb, Hull, the lumber wharves, and betwixt them and him a tossing up of the river where Chaudière Falls make their tumult. The logs he was tending must go down a slide, or large descending flume, apart from boiling rapids and cascade.

Bruno-Morel looked eagerly to the slide; he would ride down it for the delight of being splashed. There were so many things he liked in his work. The winter woods life, the ringing of axes on resonant air, the swish of logs hauled through snow—Bruno was one of the teamsters; the log-house at night with its double row of bunks around two walls and its range of benches below them, its central earthen hearth built directly under a square hole in the roof and built



"HE COULD SEE THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF OTTAWA TOWN STAND OUT ON THEIR HEADLAND,
LIKE A VISION OF PALACES IN THE CLOUDS."

above the height of a man's knees, glowing with coals like a furnace. There was always a swinging crane fixed to this flueless fireplace, and on the crane hung a kettle full of strong tea to which the men helped themselves as often as they pleased.

Bruno was sixteen years old, and the outdoor life had knit closer his wiry muscles and warmly tinted his dark French skin. He not only felt able to grapple with destiny, but he looked on destiny itself as a protecting saint. The people of his race live with little care and less toil. They sun themselves happily; the men smoke; the women knit stockings; it is always afternoon of a good day to the French-Canadian. He seldom cares to be rich; his customs have long been established. He inherits his strip of land; or if he fails to inherit, there is always something to do; a man is foolish to break his neck hurrying. It did not trouble Bruno-Morel that he and twenty of his brothers and sisters had been cast out from their native Chaudière * valley, because the father picked on Jules to succeed to the land. It had been the talk of the family that Jules was to get the land, years before his father turned fifty.

Oh, but the Chaudière valley was lovely when the sun shone across it after rain! There you might see each side of the transparent river—the rock-combed river—such green strips of farms as Bruno believed could be found nowhere else in Canada. And if not in Canada, where in the world?

* Chaudière, or caldron, is a name given not only to a lovely foaming river flowing into the St. Lawrence from the south, but to many rapids and falls throughout Canada.

He sometimes wondered if he could lay by work at fifty, as fathers in that valley did, and sit under jutting eaves, or by winter fire, to smoke his pipe the rest of his days. He scarcely went so far as to think that the lengthy age a French-Canadian generally enjoyed might be put to better use. The customs of his fathers were good enough.

An Americanized Frenchman had spent the winter in the logging camp, and was now one of Bruno's two companions in the boat tending this last drive of logs. He had lived over larger surfaces of the globe than Bruno could even imagine, and liked to be called the Wanderer by his wood-mates. His dialect was so much worse than ordinary Canadian-French that once, when testifying in court, the judge begged him to leave off English and speak French; which he did, so speaking it that the judge could not recognize his mother tongue.

"We shall not camp on the river bank to-night," said the Wanderer, in the jargon he affected, drawing his sacks of wrinkles closer around restless eyes, and staring through the lovely glow at those fairy towers of the capitol.

"No, no, no; I sleep in a raft-shanty to-night," said Bruno-Morel exultingly. "I float on down Ottawa and give myself no trouble. My pay in one pocket and a lump of black-pudding in the other. Zt!" He snapped his gay fingers.

"My wife will come out when she sees this drive," remarked the other man, scanning that

side of the river on which Quebec province lay and the French suburb straggled.

"And where will the raft-shanty land thee, my pretty Chaudière pebble," inquired the grimly humorous Wanderer, of Bruno-Morel,—"supposing you find a raftsman willing to take you aboard?"

"I go to Quebec to see my sisters Alvine and Marcelline. Then, perhaps, will I make the good pilgrimage."*

"My sisters Alvine and Marcelline.' I thought you told us you had twenty brothers and sisters."

Bruno-Morel lifted his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Oh! they are all except Jules spread away like leaves. They are old and have families of many children. My sisters:—I tended them when they were little; I led them out to play. If they wanted anything, 'Bruno-Morel, get it for thy Marcelline.' 'Bruno-Morel, get it for thy Alvine.' Manya whipping I took from the good mother before she died, for pulling her onions for them to suck."

"The whole province of Quebec," growled the Wanderer, "is a hundred years behind Amerikee. A hundred years behind. At Ste. Anne's I go into a shop. I am a man of small size, yet I grope down a step into that little pig'on-hole and knock my head against the top of the door. Why don't they have shops a man can step into without knocking his head? And there you find a woman keeping post-office in a candle-box set on end, with two shelves in it. And these old Frenchmen with holdings of land, what do they do, the lazy smokers, but turn off duty at fifty, pick one child to support them, and scatter the rest of their family to the four winds!"

"And what could you do better, my fine Wanderer, if your land could be cut up no smaller?" inquired Bruno-Morel, transfixing with his contempt the abuser of his fathers.

"I would n't be a hundred years behind the age," the Wanderer grumbled.

"It's just as well," remarked the other lumberman, speaking English as his people often do to keep themselves in practice. "This mudderin' progress is more infidel than Christian."

The Wanderer grunted.

"This Bruno-Morel, he would give all the wages he can ever earn, to be master of that stony strip running uphill in the Chaudière valley; — is it not so?"

"There's no place like it in the world," said Bruno strongly. "I would rather live there and have Alvine and Marcelline by me, than sit on the

throne chair in parliament yonder. But since I am not Jules," — he snapped his fingers, laughing, and began to sing:

† "En roulant ma boule-le roulant,
En roulant ma bou-le,
Derrière, chez nous, y a-t-un é-tang,
En roulant ma bou-le.
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rou-li roulant, ma bou-le roulant."

"Behind the Manor lies the mere,
(In rolling my ball.)
Three ducks bathe in its water clear,
(In rolling my ball.)
Roly, rolling, my ball rolling,
In rolling my ball rolling,
In rolling my ball."



Away on their left the Laurentian mountain range was being warmed from blackness to rosy flushing. The river itself received color as if pinkness had been poured to its very depths. This would last briefly, fading first to milk-opal, then to gray. Finally a smoky mist would cover the



THE RIVER FLOODED WITH LOGS.

water, starred by electric lights on projecting wharves and whitened by the foam-line of that boiling Chaudière.

* All French-Canadians call going to the church and shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré "making the good pilgrimage."
† The first stanza of an ancient Canadian chanson. Mr. William McLennan's pretty rendering is given with the text.

The lumbermen were anxious to slide their raft before the afterglow faded. The cribs were ready for the plunge when a few of the withes and pegs which fastened them in long trains were pulled out, leaving small lots securely held together.

Bits of foam, like white butterflies, continually filled the air above the half-circular falls whose roaring interfered with the men's voices shouting directions to each other. Betwixt their boat hugging the north shore, and the cascade itself, intervened a wide space of rapids, whirlpools, and dark rock. Both shores seemed crowded with mills and factories, and a great bridge here spanning the river seemed a causeway over lumber-docks.

Down that descending canal, the slide, shot one and another bunch of timbers. The men poled them into its race current.

An old Algonquin squaw, known as Sally, stood on the bridge and watched this coming into harbor of freight from the woods. Her copper face had the distorted, toil-saddened look so many Indian women wear her black eyes reminding one of the eyes of suffering dumb creatures. A basketful of birch-bark work and ornamented moccasins was on her shoulders. Her coarse hair hung down her breast and back. A blanket folded around her trailed its point in the dust. She wore a brown linsey petticoat; her moccasins flattened themselves wearily on the bridge flooring.

The Algonquin woman had a son named François, who spent much time wandering away to his tribe.

Occasionally he was to be seen on the homeward road, nearly naked, saying he must go back to see his old mother; and he usually remained with her until she had clothed him again by her various handcrafts.

Sally did not know that François was at this time on his way home.

He was skulking among buildings on the Quebec side of the river near a roaring flume among rocks called the Devil's Hole. François had been waiting for the shades of evening to help him on his way, for he wore as scanty a remnant of tanned leather as he had ever brought home.

Bruno-Morel seized his chance to leap upon a swaying crib. His companions laughed to see the boy's muscular skill. Logs in water, if uncoupled, are a most deceitful base; they roll over at a touch. When most densely packed they part and open a crushing mouth to swallow any victim; and tenaciously do those wooden lips close over a man when he has gone down. Nothing is more treacherous, unless it be the sawdust which spreads itself so like a sandy beach at the river's edge that people have stepped upon it and plunged under. It adds its own poison gas to the danger of drowning.

Both lumbermen had run many a slide. They rowed ashore, thinking it no risk for Bruno-Morel to poise himself on the last crib as it shot to the brink of the slide:

*"Rou-li roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma bou-le."*



A LOG-JAM.

Sally screamed to him from the bridge. He looked up, then looked down, and saw what threatened him as he took the plunge. The first crib which had gone over had broken up, and the timbers were floating at right angles in all directions. His single thought was how it would shame him to be drowned in a slide, strong swimmer and hearty lad that he was.

Bruno jumped for his life. But his crib jumped equally far. It struck him as he dived.

The men above the slide knew nothing of this. Sally ran, shouting in Algonquin and French, toward the Quebec shore. She saw her son François slip to the water's edge and plunge after the boy. Her outcry brought people together in a flock, Bruno-Morel's fellow-lumbermen among them. Both men threw off their woolen blouses and moccasin-like boots, and dived also.

François came up dripping and like a mummied merman, having found nothing. The other rescuers, too, came up empty-handed. An excited crowd searched with poles and lights long after the even-glow had darkened to night.

It would have comforted Bruno-Morel to hear the Wanderer say hoarsely to his surviving companion as they tramped the walks of the French suburb going to their beds:

"That boy was caught in the break-up. He never dropped that fashion through the bottom of the Ottawa, merely running a slide!"

CHAPTER II.

THE BEAUPRÉ ROAD.

IN the month of July, six weeks later, Alvine Charland walked along the Beaupré road. She had left Quebec early in the morning, but had stopped many times to look back at the ancient citadel from different points of the winding road, for whatever one may have in mind, such sights draw the eye, and through it comfort him.

She had stopped, also, to pray in the church at Beauport, and to lean on the bridge which spans the Montmorenci just before it takes its leap down the precipice.

Gate-charges prevented Alvine from going around the bluff and looking at that perpendicular torrent which seems to clothe its rocky descent in everlasting robes of glistening white satin. But she could look up a gorge where it foamed before its ale-colored flood slid under the bridge.

So evening found her still some miles away from the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré; and it threatened a storm. Her way, indeed, lay through an endless village where every few rods she might ask shelter; for the farm-houses huddled in one continuous row between St. Lawrence river and the Laurentian hills—that natural battlement against icy winter air from Labrador.

There was a wide flat strip between river and houses, and salt air prevailed along Beaupré road, for you could see where the Atlantic tide left its high-water mark. The island of Orleans, twenty-two miles in length, seemed to keep Alvine company on her way, so steadily did it unroll its panorama of wooded hills, church towers, and Norman-roofed houses.

The cottages on the Beaupré road were all built after this ancient pattern, their sharp gables being in some cases triangularly roofed. There were houses of stone, of blocks, and rough-cast ones finished outside with coarse plaster, but all with wide up-curved eaves and dormer windows. Many chimneys were nearly as large as the dwellings they topped, and more than one flue stood inclosed in panels of wood.

To Alvine Charland it was like walking among the homesteads of her native Chaudière valley. She was used to seeing barns thatched with bundles of straw, which in a weather-beaten state looked like drapery of dull gold velveteen; and to huge dormer doors in barns with smaller doors opening in them. There was nothing quaint to her eye on the Beaupré road, not even the wayside chapels so diminutive they could scarce hold more than an altar.

Some houses had broad stone coping along the edge of their gables, from chimney to eaves.

And several homesteads made that gaudy display of riches which an uneducated French-Canadian is pretty sure to make when his purse overflows. Still, Alvine beheld with delight the florid residence of one family; an expansion of the usual type, having the figures of a pink boy on one side of the door and a blue girl on the other. A tent stood on the lawn, and near it played a fountain, presided over by another cast-iron urchin well painted. In the midst of the summer-house, which also decked the green, hovered a lavender and yellow angel.

Occasionally some housewife opened half a swinging window and glanced out at Alvine. As their eyes met, resident and passer saluted each other politely.

The window-sashes were all lined inside with gay wall-paper, patterns inclining to lace effects being the favorites. But most windows and doors stood wide open, and children played along the road.

At Alvine's left hand the hill foliage was at intervals cleft by a rocky ledge dripping spring-water all the way down. Cool breaths of mint came from such mossy recesses. But pines, ashes, elms, and maples, in crowding succession, fanned and shaded her before the herald wind of the storm began to pour along the Beaupré road.

Alvine had sat down by one of those small caves built opposite every house for a fruit and milk cellar, and which—roofed with sod or thatched with pine branches—suggests a hermit's cell, especially when near a wayside shrine. The doors were all strong and well padlocked. She took some bread out of her pocket to eat; it was time for her evening meal, and she had been told that in the pensions at Ste. Anne de Beaupré they charged for what you ate aside from lodgings. Water for her to drink had run down-hill to meet her at every cleft in the mountain-side.

Alvine was a tawny girl, with dark, hazel eyes and braided hair, handsome only in her young and pliant shape, which labor had strengthened without disfiguring, and in a wistful, loving expression of face which attracted strangers. She was dressed in what her people call the American fashion, instead of in the linsey petticoat and short sack of rural Canadiennes. Her hat had come from the shop of some Quebec milliner, and was ornamented with flowers. Her black wool gown hung bunched in the prevailing way, and she wore *bottes Françaises*, or store-made shoes, instead of *bottes sauvages*, as the Canadian calls his moccasins. These garments she had put on with better adaptation than was common.

While she ate her bread, along the road came rattling a vehicle, queerly unlike the two-wheelers

she had met at intervals during the afternoon. It was a little wooden wagon on four wooden wheels, drawn by a large Newfoundland dog. In the wagon sat a lean, black-bearded man, unruffled by the dust cloud which rushed at him. He was going Alvine's way serenely, and with as little effort of his own as an idol taking an airing. The willing dog, hanging out his tongue, trotted along the well-beaten track. It was a sight common enough in the Chaudière valley; nor to Alvine's eye was there anything peculiar in the man's blue woolen tasseled cap, and loose blouse girdled with a fringed red sash.

Through the dust his twinkling black eyes saw Alvine, and, touching his cap, he greeted her in passing:

"Good-evening, Mademoiselle."

"Good-evening, Monsieur," replied Alvine.

Before he rattled out of sight, a steeper grade taxed the dog, and he had the grace to relieve his claw-footed steed by turning himself around in the wagon and pushing the ground with his heels.

Alvine had finished her bread and added some furlongs to her journey, when it began to rain gently. She had not asked for shelter when she might have done so, and the walls now nearest to her were the remains of a ruined stone house partially choked up with weeds. It was unroofed, excepting at the north-east corner. The stone partition between two rooms was still perfect, and a doorway pierced it. In each room there was an oblong depression in the wall where cupboard or closet shelves had been ranged. A tall maple-tree grew in the outer room beside the partition door.

The rain that began so gently became sheets of flapping water by the time Alvine had darted into this old ruin. She sheltered herself in the roofed corner, half distrustful of it, though the wind blew all rain away from her there and kept her dry. As if that flood of sky-water washed darkness down, the air grew opaque to sight, and it was night where twilight hovered a moment before.

Alvine wished she had stopped at any inhabited house. The rain poured and poured. She wondered if she would have to choose between staying there all night and wading out in the storm. Alvine did not people the ruined house with terrors projected from her own mind, and there would be little travel on the Beaupré road; yet she reasonably dreaded to spend the night there. Weeds stood high and wet close to her. Spiders, of course, and other tiny creatures had taken the

old place to themselves, and it was open to any prowler that might creep about on four feet or two.

But balancing this was Alvine's reluctance to wet her clothes. She was on a serious quest, and they were her grand toilet and the only outfit she had with her. Girls of fifteen are not usually so careful, but Alvine had paid for these with her own labor. A wool dress and trimmed hat in such cases become more than a temporary skin; they are part of one's life made portable.

There had been no lightning, and the wind sunk; the rain had all that mountain and river region to itself. Its downpouring sounded like the steady murmur in thousands of hives. Now an angry dash was made; it stung a wall or thumped against rocks.

Alvine sat on some stones in her corner. Unexpectedly, and as if many little flashes had been reserved and melted into one cannonade, the lightning glared out terribly, painting all visible creation on a scroll of fire. Alvine saw as if with the outer rims of her eyes every leaf on every weed within the old walls; but her central sight saw sharply through the doorway, standing against the tree growing there, that very person for whom she was searching—her brother Bruno-Morel. He was looking up at the sky, his lips were parted, and rain trickled down his cheeks.

She saw his drenched blouse, and noted it was unbuttoned at the neck. She saw him one instant the central figure of a glaring world, and the next he was quenched from her sight in darkness, and thunder jarring the ground defied her to have any sense but hearing.

Alvine drew in her breath to scream his name, and jumped up to run and catch him. But some form of self-restraint stopped her in the act. She could not say why it was. Whatever change had come over him he would not hurt her; and Bruno was not a boy to be unnerved by one's jumping upon him from ambush. So much she loved him, and had she not come out to hunt him and lead him back docile by her side? Yet now she hesitated, and another flash came showing every bark line on the tree, and no Bruno-Morel anywhere. Alvine called instantly, running out regardless of her clothes and that revival of flooding rain which follows lightning:

"Bruno, Bruno—thy Alvine! Bruno, come back, then. I, alone in the dark, thy Alvine——"

But no reply reached her as she splashed recklessly along the road.

(To be continued.)



OR

FAITHFUL LEO

BY MRS. HOLMAN HUNT.

THERE is a valley of the Rhine where the orchards are so full of fruit that the glossy boughs bend to the grass with their load of crimson apples and russet pears. So abundant is the harvest there that the laden branches must be propped, enabling them to bear their burden until the gathering-time. Then the maidens mount the tall ladders laid lightly to the branches, and shake lustily, while the fruit falls *thud, thud* into the grass beneath, and the little children who play around, minding cows, or often chasing the goats, gather the fruit into light wooden carts, and draw home their load in triumph; or they pack it in sacks for stronger arms than their own to bear away.

Then these merry Swiss children clamber the hillsides after the goats, or drive home the tinkling cows to the milking; while their busy mothers set to work and cut the rosy apples, threading them upon strings to dry for winter food, when the trees will be leafless, and the little ones, who now run with heads uncovered to the sun, will be muffled in knitted hoods and gloves against the icy wind and snow.

In this happy valley lived "faithful Leo," but not as a peasant's dog; he had nothing to do with the life of these sunburnt children beyond sending them scattered to right and left, with rippling laughter, when he occasionally took a stroll in the orchard.

Leo lay basking in the sun outside a large hotel, rich and formal, where he had been left by a master who cared little for him, and who had never returned to claim him. To this hotel flocked all manner of travelers: some simply to amuse themselves with the music and the dancing, the chatter and the picnics; while others, restless and worn, came there to drink the waters and bathe in the hot springs which travel from their grim subterranean fountain into the pleasant valley.

Such invalids were too earnestly bent upon the hope of cure to pay much heed to Leo as they passed him on their way to the healing springs. These tired people would cross a pine-log bridge spanning the tearing river, sometimes singly, but oftener in little bands (for suffering, like joy, seeks fellowship), and disappear into the ravine, whose path is seldom lighted by the sun, so sheer the high rocks rise on either side. Only for one half-hour of the day do the waters of that torrent reflect the sun that burns the earth above. The springs' healing powers should be great indeed to match the terrible aspect of the place whence the waters issue. Three thousand feet above hangs the earth like a great dome, its crust pierced here and there, letting the sunlight in, and laced across with roots of rugged trees. One by one, along a slender bridge, the sick folk (tapers in hand) feel their way into this gnome world, the vapors

steaming from cavernous rocks, where for centuries, even as far back as the days of early Christians, generations of sufferers have come for healing.

But Leo's lot was not cast amongst these; his days were spent in the pursuit of pleasure or in enjoyment of serene content: he had not an ache nor a pain under his fine tan coat, as he lay with silky ears hanging heavily beside his haughty face, and sturdy paws spread before him.

He was listening lazily to the sweet notes of a stringed band as the music was wafted over beds of China-roses and ox-eye daisies, yellow and white. Now and then he snapped at a fly that seemed by its buzzing to disturb his meditations, but on the whole he was decidedly comfortable; the visitors did not trouble him as they strolled up and down, up and down, under the alcove where he lay or brushed the extreme tip of his tail as they swept long skirts upon the lawn. Most of the strollers spoke to Leo in passing,—“Dear old fellow,” “Nice Dog,” they said,—but he only blinked his brown eyes a little haughtily and took no further notice of these advances.

There was but one visitor at Ragatz whom Leo cared very much to see, and she was not his owner, neither had she any relations with him beyond those of instinctive attraction. She was better to him than mistress: she was the friend of his choice.

The lady was tall, thin, and dark, not like an English woman, although her name was English. Her features were dark and oriental, and her dark eyes overshadowed by masses of waving black hair; but the eyes were kindly, and her voice like sweet music, pleading and gentle. Around her there was ever a scent of magnolias, as with soft silk skirts she passed up and down the alcoves among her friends, not often speaking, but listening to the music, for she loved it.

She would toy with a silver heart that hung on the girdle at her side, while holding out a hand to pat the blunt head of the St. Bernard with her long delicate fingers. At first Leo had answered only by dreamily shutting his eyes with a look of content, but he could not long resist the lady's gentle ways: his dignified reserve broke down, and soon he might be seen delightedly wagging his tail at the first sign of the approach of the “lady of the silver heart.”

In course of time Leo began to be called the “dark lady's dog”; he shared with her many a dainty meal, when, away from the noise and heat of the *table-d'hôte*, she sat at the open window of her room, taking dinner alone. Or he followed her in long walks by the reedy banks of the river, and up the zigzag paths through the beech-

woods, where the squirrels dart in and out; and hiding himself cunningly from the servants, made his bed outside her door at night.

The summer came to an end; the apples were gathered in the orchard; the tinkling of cattle-bells grew less and less; the pomegranates in the garden-pots dropped scarlet flowers as their leaves turned to russet gold; the dancing fountain in the pleasure garden only trickled slowly over lazy fish in the marble basin below; and the black swan ceased to take his shower-bath beneath it, scattering timid ducks to right and left, as he had done when the sun made summer rainbows in the misty spray. The musicians put their instruments to bed. The time had come for visitors to leave the valley of cheerful plenty.

Poor Leo little knew the grief that was preparing for him, and he shook himself joyously as his dear lady held out her gloved hand one sunny morning, saying, “Come, old fellow, let us take our last walk together.”

Off he bounded in clumsy delight, pushing his friend against the portico. Down beside the river where grow the *Dornbeeren* with orange fruit,—the small birds' winter food,—along the tunnel bridge over the tumbling Rhine, and out into the nut-plantation, whence rose far-off voices of children as the young branches cracked before their eager footsteps.

Leo thought to himself it was the happiest run he had had for a long time, perhaps ever, and he tried to say this to his dear lady by sidling up to her and rubbing his sturdy coat against the Indian shawl she had wrapped about her, for although the sun shone, there was a keen wind blowing down the valleys. “We will come here again,” thought the dog, as they crossed a shaky little foot-bridge over the babbling stream.

The lady sat down to enjoy the picture of purple rushes fringing the water on one side, and the fields of russet-gold millet where the reapers worked. The women—their heads bound in blue kerchiefs—were turning the ground for its next year's burden of plenty, with glad health in the sway of their limbs; and the wind made rustling music in the fields of Indian corn.

“How beautiful!” she said aloud. “I wish I had a sixth sense to *feel* it all to the full. My dear dog, I wish you too could enjoy all this as I do”; and taking his sturdy head between her hands, she added, “Yes, I am sure I was right and my old governess wrong when she used to argue that my dogs and cats had no souls. Whether your soul, dear Leo, is quite your own, or only a transmigrated one, I don't know, but that you *have* a soul I am quite sure; and that it is further on the road to perfection than some

still inhabiting humanity, I am inclined to believe. Dear faithful old fellow, how I shall miss you!" and the petals of a rose in her shawl fell scattering around Leo, and even a beautiful tear fell with them. The dog whined in sympathy, put up a paw on the lady's arm, and pushing his heavy body against her, said plainly, "Get up. Why sadly lose time that might be enjoyed on the hills yonder?"

"I fear your soul never transmigrated from poet or artist, Leo, but rather from an athlete. Physical exercise seems your one idea of happiness." And the lady rose to go farther. But Fate had taken part against Leo's promised ramble. They were to return, and sorrowfully, for the silver heart he knew so well was missing from the lady's girdle. "Gone!" she exclaimed, running her hand down the chain. "Why did I not fasten it more securely? Surely I shall never be so fortunate as to find it a second time. See, Leo," she said, holding out the chain pendantless, "I have lost my heart. Go look for it"; and she turned herself cautiously about, lest the lost treasure should have lodged itself in some fold of her dress.

After sniffing about through the grass and fallen leaves, Leo gave himself a convincing shake and started off at a steady trot on the homeward road.

From the red kiosk of the little white-washed church, nestled in the village hard by, sounded the bell for vespers, echoed by the tinkling of the cattle, driven home by their child-guide; while the tumbling river gathered up the sounds, and carried them on with its own grand music. Clouds gathered, and rain fell more and more heavily, the wind soughed through the fields of wheat, and showers of starlings dropped from the poplars into the red gold reeds beneath.

The two trudged on,—Leo with steady pace and purpose; the lady, the victim of each shining stone and glittering leaf, losing hope with every fresh beguilement. Suddenly the dog hastened his pace and disappeared into the depths of a low, covered bridge which the hastening evening made dark and mysterious. At the extreme end of the tunnel he set to work scraping vigorously between the timbers, and the lady came up to him just in time to see her silver heart, loosened from the earth, drop between the planks into the sad-colored waters beneath.

She had scarcely realized what had happened before Leo was again at her side, the treasure in his mouth! It had fallen into the brink of the river among stones and reeds, and so escaped being swept away.

It would be difficult to say which was the greater, the dog's pride or the lady's gratitude, upon the recovery of the precious trinket.

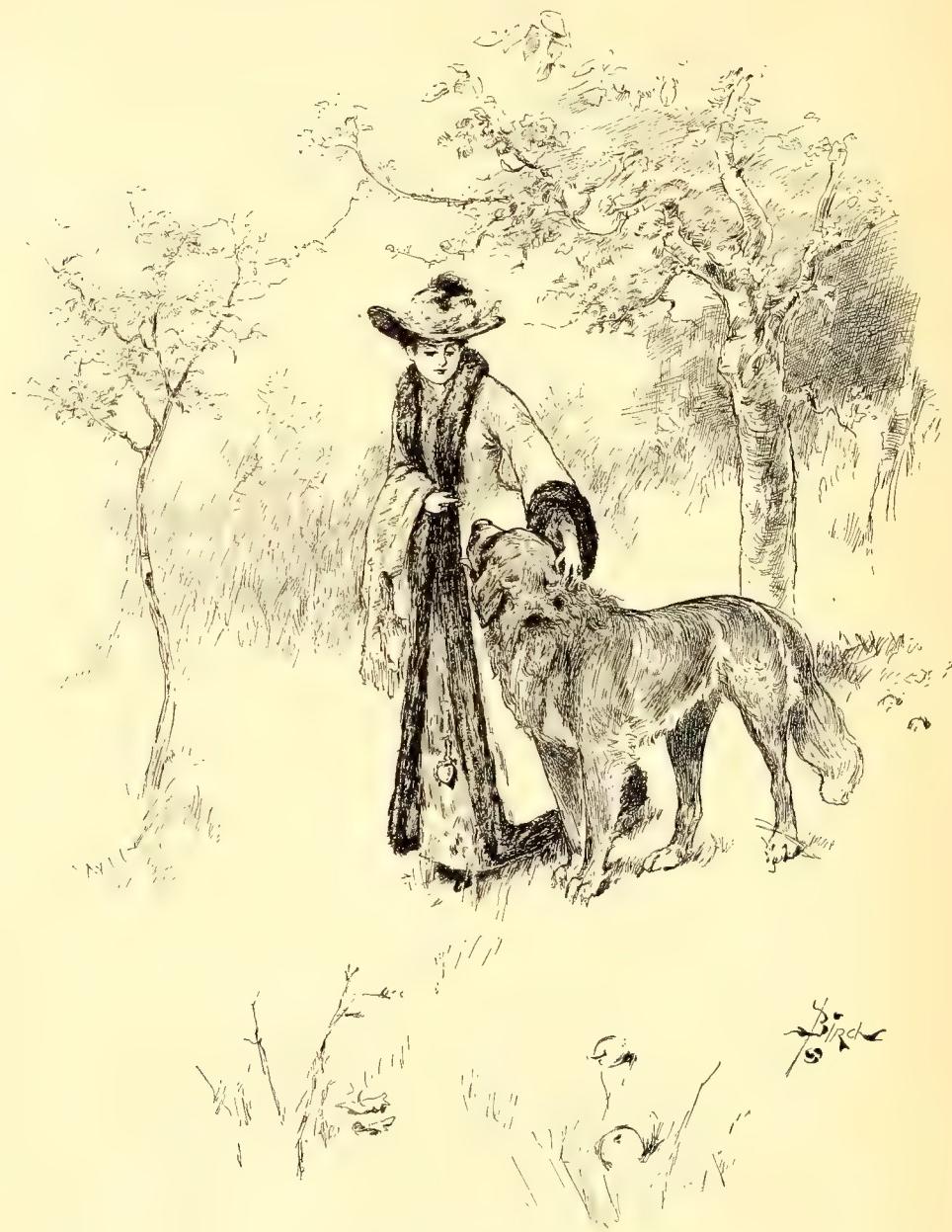
"There," she said, dropping it into the bosom of her dress, "lie there, faithless heart, and learn not to throw yourself away so recklessly. I shall fasten you more securely in future; this is not the first time you have troubled me. Ah, Leo!" she said, "we might all take a lesson from you. But, come, we must trudge on, for it grows late, and this wind up the valley makes me shiver."

Things sad and happy, both must end; and so, much too soon for Leo's content, did this last walk with his dear lady. Next morning there was snow upon the mountains, far down into the valley, and days of cold comfort for our poor dog, for, with a loving embrace, the lady left him.

Poor fellow! he followed the carriage, with its jingling bells and grass-decked harness, as far as the railway station; then came the merciless whistle, and away went the train. Leo watched it tearing through the valley till lost in the mountain tunnel; then, sulky and dejected, he trudged back to the empty hotel. They were dreary days that passed while the "Hotel des Bains" was being put in order for its winter sleep; dreary to Leo, but not so to the workers. All labor seems happy in this land of plenty; outside in the valley men and women work on, regardless of weather; gardeners turning the earth, dressing the fruit-trees, weeding garden-beds; the saw and the hammer never idle, and unceasingly the cattle-bells tinkle; while within doors pretty Louise and her fellows, with white caps slung back ever so far from carefully coiled tresses, look as if the ceaseless scrubbings in which they have been employed for a week past were pure enjoyment.

Was there ever such rubbing and scrubbing? It did not cease even while the presiding genii took their meals. Such washing of floors, such polishing of paint and door-handles by the women, such cleaning of windows and beating of carpets by the men, and all directed under the smile of content. It was enough to give such grace to house-cleaning as would have satisfied George Herbert himself.

Leo prowled about the empty corridors between pails and brushes, his head hung down and his tail limp indeed. He knew quite well that he should not find his lady there, but an unquiet mood was upon him, and would not let him rest. Although Madame Vizinard, the hotel-keeper's wife, offered him choice morsels from her plate, and never forgot his liking for the bones of the *poulet*, which appeared without fail at the family supper, and although, so far as the busy season would allow, she spoke kindly to him as she passed from room to room inspecting the house-cleaning, Leo could not respond graciously. He pined after his lady of the soft dark eyes who had magic in



LEO AND THE LADY.

her voice; the stout, brisk little body, the tightly twisted hair, drawn back smooth and shining, the shrill voice and busy step of the hostess, could not charm away his melancholy.

Dogs' melancholy, like that of men, is sometimes unreasonable and ungrateful.

Last came the carpenters, with planks and nails. They hammered up windows and doors, to save

the bright paint from rain and snow, and Leo found himself left upon the door-step. Then the ghostly figure of the *Chef*, in white cap and garments, passed across the hall, and our dog was alone, the rain-drops from the portico dripping steadily over his coat. There he lay, looking sullenly down the avenue of autumn leaves, quite indifferent to the glories of their red and gold,

and wondering how on earth any dog, and above all a St. Bernard, could be expected to endure such a fate, when from force of old habit he found himself pricking up his ears at the sound of wheels upon the sodden gravel.

"New visitors!" he said to himself, his melancholy for the time replaced by curiosity. *Tinkle, tinkle*, they came, a carriage and four steaming horses, the feathered plumes upon their heads looking somewhat draggled after a day's journey from the snowy heights of Davos into the rain-watered plains below. *Click!* went the whip as the driver turned his horses sharply round the corner, and the carriage, of course, must follow, though there seemed to be but slender connection between it and the lightly harnessed team.

"Not coming here after all," thought Leo; and curiosity (which, like melancholy, is as strong in dogs as in men) mastering other feelings, he trotted off in the direction of the wheels. He had not far to follow the tinkling bells, for the horses had already stopped at Mr. Vizinard's private winter apartments, whither he and his family had migrated when carpenters took possession of the great hotel. On the doorstep stood a stranger wrapped in furs, who was talking cheerily to "mine host."

"He seems a fine fellow, and I shall value him," said the stranger, and he took out some gold coins from his pocket-book. "Fine coat; been clipped, I see, for the hot weather. I suppose you have had a good season here. As soon as I heard of the dog I determined to come thus far out of my way to bring him myself." "Who is he?" thought Leo, as he came close enough to sniff at the owner of the fur coat, without appearing to be too inquisitive. "What has he come for, so late in the year?" thought Leo.

"He seems friendly already," said the gentleman, giving the dog a kindly pat. "Will you come with us quietly, old fellow? or must we put you in a box, I wonder?"

Put *him*, Leo, a true St. Bernard, in a box! Never! And he turned haughtily away.

Then there sounded a voice from the carriage, calling, "Leo, Leo, let us be friends! What a beauty you are!" The voice sounded like his dear lady's. It spoke her language. Was it possible that he of the fur coat was going to the country of Leo's lost lady? These questions passed through the dog's brain; he turned, looked reluctantly back at the hotel, then a little distrustfully up into the stranger's face. Again that voice, so like his mistress's,—and yet, not altogether hers,—called him. He could resist no longer, and bounded into the carriage, where, after sundry fidgetings and twirlings among warm rugs, he felt himself at

ease, and with at least fresh hope in possibilities of movement.

It was not long before the carriage started. At first the novel motion made him restless; he barked, and had some thought of jumping out, but the encouragement of the lady's voice and the contents of a luncheon-basket reassured him; and by the end of their four-hours' journey Leo felt a philosophical content.

The place of their halt was not likely to conduce to good spirits either in dogs or men. The hotel called "Belle Vue," more with regard to sound than fact, was one of those bare summer buildings which have of late sprung up among the snowy Alps. Its chilly *salle à manger*, with gilded wall-paper, painted ceilings, and gas, in which half a dozen belated travelers gathered at the end of a table prepared for fifty guests (not with any hope of the arrival of these, but from an idea on the part of the *maître d'hôtel* that this made business look more prosperous)—all this did not add to our dog's content, nor could he be induced to feed there; he made the round of the table, and then, with sulky tread, passed out into the garden. But here the prospect was no more encouraging. There stood the fountain that would be gay, but could not (for the water was only half turned-on); the paths weed-covered; the arbors that would be rustic, but were only spider-haunted; tubs planted with shrubs that had long since given up all thought of growth in so chill an atmosphere; and, most melancholy of all, a rustic aviary destitute of birds. The dog looked before him to the snow-clad hills; behind him, to the more distant snow, with shining threads of little hillside streams, not yet frozen in their winter sleep; on either side, up the valley to the little church upon the hill, and down the valley to the cavernous rocks where the road lay engulfed; and hope well-nigh died within him.

He was cold, hungry, and ill content. Things looked little hopeful; yet he felt a restless sensation of something better in store—something yet to track, which should restore his happiness. He wandered again into the hall, where stood a stuffed eagle, the melancholy and only survivor of the aviary in the garden. Leo looked up at it, gave a slight shudder, and trotted upstairs.

Of a sudden all was changed; faint hope turned to certainty! As a housemaid, passing hurriedly to prepare rooms for the new guests, flung open a door at the head of the stairs, Leo bounded in.

The faintest scent of magnolias was about the place, fragrance just enough to remind one amidst the snow hills and chilly air, that summer had once been possible.

"What a fuss that great dog makes," grumbled

the housemaid, who was the last of her race left in the cheerless hotel, the civility of whose inmates seemed to be frozen up for the winter, so little of hospitality was there amongst them. "If that pretty lady, who spoke a civil word to every one she came across, were still in this room, I would

hold of the golden thread of hope, and was reflecting upon the best means to make that hope certainty.

"Very well," said the housemaid, "I want my supper, so if you're not coming I'm not going to wait for you."



THE MAID SCOLDS LEO.

not mind being cooped up here all winter, even though she lay ailing on this very sofa as she did," and the bustling maid shook up the pillows, sending a scent as of summer flowers about the room; "but to have people coming with their great clumsy dogs about the place, at this time of year, keeping me slaving here when the rest have gone back to Lucerne, is not what I will endure another year. I'll not engage myself till the 'end of the season' again"; and with a farewell swish of her duster, she said, "Now you get up from the rug there; I've made all tidy for ladies and gentlemen, and not for a great dog like you."

But Leo only winked in his sleep; he had firm

Then she shut the door with a bang, and the sense of having done something disagreeable seemed greatly to soothe her irritated feelings.

Leo had made up his mind, remembering the gold pieces he had seen paid down by his time-being master, before he took possession of him. He had a strong conviction that the exercise of a little cunning would not be uncalled for in effecting his escape. Therefore when the lady and her husband came into the room, where the dog lay dreamily before the porcelain stove, he made no attempt to move; it was only when the serving of coffee brought with it some slight interruption, that he took occasion to slouch out of the room,

with an air as of accident, and with the secret determination never to return.

When once outside the place called "Belle Vue," Leo fell into a steady trot. Down the road, through the tunnel of cavernous rock, along the wooden bridge, swung from precipice to precipice above waters thundering and boiling, he went; for is it not true, "Over fords that are deepest, love will still find the way"? Through pine forests where the wind blew piercingly, over long deserted roads, down, ever down, into the valley lands where Nature looked kindlier than on the heights he had left.

At last, thoroughly tired out, under the archway of an old town, Leo rested. With sunrise all was astir. The people in the restaurants took down their shutters, from church towers rang a single bell for prayer. The women appeared in groups of two and three, under shelter of the roofed market-place, while a few workmen were already seated, sipping coffee beneath the ash-trees whose scarlet berries told of coming winter; but to-day it was St. Martin's summer in which those good folk were rejoicing.

Leo, who but a few days since had turned away in scorn from the proffered kindness of Madame Vizinard, was now driven to condescend to the manners of ordinary dogs; being very hungry, he, the proud St. Bernard, accepted alms in shape of bread and meat!

All regular carriages had ceased to run between these outlying Swiss towns, since the snow began to show itself low down on the mountains; only now and again a stray *voiture de retour* took its belated journey by the road leading to the French frontier.

It was one of these carriages that rolled past while Leo took his humiliating meal. No time was to be lost. Up he got and trotted after the strangers with as unconcerned an air as if he had always been a member of the company; but when one of these travelers ad-

dressed him in a patronizing tone, he turned his head away as if he and they were only accidentally following the same route, and his real object of interest was the fine scenery through which they passed. Notwithstanding this cynical reserve on his part, Leo never failed to appear with the carriage at each halt of the two-days' journey, when refreshment was in question. On passing the French frontier, however, he was constrained—magnolia flowers compelling him—to part with these late-found friends. Alone and weary, past battlemented towns, castles and bishops' palaces, broad pasture lands, where dappled cows grazed luxuriously, prosperous villages whence the people flocked to the grape-gathering, where stood the quiet oxen loaded with vats of rich juice,—past all these plodders, love leading him, Leo the faithful reached a noisy sea-port. There was little elasticity in his half-lame gait as he jog-trotted past, little pride in the heart once so haughty; but affection increased according to his devotion. Down the long *rue* with its inviting shops, through arcades of the fish market, past the quay where the people wrangled over cheapened wares; steadily ever onward, dodging between bales of goods, tram-trucks, and porters, down the steamboat ladder, into the boat itself and up to the feet of a lady who lay muffled in soft furs and half asleep in the most sheltered part of the deck, her thin hands toying with a silver heart that hung at her girdle.

"Not *you*, Leo? It can not be! Who brought you here? Did you know how ill your friend has been since we parted! You faithful dog!" And accepting his wild expressions of joy, the lady caressed him in return. Then taking the silver chain from her side, she fastened it round Leo's neck, saying, "He should wear the silver heart, who is faithful as St. Bernard!"

And Leo has never again parted from his lady.

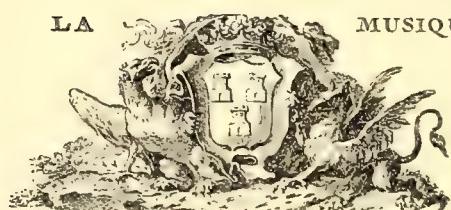




Carlo Cattaneo pent.

St. Fassat Sculp. 1766

LA MUSIQUE





LA MUSIQUE.

(*On an old French Engraving.*)

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

LITTLE peers of olden France,—
Jaunty cap with plume adance,
Snow-white ruff, and careless curl,
Ear-drop, necklace, all of pearl !
Little lady, little knight,
Sing unto your hearts' delight,
Warbling clear, or humming low.
But it is not ours to know
What the words or what the notes
Tuned by your soft treble throats ;
Not a tone our ears can win
From the pleading violin,
And your fingers, as they poise
On the keys, awake no noise.
Dainty birds of long ago,
Only this we surely know :
Other children change and change,
Till their childish selves grow strange,
And their mothers softly sigh,
Seeing how the morn slips by ;
You three courtiers small and gay —
You will be the same alway !
Never Time with his rough share
Comes to plow your foreheads fair ;
From all touch of changeful days
You were caught with your sweet lays ;
By the painter's loving skill
We may see and love you still ;
Blithe you were — and keep you so,
Dainty birds of long ago !



TEN WEEKS IN JAPAN.

BY MABEL LOOMIS TODD.



HAT immortal school-boy was he who first noticed the curious fact that all the large rivers in his geography flowed past the largest cities?

Rivers may have this obliging peculiarity—but the various paths taken by total eclipses of the sun across the earth's surface, are far from following so desirable a precedent. Indeed, it often seems as if things that happen in the sky actually select the most out-of-the-way and inaccessible parts of the globe as the only points from which they will deign to be seen.

The longest total eclipse ever observed—with, I believe, one exception—was that of 1883, May 6th, during which totality lasted for nearly five minutes and a half. Its track was thousands of miles in length, but lay almost wholly across the Pacific Ocean. It touched land only on the outskirts of the Marquesas Islands—a barren reef being the only point available for setting up instruments.

Even these obstacles did not deter astronomers from observing this fine eclipse, and the Caroline Island, six miles long by one mile wide, has become famous in scientific annals.

Alaska, Labrador, the summit of Pike's Peak—are only a few of the points to which observers and instruments have been transported to view solar eclipses.

Transits of Venus, it is true, are visible over much larger areas than eclipses traverse, but astronomers go far apart from one another to observe them, in order that Venus shall be seen projected upon portions of the sun's disk as widely separated as possible. Then, after years of calculation, the distance of the sun from the earth can be found.

But this seeming coyness of eclipses and other astronomical phenomena, confers one advantage in the fact that while astronomers are scouring the earth for good observing positions, they are able to see many strange places—which the average tourist would never think of visiting merely for pleasure.

The path of an eclipse may be hundreds, or even thousands, of miles long, but it is only about one hundred miles wide usually; and any astronomer who wishes to get good observations of the total eclipse must place himself very nearly in the mid-

dle of this path. So there is a long line of points from which the sun is seen to be exactly covered by the moon,—not from all at the same time, but from one after another, as the moon's shadow trails along the surface of the earth.

The progress or track of a total eclipse is, in general, from west to east. That of August, 1887, in which totality lasted between three and four minutes, lay at first slightly north of east.

Beginning near Berlin early in the morning, crossing the Russian Empire and the Ural Mountains, it turned somewhat to the south, passing laterally through Siberia and over Lake Baikal. Then, veering more to the south, it left the Asiatic continent at Mantchooria, and after crossing the Sea and main island of Japan, it ended several hundred miles out in the Pacific Ocean, about two hours and a half of absolute time after beginning in Berlin.

The only parties sent out from the United States to observe this eclipse, were in charge of Professor Charles A. Young, of Princeton, and of Professor David P. Todd, of Amherst. Professor Young went to Russia, near the beginning of the eclipse track; Professor Todd started in the opposite direction for Japan, to be near its termination.

The bright envelope of light which surrounds the darkened body of the sun during an eclipse is called the corona. If you look at the full moon through a window-screen, you will see rays of scattered light which look somewhat as the corona does—only they appear longer and much more regular than the real corona, which looks very different during different eclipses.

The corona is very faint, and it can never be seen, except while the moon hides the sun; and so astronomers have had only a small amount of time to study it. They are much puzzled to account for all that they see; but they have found a substance in it which is not known to exist on the earth, and which they have therefore agreed to call "coronium."

The corona is brightest near the edge of the sun, and this part of it may be a sort of atmosphere of the sun. The streamers or wisps of light, extending outward irregularly in almost every direction, are sometimes millions of miles in length, and seem to be due to a great variety of causes, possibly magnetic and electrical in part; but it seems cer-

tain that much of this light is reflected from the cloud of small bodies called meteors, which surround the sun.

Astronomers do not know whether this varies rapidly from hour to hour. And in addition to its greater duration than usual, this eclipse was a very favorable one for deciding this question by a comparison of photographs of the corona, taken about two hours apart.

Also, as the track lay across civilized countries, instead of barren water spaces, or through barbarous settlements, the telegraph was immediately available, whereby one astronomer could communicate at once with the other, in case anything of peculiar interest occurred.

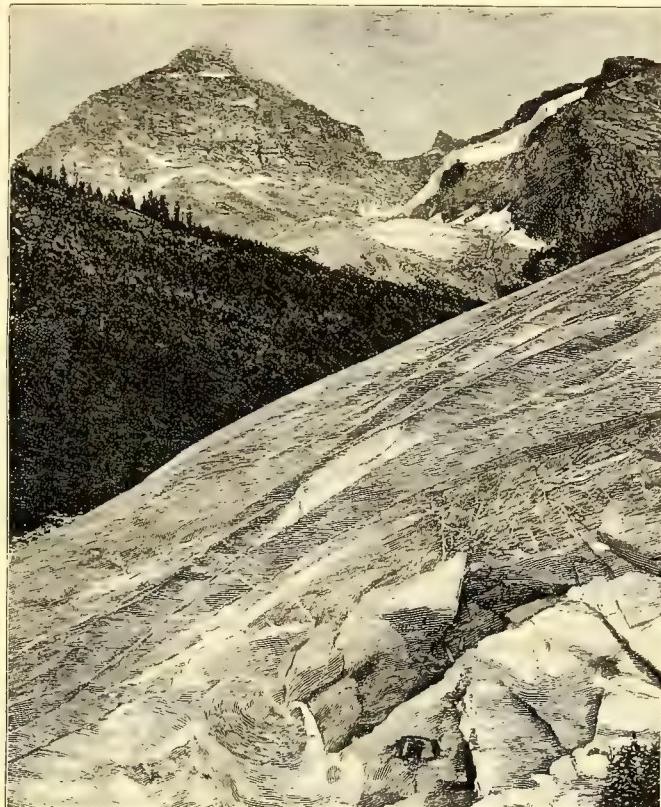
The party for Japan was to start early in June, and on the 31st of May, 1887, the first train had gone straight through from Montreal to Vancouver, on the Canadian Pacific line. No steamer had yet sailed for China and Japan from that far-away and almost unknown port, but the pioneer voyage was to be begun on June 20th, by the old steamer "Abyssinia." So we bought the first tickets which were sold from Boston to Yokohama by that route, and indeed sailed on this first steamer.

I must stop by the way long enough to speak of the scenery through which this railroad runs. It is interesting all the way, but the crowning delight of the journey comes during the last day or two in British Columbia—after the Rocky Mountains are reached. Four ranges are crossed in immediate succession,—the Rocky, Selkirk, Gold, and Cascade ranges,—while snow-covered peaks, enormous glaciers, mountain torrents leaping hundreds of feet at one bound and dissipating in spray long before they can reach the valley below, cañons of marvelous wildness and magnificence, make all those hours one bewildering series of grand and beautiful pictures. Switzerland itself can scarcely offer a parallel.

Through a noble ravine, unromantically known as "The Kicking-Horse Pass," the terrible power of fire had made havoc with acres of hemlock forest, even to the tops of some of the nearer mountains, where human foot has never trod. Its fatal breath had turned miles of greenery into a melancholy

black waste. Close at hand the charred bark had peeled off the still upright trunks, leaving them gloomily white—a sinister grove without life or beauty.

After so many hours and miles of grandeur, it was almost a relief to reach the little town of Yale at the head of navigation on the Fraser, after passing through its magnificent cañon. Here the river spreads out peacefully after its tumultuous descent through the mountains; and beyond this foreground comes the ethereal gleam of Mt. Baker—



A MOUNTAIN VIEW IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING PART OF GREAT GLACIER.
(BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.)

snow-covered, and far away in Washington Territory. The vegetation through this region is almost rank in its luxuriance. Thickets of wild-roses, beds of purple lupine, solid masses of scarlet "painted-cups," and of nodding yellow lilies, lined the track.

The little city of Vancouver is now only about three years old. But there are six or eight thousand inhabitants, and much business and traffic. The "Abyssinia" started promptly, and we steamed out into a very infrequently-crossed portion of the Pacific Ocean. After gales, fog, and cold, we an-



RIDING IN JINRIKI-SHAS.

ched fifteen days later in the beautiful harbor of Yokohama.

Of the beginning of our experience in the "Land of the Rising Sun," I have only space to say that it seemed more like an animated fan or screen than anything real. Riding in *jinriki-shas* was endlessly entertaining, and I am obliged to confess that pity for the coolies who draw them does not extend far beyond the first day. These men are so eager for custom, and they run along in a sort of dog-trot apparently so easy and tireless, that the rider soon ceases to feel any troublesome compunctions, and heartily enjoys the novel conveyance.

After consulting many officials and meteorological records as to the location most likely to prove clear on the 19th of August, Professor Todd finally selected Shirakawa, a city more than a hundred miles from Tokio, near the center of the path where the eclipse would be total. To this city a railroad had just been completed. All the pleasant journey there, was picturesque with thatched

cottages,—many of the roofs gay with growing flowers,—rice-fields, ponds full of creamy lotus-blossoms, and cranes stalking about in marshes, or flying, as if for decorative effect, through the sunny air.

Upon our arrival we found ourselves objects of intense interest.

Our train was the first for passengers which went through to the little city, and the crowd at the station followed us all the way to the native hotel which became our first headquarters. Seated in a circle on the straw-matted floor, with our shoes left at the entrance (where an eager assembly examined them), we enjoyed one of our first purely Japanese meals. A vista of numerous rooms, partly separated from each other by sliding paper-screens, opened beyond us, ending at last in a cool, damp garden, full of flowers, stone lanterns, and a fountain. Each of us was provided with a tiny square table, about six inches high, upon which was placed a lacquer bowl of strange soup

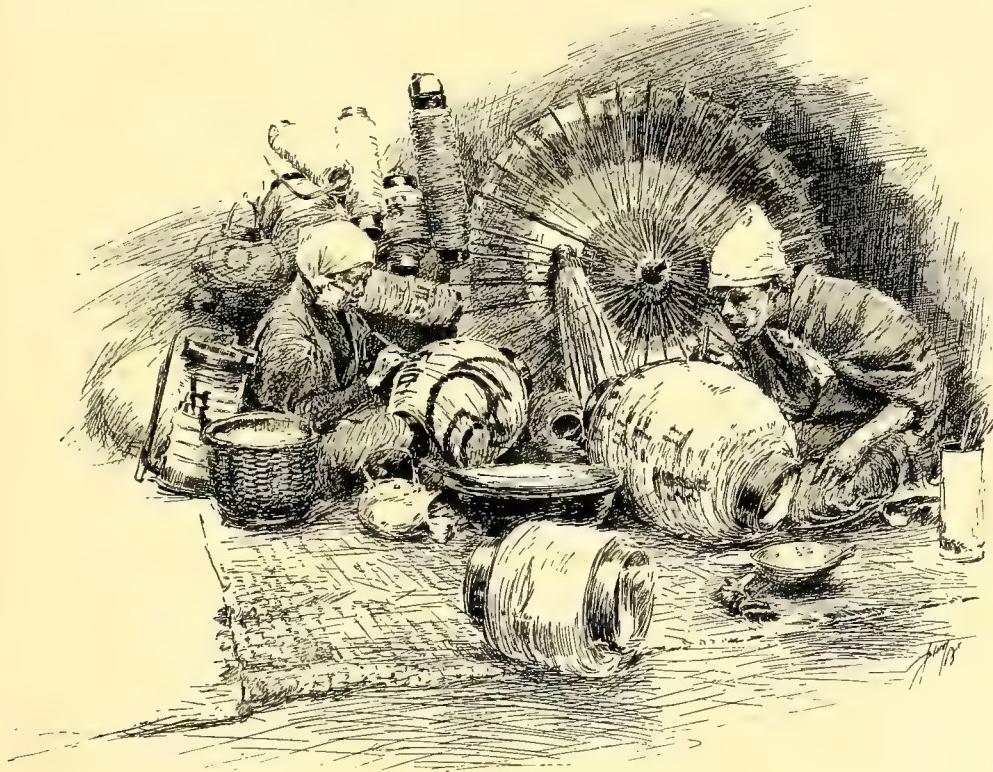
containing an omelet, the bowl for rice with chopsticks, and other articles not easily to be described in words. Little maids, strikingly like the well-known trio of "Mikado" fame, served us smilingly, and seemed surprised that our ability to eat rice ceased with the third bowlful. But until one has become quite accustomed to the use of chopsticks, eating with them is a rather laborious operation — particularly helping one's self to soup.

Professor Todd had received from Count Oyama, the Japanese Secretary of War, permission to set up his instruments at the top of the old castle; and the next day we visited the beautiful ruin. The dwellings had been burned in the revolution of 1868 ; but three tiers of stone embankments, surrounded by a moat, rose picturesquely near the city. As we strolled up the grassy path, with insects buzzing and humming all about us, and the peaceful sunshine lying silently over the grim

sort of opposing element struggled for the mastery — stoutly-repelled but ever-advancing modern thought, hatred toward foreigners, noble desire for the best ideas and civilization, Buddhism, Shinto-worship and Christianity ; while through it all the forces of Shogun and Mikado battled unto death.* But out of this revolution, and the ideas which stood behind it, came light and progress and "new Japan," eager for knowledge and full of splendid, far-reaching ambition.

For three hundred years the old gray walls have looked down upon the town eighty feet below, and upon the vivid green rice-fields, stretching away to distant mountains. The moat flows darkly around, reflecting the sky and the massive masonry above. A portion of it is overgrown with the magnificent leaves and blossoms of the pink lotus ; and yet another part is now a profitable rice-plantation.

Picturesque gnarled pines are rooted here and



JAPANESE ARTISTS ORNAMENTING LANTERNS.

stone-walls, it was hard to imagine that only twenty years before had been fought here a bloody battle, as this last stronghold of the once all-powerful Shoguns fell before the Mikado's conquering forces.

Bitter times were those stormy years, when every

there, and over the whole ruin run ivy and swinging festoons of white wild-roses.

Carpenters and coolies were soon at work setting the instruments and making the houses to cover them ; and on every clear night careful observations of stars were made with the transit in-

* See "Great Japan: The Sunrise Kingdom," St. Nicholas for November.

strument having some special attachments, which gave us our latitude, or distance from the earth's equator, as well as accurate local time. The latter was compared with the local time at the Ob-

ure in relief, of a horse, appeared to be the only distinctive manufacture. The reeling of silk seemed the chief occupation of the women. In nearly every house could be seen young girls plunging their hands into basins of hot water for the white cocoons which floated about in the steaming bath.

Returning to the hotel one morning, after a trip through the town, I wished to pay my *kuruma-runner** the ten *sen* which was the modest sum he demanded for two hours of service; but I found nothing smaller in my purse than one *yen*. The *yen* is the Japanese dollar, worth at that time about seventy-seven cents, and is composed of one hundred *sen*. So our little maid ran out to change it for me, coming back in a few moments rather less speedily, and laughing heartily. The reason was only too soon apparent. She had changed the paper *yen* all into copper 8-*rin* pieces — and it takes ten *rin* to make one *sen*! The 8-*rin* piece is nearly two inches long by one wide, and has a square hole in the center. The weight of 125 of them strung together on stout twine can perhaps be imagined! My limited stock of Japanese forbade my inquiring concisely whether she perpetrated this pleasantry "on purpose," or whether she was indeed unable to get any larger change — which seemed to be the burden of her loquacious explanation. However, I disposed of as many as possible to the coolie, and laid the rest away for a financial



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

servatory in Tokio, which told us how far east we were from Greenwich, the world's prime meridian. All these preliminaries, with many others, were necessary to make available future observations of the eclipse.

In the mean time, a few excursions about the town proved that there was little of interest in the shops. A heavy sort of porcelain, made not far away, which showed upon every piece either the outline or fig-

rainy day. These curious coins are seldom seen in the larger cities frequented by foreigners.

The Japanese inn was finally abandoned for the tents on the castle, and during five weeks we camped out in a truly Bohemian fashion, very attractive to those not burdened with pretentious conventionality.

How our cook was able to provide us with dinners of several courses from a combination of the

* *Kuruma* is defined as carriage, or cart, or chariot. *Jinriki-sha* is a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a man. The words are used interchangeably.

painfully deficient material to be found in the town and the "tinned" articles which we received from San Francisco and England, through Yokohama, was always a mystery. But he was a Japanese and had resources of which we knew not. It was always with a feeling of delightful security that we approached our tent dining-room, and "Cook-san" never disappointed us. We did make an effort toward freedom from condensed milk, and engaged the one man in the town known to own a cow to bring us fresh "*chichi*." Several days passed, and he did not come. Inquiries for a week brought out the information that our milkman owned only "one piece cow," and he could not supply us. His regrets were accompanied by a magnificent spray of tall white lilies.

have much silver in their composition, which may account for their deep and wonderful sweetness. Whether this be so or not, the bells make a profound impression upon all sensitive or musical organizations, heretofore accustomed to the more discordant church-bells of a newer civilization.

And never did the lovely temple-bell in Shirakawa ring out so sadly and deliciously as one night when a great fire laid waste a portion of the city. Thirty or forty houses made a fine blaze for two or three hours, and we watched it from the castle wall with pity and interest. The crackling of the flames as they licked up one little thatched roof after another, was terribly audible; so, too, were the helpless cries and shouts of the surrounding crowd — while the red cinders were whirled far aloft,



QUIET ENJOYMENT.

The bells of Japan are among its loveliest possessions. One of the sweetest of them rang out many times every day into the waiting air, in this far-away little city. Its tone was intensely thrilling and pathetic. The bells are not sounded by a clapper within, but are struck from the outside by a sort of wooden arm, or battering-ram. Being withdrawn to the proper distance and released, it strikes the bell once — and the strokes are allowed to succeed one another only with a dignified and stately regularity. Tradition says the finest bells

and fell even around us. But through the confusion and tumult, the calm bell rang out its indescribably beautiful note — in quicker succession than usual, but losing none of its dignity and sweetness, for all the discordant sounds so near.

The music in Japan, however, is far from being melodious. Nearly everything is in a minor key, E-minor being apparently the favorite. It is all equally chaotic and unintelligible to foreign ears, from the weird songs of the workmen as they chant in unison, to the elaborate pieces performed by



THE CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION.

ladies upon the *koto*,* accompanied by the voice. There being much yet to be done in Shirakawa upon the new railroad, gangs of twenty or thirty coolies were busy all day in heavy labor of all sorts. At their work they sang and shouted together upon three notes, which at last became nearly unendurable. I observed in many places the song or chant of laborers, and this one unchanged succession of sounds was, I believe, peculiar to this particular region. I have written it out in notes as well as it can be so expressed—but there is a weird, nasal intonation which it is impossible to transcribe:

and so on, day in and day out. I think these three notes, sung thus, contained more melody, or “tune,” as children say, than anything else I heard in Japan. In some places the laborers ended invariably on the second of the scale—at others on the seventh, both of which actually wear one out,

mentally, waiting for the restful tonic which never comes.

The officials and other dignitaries of the city and surrounding region were exceedingly attentive and polite, sending presents continually, and doing many graceful things to make our stay agreeable. One evening several of these gentlemen paid us a visit, bringing with them three musicians and a dancing-girl.

The *koto* was not used on this occasion; the *samisen*, a smaller three-stringed instrument, played with an ivory spatula; and the *kokyu*, held like a banjo, but played with a big bow like that of the double-bass; and a flute, constituted their equipment, accompanied by singing. The young girl who danced for us was graceful and attractive; her posturing, performances with a fan, and the stamp of her bare little heels in a sort of rhythm with the music were pretty and skillful. The names of two or three of the pieces played for us show how largely nature and flowers enter into the thought of the Japanese, “*Harusame*” (Spring Shower); “*Umenimo-Harus*” (Spring Falls on Plum-blossoms); “*Haru-hana*” (Spring Flower). And flowers are everywhere—in every tiny gar-

* A 13-stringed harp, or zither, about six feet long, and played as it lies upon the floor, instead of being held upright.

den, often thickly blossoming in the roof-thatch, and filling the meadows and roadsides. I once saw an immense squash-vine, covered with its yellow flowers, trained from the ground quite over a little house, hiding it completely from passers in the road.

The shops and smaller houses in Shirakawa were also very hospitable to swallows, whose nests frequently hung from the low ceilings just above our heads, and as we bargained for some bit of porcelain or lacquer, the birds would flutter in and out, perfectly fearless and at home.

Royal purple Canterbury-bells crowned the castle walls; "sun-tanned" yellow lilies and clematis disputed every thicket with the swinging white roses, while the pink lotus reigned over them all. Some of the neighboring ponds were full of the tiny, scentless, white water-lily and the rank yellow pond-lily, and moist places abounded in small, feathery, white orchids. There was also a very superb lobelia, almost exactly like our own cardinal flower, except that its color was the richest purple. All these beautiful things were endlessly attractive to paint, and I spent many hours in the entrance of my tent, at work on their dainty curves and colors.

One of our boys brought up to me one morning



HAIR-DRESSING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



ONE KIND OF STRAW RAIN-COAT.

a superb group of lotus-flowers, buds, picturesque seed-vessels, and leaves, in which each stem was carefully tied with a string just above where it had been cut. They are thus kept fresh longer.

These regal flowers were at least six feet high, and I had no canvas large enough for them. At last I thought of the *mino*, or straw "rain-coats," several of which I had bought to serve as mats about the tent. Taking a fresh one, I had it tacked up before me at once, and upon that improvised background I painted the queenly flowers and their huge, surrounding leaves.

The greatest interest in these paintings seemed to animate all the Japanese about the place. From the white-robed police who guarded the castle entrances, to the coolies who brought water through the day, all, at one time or another, would stop and look on as I worked, so that I rarely painted without an audience.

Among the water-carriers was one poor creature who, from his entire lack of personal comeliness, was noticeable even among his companions—none of whom possessed physical graces to any marked degree. His garments of dark-blue cotton were older—not to say fewer—than those of the rest, and he had a singularly retreating, expressionless chin, which was still further over-



SELLING TEA-POTS AND OTHER METAL UTENSILS.

shadowed by the straw band which held upon his head his queer little round hat. We wickedly christened him the "Missing Link"; and, truly, no mortal seemed ever to embody that title so fully. He was a picture of forlorn, hopeless poverty and subjection as he toiled up the steep path, bearing across his shoulders the yoke from each end of which hung the wooden buckets of sparkling water. (Clear, pure, safe water was one of our compensations at Shirakawa.)

And yet, this poor specimen of humanity, hardly a man, began at once to show the most intense and absorbing interest in each flower-painting. After every trip with his buckets he would come to my tent — timidly at first, then advancing nearer, as I showed no displeasure. There he would stand, watching eagerly, almost thirstily, until, remembering his yoke, he would start away abruptly, only to come panting up the hill again to see what had been added in his absence.

During the two mid-day hours, when all the laborers rested and took their lunch, this coolie sat in the shade of a particular bush near by, with his little bowl of rice, often making excursions to my

tent, even if I were not still painting, to look through the opening at the various studies pinned around the sides. Often at such times he acted as showman and general guide to the other workmen — they standing in a circle about him as he pointed out one thing after another. I watched him on many a sultry noontide from the shade of a large tree not far away, and I could see his poor face fairly glow with enthusiasm as he talked to his audience in a perfect whirl of Japanese.

I asked our interpreter one day what the man was talking about.

"Oh!" said he with a slight shrug, "that's only an eccentric coolie admiring your flowers, and telling his friends how you did them and which he likes best."

One morning this poor water-carrier came up to me rather shyly with a great bunch of beautiful wild-flowers in his hand, which, with a word or two, he presented "for *okusan* [madam] to paint."

I thanked him as well as my meager Japanese permitted, and put the flowers in water, at which he seemed gratified and went away. After that his floral offerings were frequent, as well as his exhibi-

tions of the studies to others. But it seemed as if the water-buckets grew daily heavier for him—sometimes he would come up to the tents only once or twice during the day, and I often saw him resting in the shade on the upward path.

"Coolie sick," replied one of my servants who had mastered a few words of English, when I asked about him. The last time I saw the poor "Missing Link," he had toiled up with his buckets and a splendid tangle of wild pea-vines, whose large purple clusters hung down richly from a mass of green. These he brought to me, his face lighting up once more as I thanked him, while he looked about at the different pictures. Then the usual stolid heaviness settled over his uncouth features, and he turned away, going heavily down the grassy path, and around the corner of the old stone wall. He never came back again.

One of my last excursions in the neighborhood was a pleasant *jinriki-sha* ride of five miles to the base of a high hill,—or mountain, as it might more properly be called,—at the top of which was an ancient Buddhist temple to the horse-headed *Kuwanon*, Goddess of Mercy. Leaving our men and *kuruma* below, we began the climb, which, although steep, was very lovely, through sunny woods full of flowers, past quaint little shrines, with constant views of a blue and hazy distance.

At the top we found the small temple of unpainted wood, which, standing high up against the sky, had long been a familiar landmark from the castle. It was richly carved, and weather-stained to a silvery gray color. Within, the ornaments were rather cheap and uninteresting, being chiefly pictures of horses in every imaginable attitude—some fully painted, others merely sketched in outline on pine boards. Outside, in a shrine, stood a life-sized figure of a horse. Stone lanterns, partly moss-grown, and a large bell completed the visible equipment—all of which was charmingly overshadowed by fine old Japanese cedars, which grow to a great height.

The ministering priest at this lonely altar—a man with a cleanly-shaved head and fine face—approached us by a shady path, his thin robes of black and green catching the welcome breeze. My companion wished to purchase one of the horse-pictures from the interior as a memento of the temple, to which the priest at once consented, seeming well pleased with the handful of coin which he received for his complaisance.

When we reached the little town at the foot of the mountain, on our homeward way, all the inhabitants came out to see us—some offering flowers, while an old lady presented us with hot ears of roasted sweet-corn on a pretty tray, which



A JAPANESE SHOE-SHOP.

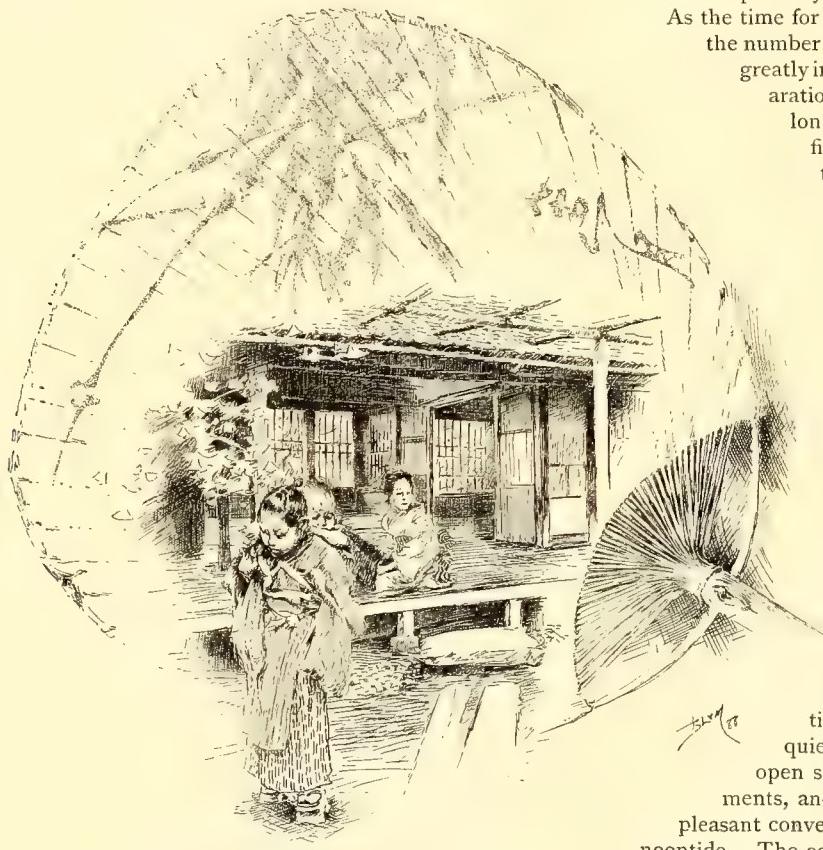
were very appetizing after our long walk. One little boy ran to me, holding out a large locust, somewhat like a katydid, which makes a most unmelodious screaming, much to the edification of its hearers. These little creatures can be bought in cages for a few *sen*, and children often keep them as pets.

Twilight fell during the homeward ride, and each coolie lighted his little paper lantern as we sped on into the early evening. Against the

examine us in our various trips, had an expression of absorbing interest upon their faces, such as they might have worn on seeing some strange but not unamiable animal. As long as we appeared not to notice their gaze this expression continued. But the instant we smiled or showed any consciousness of their nearness, the faces looked startled, smiles disappeared, while curiosity and wide-eyed surprise, not unmixed with apprehension, filled their features. It was much as if a toy elephant should unexpectedly nod or speak.

As the time for the eclipse drew near, the number of visitors to the castle greatly increased, and the preparations, extended through long weeks, received their final touches. At last the 19th of August dawned,—“the great, the important day,”—ushered in with the clearest of skies and the most radiant sunbeams. Twenty or thirty of the guards, in snowy dresses, watched the castle and all its entrances, and none except the specially invited guests were admitted. The instruments were carefully adjusted for instant use, and, in spite of the torrid heat, we were all astir with eager anticipation. The guests quietly gathered in the open space below the instruments, and a subdued hum of pleasant conversation filled the hot noon tide. The eclipse was to begin at

thirty-seven minutes after two o'clock. About an hour before this, a delicate little white cloud floated up toward the zenith and spread very quietly over the bright, blue sky, until even the visitors began to look upward, with some fear lest the afternoon might be only partly clear after all. And that little white cloud not only grew into great size itself, but it was joined by other and darker ones from all directions, which, as they seemed to gain confidence from numbers and blackness, soon shut out the sun completely and spread consternation over every face around us. The beginning of the



A GLIMPSE OF A JAPANESE HOME.

yellow sky, flat-topped pines stood boldly outlined, while nearer by we caught glimpses of many a picturesque interior. In these little thatched houses a square hole in the polished floor held a few sticks burning brightly and casting a ruddy light on the surrounding household group. A kettle hung above the fire, and the brown faces and limbs of the family, as well as the little china bowls out of which they were all eating rice, caught the flickering light as it danced in warm tints about the poor little room.

The children, who frequently stood in groups to



THE UNITED STATES ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO JAPAN, 1887. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

eclipse was not seen at all, but we caught a few glimpses of the sun afterward—a gradually narrowing crescent.

As it became apparent that my part of the work—which was to draw the filmy, outermost streamers of the corona—could not be done, I left my appointed station and hastened to the upper castle wall. Here, standing near the instruments, I watched the strange landscape under its gray shroud. Even inanimate things seem endowed at times with a terrible life of their own, and this deliberate, slow-moving pall of cloud seemed a malignant power, not to be evaded. At the instant of totality a darkness and silence like that of death fell upon the castle and the town and all the world around.

Not a word was spoken: the very air

about us was motionless, as if all nature were in sympathy with our suspense. The useless instruments outlined their fantastic shapes dimly against the massing clouds, and a weird chill fell upon the earth. Darker and still darker it grew. Every trace

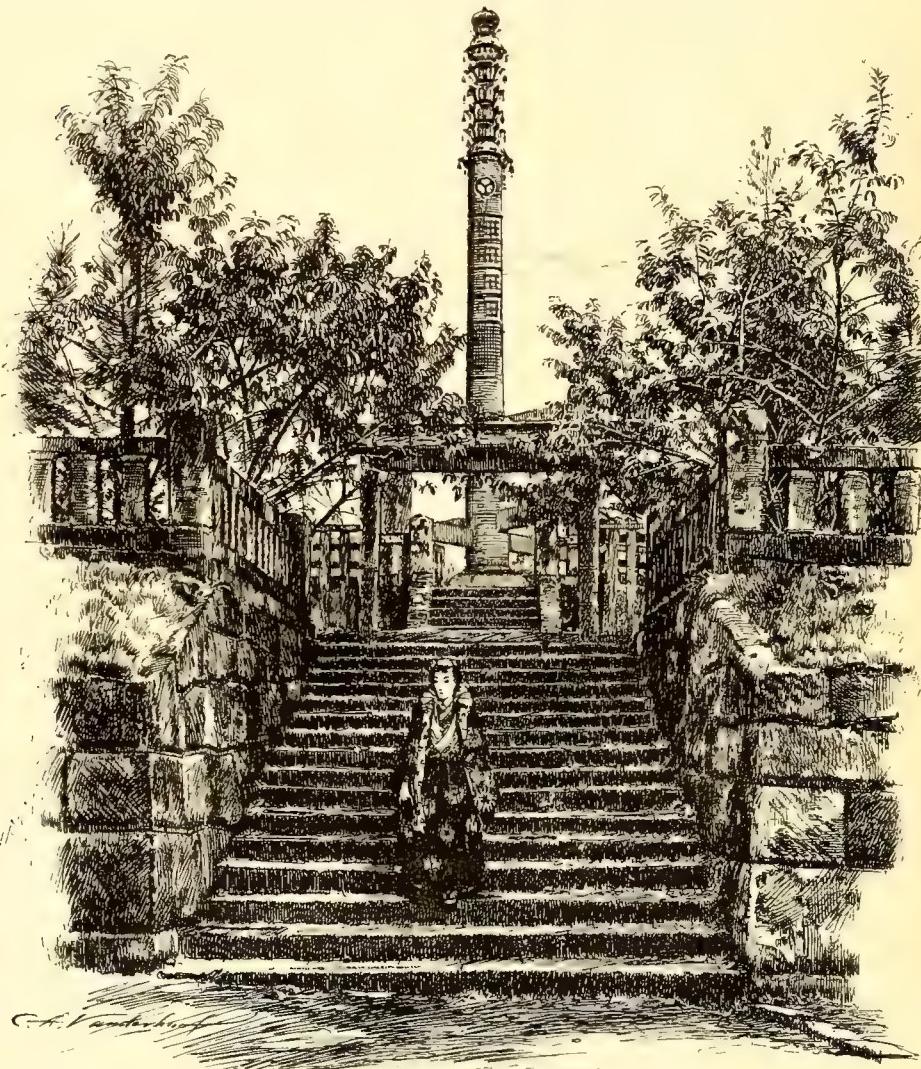


NEAR VIEW OF CERTAIN ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, IN POSITION.

of color fled from the world. Cold, dull ashen-gray covered the face of nature; and a low rumble of thunder muttered ominously on the horizon. Even at that supreme moment my thoughts flew backward over the eight thousand miles of land and stormy ocean already traveled, the ton of telescopes brought with such care, the weeks of patient waiting at the old castle,—all that long journey and those great preparations for just these three minutes of precious time, which were now slipping away so fast.—And already they were gone! One sharp, brilliant ray of sunshine flashed down upon us. Totality was over—and lost! This tiny rift in the clouds showed

the slender edge of the sun for a second and was gone. And a profound sigh, as of great nervous tension relieved, came up from the crowd below. The calamity was too great to be measured at once, and it was some minutes before we dared to speak. We had trusted Nature, and she had failed us, and our sense of helplessness was overwhelming.

Every astronomical student now knows how the track of this ill-fated eclipse was followed by clouds all along its course, and how totality and the wished-for corona were hidden by clouds from nearly all the eager eyes and waiting instruments through its entire length. But an astronomer must



A TEMPLE AT NIKKO.



FUJI-SAN, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN, AS SEEN FROM OMIYA VILLAGE.

be philosophic; and our astronomer nobly displayed this quality.

And so, gradually, our visitors left us, and the sound of demolishing and packing was heard on the hill. The tents were folded, and the party dispersed.

I stayed for a few days at lovely Nikko, of which the Japanese proverb says, "Let no one who has not seen Nikko pronounce the word beautiful." Here are the tombs of *Iyéyasu*, the first *Shogun* and founder of Yedo, and of *Iyemitsu*, with innumerable temples, mountains, springs, and torrents, and a beauty and verdure of foliage almost beyond description. Leading to it from the railway station at *Utsunomiya* is an avenue twenty-five miles long, shadowed all the way by evergreens, through whose interlacing boughs; more than one hundred feet above, the sunbeams can scarcely penetrate to the traveler, rolling easily along in his *jinriki-sha*. This avenue is a portion of the road by which the old *daimios*, or nobles, used to make their pilgrimages once a year to Nikko, and was built for them hundreds of years ago.

As Professor Todd was to make another expedition for astronomical observation to the summit of *Fuji-san*, or *Fuji-yama*, the great sacred mountain, a time only long enough for necessary preparation was now spent in Tokio. But during those few days I saw many interesting things, among others a place where the rich and heavy wall-papers for which Japan is famous were made. The thick paper has the design stamped upon it in relief while it is yet white. Over this are laid by hand and patted firmly down, small sheets of silver foil. When a certain length has been covered with the shining leaf, it is taken to another room and overlaid with transparent yellow varnish, which makes it look like bright, rich gold. If the background is to be a different color from the design a perforated pattern exactly covering the design is laid over it. Upon this the paint is dabbed with brushes by young girls standing at a long table. The figures being protected, as I have said, the color reaches only the background, and the gold leaves or flowers or butterflies then stand out clearly upon dark red or other color. In a further room more young girls were filling up rough edges of the out-

line with their brushes dipped in the background color. When the paint is dry, another coat of the clear but most ill-smelling varnish is added, and the whole hung up to harden. Many of the designs were very rich and decorative, and I was interested in seeing several with which I had become familiar through Japanese papers imported into America, and in observing the difference as to price and length of roll here and at home.

After the wonderful trip to the top of Fuji — which was an event for a life-time — the remainder of our visit in Japan was spent socially and delightfully in the capital and at Yokohama. But all too soon our steamer sailed from that fascinating land.

After picking up somewhere in the gray wastes of the Pacific Ocean the day which, as all young students of geography will readily understand, we had dropped at the 180th meridian in going over, we found ourselves once more in Vancouver, which seemed to have grown as with years since we had been away.

The royal mountains were clothed in autumn reds and yellows, and it was America! Even this remote corner of British Columbia was home, and we sped across its beauties and through all the days thereafter, until the satisfaction of the general home-coming became the bright particular welcome which warms the heart.



IF I 'd been born across the seas,
In a little house of clean bamboo,
Among the flowering cherry-trees ;—
If I 'd been fed on fish and rice,
The queerest nuts that ever grew,
And all the different sorts of teas ;—
If I 'd been used to a jinriki-sha,
And never seen a railroad car,
Perhaps it would n't seem so nice
To be a Japanese !

But "Mary Jane" does sound so plain,
Compared with "Neo Ina Yan";
And such a place as "Jones's Creek"
(That 's where I live and must remain)
Could not be found in all Japan !

Instead of "Pike's" or "Skinner's Peak,"
Of Fuji-yama there they speak —
The Sacred Mountain by the seas.
How elegant geographies
Must be in Japanese !

We have such very common things,
Like pigs in pens, and coops of hens,
Round corner-stores that smell of cheese ;
While they have storks, with spreading wings,
That live among the reedy fens.
Their girls have paper parasols
And painted fans, as well as dolls ;
They wade in flowers to their knees,
And live a life of joyous ease,
The happy Japanese.

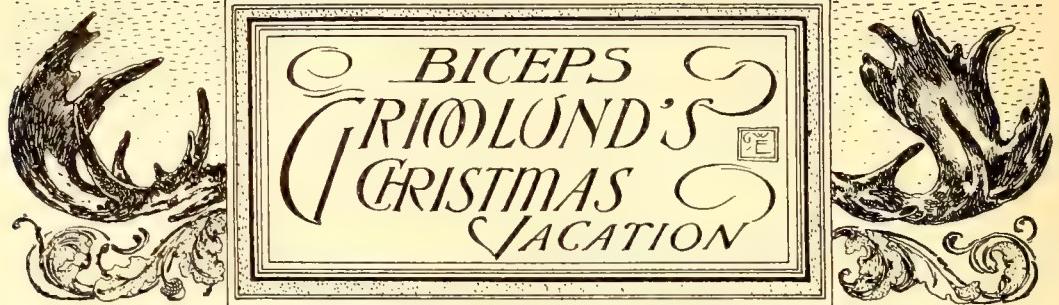


Yet Mamma would n't be the same
With beady eyes and funny name,
And might not care so much for me.
And — come to think — they never can
Have any Christmas in Japan !
They worship curiosities,

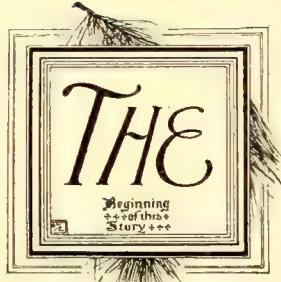
Great metal idols, made by man
About the time the world began.
So, on the whole, I'd rather be
A little, plain American ;—
An *imitation*, if you please,
Not *truly* Japanese.

Albertine • Randoll • Wheelan.





BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.



one great question which Albert Grimlund was debating was fraught with unpleasant possibilities. He could not go home for the Christmas vacation, for his father lived in Drontheim, which is so far away from Christi-
ania, that it was scarcely worth while making the journey for a mere two-weeks' holiday. Then, on the other hand, he had an old great-aunt who lived but a few miles from the city and who, from conscientious motives, he feared, had sent him an invitation to pass Christmas with her. But he thought Aunt Elsbeth a very tedious person. She had a dozen cats, talked of nothing but sermons and lessons, and asked him occasionally, with pleasant humor, whether he got many whippings at school. She failed to comprehend that a boy could not amuse himself forever by looking at the pictures in the old family Bible, holding yarn, and listening to oft-repeated stories, which he knew by heart, concerning the doings and sayings of his grandfather. Aunt Elsbeth, after a previous experience with her nephew, had come to regard boys as rather a reprehensible kind of animal, who differed in many of their ways from girls, and altogether to the boys' disadvantage.

Now, the prospect of being "caged" for two weeks with this estimable lady was, as I said, not at all pleasant to Albert. He was sixteen years old, loved outdoor sports, and had no taste for cats. His chief pride was his muscle, and no boy ever made his acquaintance without being invited to feel the size and hardness of his biceps. This was a standing joke in the Latin-school, and Albert was generally known among his companions as

"Biceps" Grimlund. He was not very tall for his age, but broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with something in his glance, his gait, and his manners which showed that he had been born and bred near the sea. He cultivated a weather-beaten complexion, and was particularly proud when the skin "peeled" on his nose, which it usually did in the summer-time during his visit to his home in the extreme north. Like most blonde people, when sunburnt he was red, not brown; and this became a source of great satisfaction, when he learned that Lord Nelson had the same peculiarity. Albert's favorite books were the sea romances of Captain Marryat, whose "Peter Simple" and "Midshipman Easy" he held to be the noblest products of human genius. It was a bitter disappointment to him that his father forbade his going to sea and was educating him to be a "landlubber," which he had been taught by his boy associates to regard as the most contemptible thing on earth.

Two days before Christmas, Biceps Grimlund was sitting in his room, looking gloomily out of the window. He wished to postpone as long as possible his departure for Aunt Elsbeth's country-place, for he foresaw that both he and she were doomed to a surfeit of each other's company during the coming fortnight. At last he heaved a deep sigh and languidly began to pack his trunk. He had just disposed the dear Marryat books on top of his starched shirts when he heard rapid footsteps on the stairs, and the next moment the door burst open, and his classmate Ralph Hoyer rushed breathlessly into the room.

"Biceps," he cried, "look at this! Here is a letter from my father, and he tells me to invite one of my classmates to come home with me for the vacation. Will you come? Oh, we shall have grand times, I tell you! No end of fun!"

Albert, instead of answering, jumped up and danced a jig on the floor, upsetting two chairs and breaking the pitcher.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "I'm your man. Shake hands on it, Ralph! You have saved me from two weeks of cats and yarn and moping! Give us your paw! I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life."

And to prove it, he seized Ralph by the shoulders, gave him a vigorous whirl and forced him to join in the dance.

"Now, stop your nonsense," Ralph protested, laughing; "if you have so much strength to waste, wait till we are home in Solheim, and you'll have opportunities to use it profitably."

Albert flung himself down on his old rep-covered sofa. It seemed to have some internal disorder, for its springs rattled and a vague musical twang indicated that something or other had snapped. It had seen much maltreatment, that poor old piece of furniture, and bore visible marks of it. When, after various exhibitions of joy, their boisterous delight had quieted down, both boys began to discuss their plans for the vacation.

"But I fear my groom may freeze, down there in the street," Ralph ejaculated, cutting short the discussion; "it is bitter cold, and he can't leave the horses. Hurry up, now, old man, and I'll help you pack."

It did not take them long to complete the packing. Albert sent a telegram to his father, asking permission to accept Ralph's invitation, but, knowing well that the reply would be favorable, did not think it necessary to wait for it. With the assistance of his friend he now wrapped himself in two overcoats, pulled a pair of thick woolen stockings over the outside of his boots and a pair of fur-lined top-boots outside of these, girded himself with three long scarfs, and pulled his brown otter-skin cap down over his ears. He was nearly as broad as he was long when he had completed these operations, and descended into the street where the big double-sleigh (made in the shape of a huge white swan) was awaiting them. They now called at Ralph's lodgings, whence he presently emerged in a similar Esquimau costume, wearing a wolf-skin coat which left nothing visible except the tip of his nose and the steam of his breath. Then they started off merrily with jingling bells, and waved a farewell toward many a window wherein were friends and acquaintances. They felt in so jolly a mood that they could not help shouting their joy in the face of all the world, and crowing over all poor wretches who were left to spend the holidays in the city.

II.

SOLHEIM was about twenty miles from the city, and it was nine o'clock in the evening when the

boys arrived there. The moon was shining brightly, and the milky way, with its myriad stars, looked like a luminous mist across the vault of the sky. The aurora borealis swept down from the north with white and pink radiations which flushed the dark blue sky for an instant, and vanished. The earth was white, as far as the eye could reach—splendidly, dazzlingly white. And out on the white radiance rose the great dark pile of masonry, called Solheim, with its tall chimneys and dormer windows and old-fashioned gables. Round about stood the great leafless maples and chestnut-trees, sparkling with frost and stretching their gaunt arms against the heavens. The two horses, when they swung up before the great front door, were so white with hoar-frost that they looked shaggy like goats, and no one could tell what was their original color. Their breath was blown in two vapory columns from their nostrils and drifted about their heads like steam about a locomotive.

The sleigh-bells had announced the arrival of the guests, and a great shout of welcome was heard from the hall of the house, which seemed alive with grown-up people and children. Ralph jumped out of the sleigh, embraced at random half a dozen people, one of whom was his mother, kissed right and left, protesting laughingly against being smothered in affection, and finally managed to introduce his friend, who for the moment was feeling a trifle lonely.

"Here, Father," he cried. "Biceps, this is my father; and, Father, this is my Biceps—"

"Why, what stuff you are talking, boy," his father exclaimed. "How can this young fellow be your biceps—"

"Well, how can a man keep his senses in such confusion?" said the son of the house. "This is my friend and classmate, Albert Grimlund, *alias* Biceps Grimlund, and the strongest man in the whole school. Just feel his biceps, Mother, and you'll see."

"No, I thank you. I'll take your word for it," replied Mrs. Hoyer. "Since I intend to treat him as a friend of my son should be treated, I hope he will not feel inclined to offer any proof of his muscularity."

When, with the aid of the younger children, the travelers had peeled off their various wraps and overcoats, as an onion is peeled, they were ushered into the old-fashioned sitting-room. In one corner roared an enormous, many-storied, iron stove. It had a picture in relief, on one side, of Diana the Huntress, with her nymphs and baying hounds. In the middle of the room stood a big table and in the middle of the table a big lamp, about which the entire family soon gathered. It was so cosy and homelike that Albert, before he had been

half an hour in the room, felt gratefully the atmosphere of mutual affection which pervaded the house. It amused him particularly to watch the little girls, of whom there were six, and to observe their profound admiration for their big brother. Every now and then one of them, sidling up to him while he sat talking, would cautiously touch his ear or a curl of his hair; and if he deigned to take any notice of her, offering her, perhaps, a perfunctory kiss, her pride and pleasure were charming to witness.

Presently the signal was given that supper was ready, and various savory odors, which escaped, whenever a door was opened, served to arouse the anticipations of the boys to the highest pitch. Now, if I did not have so much else to tell you, I should stop here and describe that supper. There were twenty-two people who sat down to it; but that was nothing unusual at Solheim, for it was a hospitable house, where every wayfarer was welcome, either to the table in the servants' hall or to the master's table in the dining-room.

III.

AT the stroke of ten, all the family arose, and each in turn kissed the father and mother good-night; whereupon Mr. Hoyer took the great lamp from the table and mounted the stairs, followed by his pack of noisy boys and girls. Albert and Ralph found themselves, with four smaller Hoyers, in an enormous low-ceiled room with many windows. In three corners stood huge canopied bedsteads, with flowered-chintz curtains and mountainous eider-down coverings which swelled up toward the ceiling. In the middle of the wall, opposite the windows, a big iron stove, like the one in the sitting-room (only that it was adorned with a bunch of flowers, peaches, and grapes, and not with Diana and her nymphs), was roaring merrily, and sending a long red sheen from its draught-hole across the floor.

Around the great warm stove the boys gathered (for it was positively Siberian in the region of the windows), and while undressing played various pranks upon each other, which created much merriment. But the most laughter was provoked at the expense of Finn Hoyer, a boy of fifteen, whose bare back his brother insisted upon exhibiting to his guest; for it was decorated with a fac-simile of the picture on the stove, showing roses and luscious peaches and grapes in red relief. Three years before, on Christmas Eve, the boys had stood about the red-hot stove, undressing for their bath, and Finn, who was naked, had, in the general scrimmage to get first into the bath-tub, been pushed against the glowing iron, the ornamentation of which had been beauti-

fully burned upon his back. He had to be wrapped in oil and cotton after that adventure, and he recovered in due time, but never quite relished the distinction he had acquired by his pictorial skin.

It was long before Albert fell asleep; for the cold kept up a continual fusillade, as of musketry, during the entire night. The woodwork of the walls snapped and cracked with loud reports; and a little after midnight a servant came in and stuffed the stove full of birch-wood, until it roared like an angry lion. This roar finally lulled Albert to sleep, in spite of the startling noises about him.

The next morning the boys were aroused at seven o'clock by a servant who brought a tray with the most fragrant coffee and hot rolls. It was in honor of the guest that, in accordance with Norse custom, this early meal was served; and all the boys, carrying pillows and blankets, gathered on Albert's and Ralph's bed and feasted right royally. So it seemed to them, at least; for any break in the ordinary routine, be it ever so slight, is an event to the young. Then they had a pillow-fight, thawed at the stove the water in the pitchers (for it was frozen hard), and arrayed themselves to descend and meet the family at the nine o'clock breakfast. When this repast was at an end, the question arose, how they were to entertain their guest, and various plans were proposed. But to all Ralph's propositions his mother interposed the objection that it was too cold.

"Mother is right," said Mr. Hoyer; "it is so cold that 'the chips jump on the hill-side.' You'll have to be content with indoor sports to-day."

"But, Father, it is not more than twenty degrees below zero," the boy demurred. "I am sure we can stand that, if we keep in motion. I have been out at thirty without losing either ears or nose."

He went to the window to observe the thermometer; but the dim daylight scarcely penetrated the fantastic frost-crystals which, like a splendid exotic flora, covered the panes. Only at the upper corner, where the ice had commenced to thaw, a few timid sunbeams were peeping in, making the lamp upon the table seem pale and sickly. Whenever the door to the hall was opened a white cloud of vapor rolled in; and every one made haste to shut the door, in order to save the precious heat. The boys, being doomed to remain indoors, walked about restlessly, felt each other's muscle, punched each other, and sometimes, for want of better employment, teased the little girls. Mr. Hoyer, seeing how miserable they were, finally took pity on them, and, after having thawed out a window-pane sufficiently to see the thermometer outside, gave his consent to a little expedition on *skees** down to the river.

And now boys, you ought to have seen them!

* Norwegian snow-shoes. See ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. X., p. 304.

Now there was life in them! You would scarcely have dreamed that they were the same creatures who, a moment ago, looked so listless and miserable. What rollicking laughter and fun, while they bundled one another in scarfs, cardigan-jackets, fur-lined top-boots, and overcoats!

"You had better take your guns along, boys," said the father, as they stormed out through the front door; "you might strike a bevy of ptarmigan, or a mountain-cock, over on the west side."

"I am going to take your rifle, if you'll let me," Ralph exclaimed. "I have a fancy we might strike bigger game than mountain-cock. I should n't object to a wolf or two."

"You are welcome to the rifle," said his father; "but I doubt whether you'll find wolves on the ice so early in the day."

Mr. Hoyer took the rifle from its case, examined it carefully, and handed it to Ralph. Albert, who was a less experienced hunter than Ralph, preferred a fowling-piece to the rifle; especially as he had no expectation of shooting anything but ptarmigan. Powder-horns, cartridges, and shot were provided; and quite proudly the two friends started off on their skees, gliding over the hard crust of the snow, which, as the sun rose higher, was oversown with thousands of glittering gems. The boys looked like Esquimaux, with their heads bundled up in scarfs, and nothing visible except their eyes and a few hoary locks of hair which the frost had silvered.

IV.

"WHAT was that?" cried Albert, startled by a sharp report which reverberated from the mounds. They had penetrated the forest on the west side, and ranged over the ice for an hour, in a vain search for wolves.

"Hush," said Ralph, excitedly; and after a moment of intent listening he added, "I'll be drawn and quartered if it is n't poachers!"

"How do you know?"

"These woods belong to Father, and no one else has any right to hunt in them. He does n't mind if a poor man kills a hare or two, or a brace of ptarmigan; but these chaps are after elk; and if the old gentleman gets on the scent of elk-hunters, he has no more mercy than Beelzebub."

"How can you know that they are after elk?"

"No man is likely to go to the woods for small game on a day like this. They think the cold protects them from pursuit and capture."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to play a trick on them. You know that the sheriff, whose duty it is to be on the lookout for elk-poachers, would scarcely send out a posse

when the cold is so intense. Elk, you know, are becoming very scarce, and the law protects them. No man is allowed to shoot more than one elk a year, and that one on his own property. Now, you and I will play deputy-sheriffs, and have those poachers securely in the lock-up before night."

"But suppose they fight?"

"Then we'll fight back."

Ralph was so aglow with joyous excitement at the thought of this adventure, that Albert had not the heart to throw cold water on his enthusiasm. Moreover, he was afraid of being thought cowardly by his friend if he offered objections. The recollection of "Midshipman Easy" and his daring pranks flashed through his brain, and he felt an instant desire to rival the exploits of his favorite hero. If only the enterprise had been on the sea he would have been twice as happy, for the land always seemed to him a prosy and inconvenient place for the exhibition of heroism.

"But, Ralph," he exclaimed, now more than ready to bear his part in the expedition, "I have only shot in my gun. You can't shoot men with bird-shot."

"Shoot men! Are you crazy? Why, I don't intend to shoot anybody. I only wish to capture them. My rifle is a breech-loader and has six cartridges. Besides, it has twice the range of theirs (for there is n't another such rifle in all Odalen), and by firing one shot over their heads I can bring them to terms, don't you see?"

Albert, to be frank, did not see it exactly; but he thought it best to suppress his doubts. He scented danger in the air, and the blood bounded through his veins.

"How do you expect to track them?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Skee-tracks in the snow can be seen by a bat, born blind," answered Ralph, recklessly.

They were now climbing up the wooded slope on the western side of the river. The crust of the frozen snow was strong enough to bear them; and as it was not glazed, but covered with an inch of hoar-frost, it retained the imprint of their feet with distinctness. They were obliged to carry their skees, on account both of the steepness of the slope and the density of the underbrush. Roads and paths were invisible under the white pall of the snow, and only the facility with which they could retrace their steps saved them from the fear of going astray. Through the vast forest a deathlike silence reigned; and this silence was not made up of an infinity of tiny sounds, like the silence of a summer day when the crickets whirr in the tree-tops and the bees drone in the clover-blossoms. No; this silence was dead, chilling, terrible. The huge pine-trees now and then dropped a load of snow on the

heads of the bold intruders, and it fell with a thud, followed by a noiseless, glittering drizzle. As far as their eyes could reach, the monotonous colonnade of brown tree-trunks, rising out of the white waste, extended in all directions. It reminded them of the enchanted forest in "Undine," through which a man might ride forever without finding the end. It was a great relief when, from time to time, they met a squirrel out foraging for pine-cones or picking up a scanty living among the husks of last year's hazel-nuts. He was lively in spite of the weather, and the faint noises of his small activities fell gratefully upon ears already appalled by the awful silence. Occasionally they scared up a brace of grouse that seemed half benumbed, and hopped about in a melancholy manner under the pines, or a magpie, drawing in its head and ruffling up its feathers against the cold, until it looked frowsy and disreputable.

"Biceps," whispered Ralph, who had suddenly discovered something interesting in the snow, "do you see that?"

"Je-rusalem!" ejaculated Albert, with thoughtless delight, "it is a hoof-track!"

"Hold your tongue, you blockhead," warned his friend, too excited to be polite, "or you'll spoil the whole business!"

"But you asked me," protested Albert, in a huff.

"But I did n't shout, did I?"

Again the report of a shot tore a great rent in the wintry stillness and rang out with sharp reverberations.

"We've got them," said Ralph, examining the lock of his rifle. "That shot settles them."

"If we don't look out, they may get us instead," grumbled Albert, who was still offended.

Ralph stood peering into the underbrush, his eyes as wild as those of an Indian, his nostrils dilated, and all his senses intensely awake. His companion, who was wholly unskilled in woodcraft, could see no cause for his agitation, and feared that he was yet angry. He did not detect the evidences of large game in the immediate neighborhood. He did not see, by the bend of the broken twigs and the small tufts of hair on the briar-bush, that an elk had pushed through that very copse within a few minutes; nor did he sniff the gamy odor with which the large beast had charged the air. In obedience to his friend's gesture, he flung himself down on hands and knees and cautiously crept after him through the thicket. He now saw without difficulty a place where the elk had broken through the snow crust, and he could also detect a certain aimless bewilderment in the tracks, owing, no doubt, to the shot and the animal's perception of danger on two sides.

Scarcely had he crawled twenty feet when he was startled by a noise of breaking branches, and before he had time to cock his gun, he saw an enormous bull-elk tearing through the underbrush, blowing two columns of steam from his nostrils, and steering straight toward them. At the same instant Ralph's rifle blazed away, and the splendid beast, rearing on its hind legs, gave a wild snort, plunged forward and rolled on its side in the snow. Quick as a flash, the young hunter had drawn his knife and, in accordance with the laws of the chase, had driven it into the breast of the dying animal. But the glance from the dying eyes,—that glance, of which every elk-hunter can tell a moving tale,—pierced the boy to the very heart! It was such a touching, appealing, imploring glance, so soft, and gentle, and unresentful.

"Why did you harm me," it seemed to say, "who never harmed any living thing—who claimed only the right to live my frugal life in the forest, digging up the frozen mosses under the snow, which no mortal creature except myself can eat?"

The sanguinary instinct—the fever for killing which every boy inherits from savage ancestors—had left Ralph, before he had pulled the knife from the bleeding wound. A miserable feeling of guilt stole over him. He never had shot an elk before; and his father, who was anxious to preserve the noble beasts from destruction, had not availed himself of his right to kill one for many years. Ralph had, indeed, many a time hunted rabbits, hares, and mountain-cock, and capercailzie. But they had never destroyed his pleasure by arousing pity for their deaths; and he had always regarded himself as being proof against sentimental emotions.

"Look here, Biceps," he said, flinging the knife into the snow, "I wish I had n't killed that bull."

"I thought we were hunting for poachers," answered Albert dubiously; "and now we have been poaching ourselves."

"By Jiminy! So we have; and I never once thought of it," cried the valiant hunter. "I am afraid we are off my father's preserves, too. It is well the deputy-sheriffs are not abroad, or we might find ourselves decorated with iron bracelets before night."

"But what did you do it for?"

"Well, I can't tell. It's in the blood, I guess. The moment I saw the track and caught the wild smell, I forgot all about the poachers, and started on the scent like a hound."

The two boys stood for some minutes looking at the dead animal, not with savage exultation, but with a dull regret. The blood which was gushing from the wound in the breast froze in a solid lump the very moment it touched the snow, although the cold had greatly moderated since the morning.

"I suppose we 'll have to skin the fellow," remarked Ralph, lugubriously; "it won't do to leave that fine carcass for the wolves to celebrate Christmas with."

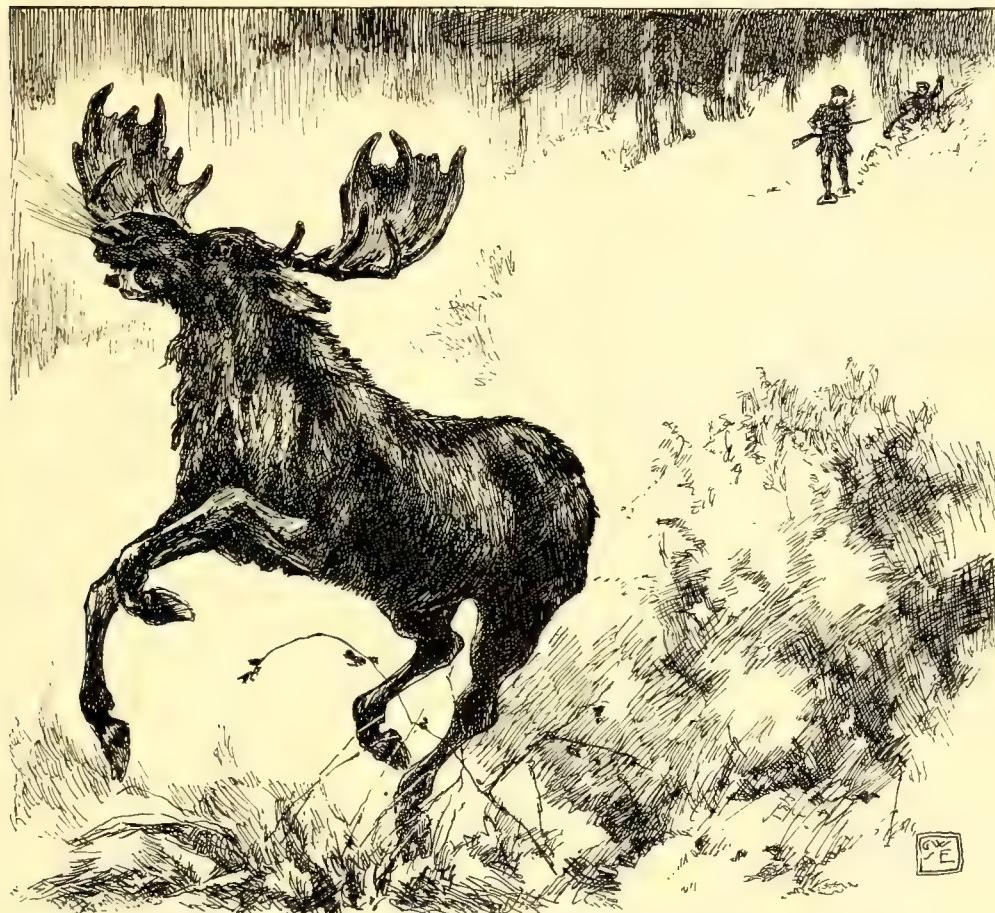
"All right," Albert answered, "I am not much of a hand at skinning, but I 'll do the best I can."

They fell to work rather reluctantly at the unwonted task, but had not proceeded far, when they

that 'll curdle the marrow of your bones with horror."

"Thanks," replied the admirer of Midshipman Easy, striking a reckless naval attitude. "The marrow of my bones is not so easily curdled. I 've been on a whaling voyage, which is more than you have."

Ralph was about to vindicate his dignity by re-



"THE BEAST PLUNGED FORWARD AND ROLLED ON ITS SIDE IN THE SNOW."

perceived that they had a full day's job before them.

"I 've no talent for the butcher's trade," Ralph exclaimed in disgust, dropping his knife into the snow. "There 's no help for it, Biceps, we 'll have to bury the carcass, pile some logs on the top of it, and send a horse to drag it home to-morrow. If it were not Christmas Eve to-night we might take a couple of men along and shoot a dozen wolves or more. For there is sure to be pandemonium here before long, and a concert in G-flat

ferring to his own valiant exploits, when suddenly his keen eyes detected a slight motion in the underbrush on the slope below.

"Biceps," he said, with forced composure, "those poachers are tracking us."

"What do you mean?" asked Albert, in vague alarm.

"Do you see the top of that young birch waving?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Wait and see. It 's no good trying to escape.

They can easily overtake us. The snow is the worst tell-tale under the sun."

"But why should we wish to escape? I thought we were going to catch them."

"So we were; but that was before we turned poachers ourselves. Now those fellows will turn the tables on us—take us to the sheriff and collect half the fine, which is fifty dollars, as informers."

"Je-rusalem!" cried Biceps, "is n't it a beautiful scrape we've put ourselves into?"

"Rather," responded his friend, coolly.

"But why meekly allow ourselves to be captured? Why not defend ourselves?"

"My dear Biceps, you don't know what you are talking about. Those fellows don't mind putting a bullet into you, if you run. Now, I'd rather pay fifty dollars any day, than to shoot a man even in self-defense."

"But they have killed elk, too. We heard them shoot twice. Suppose we play the same game on them that they intend to play on us. We can play informers, too. Then we'll at least be quits."

"Biceps, you are a brick! That's a capital idea! Then let us start for the sheriff's; and if we get there first, we'll inform both on ourselves and on them. That'll cancel the fine. Quick, now!"

No persuasions were needed to make Albert bestir himself. He leaped toward his skees, and following his friend, who was a few rods ahead of him, started down the slope in a zigzag line, cautiously steering his way among the tree trunks. The boys had taken their departure none too soon; for they were scarcely five hundred yards down the declivity, when they heard behind them loud exclamations and oaths. Evidently the poachers had stopped to roll some logs (which were lying close by) over the carcass, probably meaning to appropriate it; and this gave the boys an advantage of which they were in great need. After a few moments they espied an open clearing, which sloped steeply down toward the river. Toward this Ralph had been directing his course; for although it was a venturesome undertaking to slide down so steep and rugged a hill, he was determined rather to break his neck than lower his pride, or become the laughing-stock of the parish.

One more tack through alder copse and juniper jungle,—hard indeed, and terribly vexatious,—and he saw with delight the great open slope, covered with an unbroken surface of glittering snow. The sun (which at midwinter is but a few hours above the horizon) had set; and the stars were flashing forth with dazzling brilliancy. Ralph stopped, as he reached the clearing, to give Biceps an opportunity to overtake him; for Biceps, like

all marine animals, moved with less dexterity on the dry land.

"Ralph," he whispered breathlessly, as he pushed himself up to his companion with a vigorous thrust of his skee-staff, "there are two awful chaps close behind us. I distinctly heard them speak."

"Fiddlesticks," said Ralph; "now let us see what you are made of! Don't take my track, or you may impale me like a roast on a spit. Now, ready!—one, two, three!"

"Hold on there, or I shoot," yelled a hoarse voice from out of the underbrush; but it was too late; for at the same instant the two boys slid out over the steep slope, and, wrapped in a whirl of loose snow, were scudding at a dizzying speed down the precipitous hillside. Thump, thump, thump, they went, where hidden wood-piles or fences obstructed their path, and out they shot into space, but each time came down firmly on their feet, and dashed ahead with undiminished ardor. Their calves ached, the cold air whistled in their ears, and their eyelids became stiff and their sight half obscured with the hoar-frost that fringed their lashes. But downward they sped, keeping their balance with wonderful skill, until they reached the gentler slope which formed the banks of the great river. Then for the first time Ralph had an opportunity to look behind him, and he saw two moving whirls of snow darting downward, not far from his own track. His heart beat in his throat; for those fellows had both endurance and skill, and he feared that he was no match for them. But suddenly—he could have yelled with delight—the foremost figure leaped into the air, turned a tremendous somersault, and, coming down on his head, broke through the crust of the snow and vanished, while the skees started on an independent journey down the hillside. He had struck an exposed fence-rail which, abruptly checking his speed, had sent him flying like a rocket.

The other poacher had barely time to change his course, so as to avoid the snag; but he was unable to stop and render assistance to his fallen comrade. The boys, just as they were shooting out upon the ice, saw by his motions that he was hesitating whether or not he should give up the chase. He used his staff as a brake, for a few moments, so as to retard his speed; but discovering, perhaps by the brightening starlight, that his adversaries were not full-grown men, he took courage, started forward again, and tried to make up the ground he had lost. If he could but reach the sheriff's house before the boys did, he could have them arrested and collect the informer's fee, instead of being himself arrested and fined as a poacher. It was a prize worth racing for! And, moreover,

there were two elks, worth twenty-five dollars apiece, buried in the snow under logs. These also would belong to the victor! The poacher dashed ahead, straining every nerve, and reached safely the foot of the steep declivity. The boys were now but a few hundred rods ahead of him.

"Hold on, there," he yelled again, "or I shoot!"

He was not within range, but he thought he could frighten the youngsters into abandoning the race. The sheriff's house was but a short distance up the river. Its tall, black chimneys could be seen looming up against the starlit sky. There was no slope now to accelerate their speed. They had to peg away for dear life, pushing themselves forward with their skeestaves, laboring like plow-horses, panting, snorting, perspiring. Ralph turned his head once more. The poacher was gaining upon them; there could be no doubt of it. He was within the range of Ralph's rifle; and a sturdy fellow he was, who seemed good for a couple of miles yet. Should Ralph send a bullet over his head to frighten him? No; that might give the poacher an excuse for sending back a bullet with a less innocent purpose. Poor Biceps, he was panting and puffing in his heavy wraps like a small steamboat! He did not once open his mouth to speak; but, exerting his vaunted muscle to the utmost, kept abreast of his friend, and sometimes pushed a pace or two ahead of him. But it cost him a mighty effort! And yet the poacher was gaining upon them! They could see the long broadside of windows in the sheriff's



"WRAPPED IN A WHIRL OF LOOSE SNOW, THEY WERE SCUDDING AT A DIZZYING SPEED DOWN THE PRECIPITOUS HILLSIDE."

mansion, ablaze with Christmas candles. They came nearer and nearer! The church-bells up on the bend were ringing in the festival. Five minutes more and they would be at their goal. Five minutes more! Surely they had left strength enough for that small space of time. So had the poacher, probably! The question was, which had the most. Then, with a short, sharp resonance, followed by a long reverberation, a shot rang out and a bullet whizzed past Ralph's ear. It was the poacher who had broken the peace. Ralph, his blood boiling with wrath, came to a sudden stop, flung his rifle to his cheek and cried, "Drop that gun!"

The poacher, bearing down with all his might on the skee-staff, checked his speed. In the mean while Albert hurried on, seeing that the issue of the race depended upon him.

"Don't force me to hurt ye!" shouted the poacher, threateningly, to Ralph, taking aim once more.

"You can't," Ralph shouted back. "You have n't another shot."

At that instant sounds of sleigh-bells and voices were heard, and half a dozen people, startled by the shot, were seen rushing out from the sheriff's mansion. Among them were Mr. Bjornerud himself, the sheriff, with one of his deputies.

"In the name of the Law, I command you to cease," he cried, when he saw down on the ice the two figures in menacing attitudes. But before he could say another word, some one fell prostrate in the road before him, gasping:

"We have shot an elk; so has that man down on the ice. We give ourselves up."

Mr. Bjornerud, making no answer, leaped over the prostrate figure, and, followed by the deputy, dashed down upon the ice.

"In the name of the Law!" he shouted again, and both rifles were reluctantly lowered.

"I have shot an elk," cried Ralph, eagerly, "and this man is a poacher. We heard him shoot."

"I have killed an elk," screamed the poacher, in the same moment, "and so has this fellow."

The sheriff was too astonished to speak. Never before, in his experience, had poachers raced for dear life to give themselves into custody. He feared that they were making sport of him; in that case, however, he resolved to make them suffer for their audacity.

"You are my prisoners," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "Take them to the lock-up, Olsen, and handcuff them securely," he added, turning to his deputy.

There were now a dozen men—most of them guests and attendants of the sheriff's household—

standing in a ring about Ralph and the poacher. Albert, too, had scrambled to his feet and had joined his comrade.

"Will you permit me, Mr. Sheriff," said Ralph, making the officer his politest bow, "to send a message to my father, who is probably anxious about us?"

"And who is your father, young man?" asked the sheriff, not unkindly; "I should think you were doing him an ill-turn in taking to poaching at your early age."

"My father is Mr. Hoyer, of Solheim," said the boy, not without some pride in the announcement.

"What—you rascal, you! Are you trying to play pranks on an old man?" cried the officer of the law, grasping Ralph cordially by the hand. "You've grown to be quite a man, since I saw you last. Pardon me for not recognizing the son of an old neighbor."

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Biceps—I mean, Mr. Albert Grimlund."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Biceps Albert; and now you both must come and eat the Christmas porridge with us. I'll send a messenger to Mr. Hoyer without delay."

The sheriff, in a jolly mood, and happy to have added to the number of his Christmas guests, took each of the two young men by the arm, as if he were going to arrest them, and conducted them through the spacious front hall into a large cosy room, where, having divested themselves of their wraps, they told the story of their adventure.

"But, my dear sir," Mr. Bjornerud exclaimed, "I don't see how you managed to go beyond your father's preserves. You know he bought of me the whole forest tract, adjoining his own on the south, about three months ago. So you were perfectly within your rights; for your father has n't killed an elk on his land for ten years."

"If that is the case, Mr. Sheriff," said Ralph, "I must beg of you to release the poor fellow who chased us. I don't wish any informer's fee, nor have I any desire to get him into trouble."

"I am sorry to say I can't accommodate you," Bjornerud replied. "This man is a notorious poacher and trespasser, whom my deputies have long been tracking in vain. Now I have him, I shall keep him. There's no elk safe in Odalen so long as that rascal is at large."

"That may be; but I shall then turn my informer's fee over to him, which will reduce his fine from fifty dollars to twenty-five dollars."

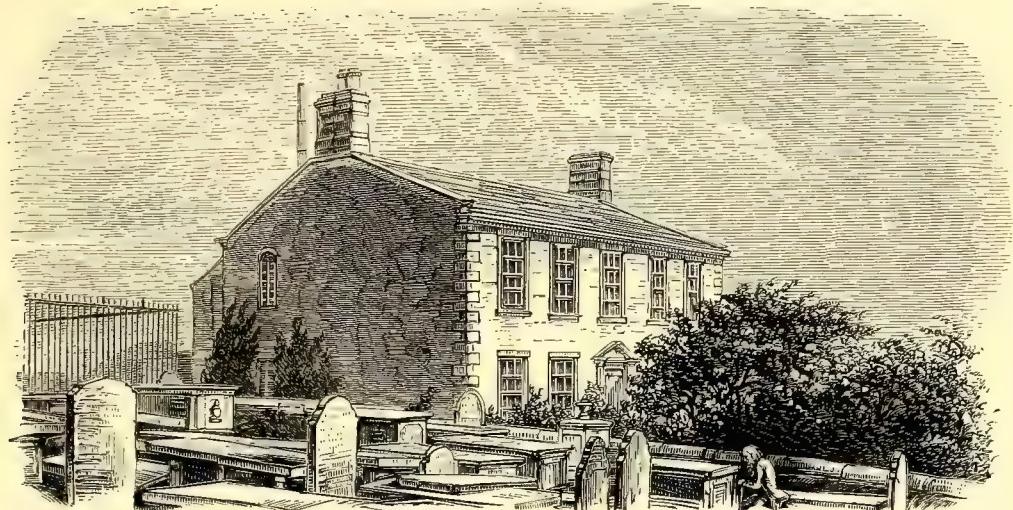
"To encourage him to continue poaching?"

"Well, I confess I have a little more sympathy with poachers, since we came so near being poachers ourselves. It was only an accident that saved us!"

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

(*A Little Rhymed Story.*)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



THE wind was blowing over the moors,
And the sun shone bright upon heather and
whin,
On the grave-stones hoary and gray with age
Which stand about Haworth vicarage,
And it streamed through a window in.

There, by herself, in a lonely room —
A lonely room which once held three —
Sat a woman at work with a busy pen,
'T was the woman all England praised just then.
But what for its praise cared she?

Fame cannot dazzle or flattery charm
One who goes lonely day by day
On the lonely moors, where the plovers cry,
And the sobbing wind as it hurries by
Has no comforting word to say.

So, famous and lonely and sad she sat,
And steadily wrote the morning through;
Then, at stroke of twelve, laid her task aside
And out to the kitchen swiftly hied.
Now what was she going to do?

Ah, genius burns like a blazing star,
And Fame has an honeyed urn to fill;
But the good deed done for love, not fame,
Like the water-cup in the Master's name,
Is something more precious still.

Why, Tabby, the servant, was "past her work,"
And her eyes had failed as her strength ran low,
And the toils, once easy, had one by one
Become too hard, or were left half-done
By the aged hands and slow.

So, every day, without saying a word,
Her famous mistress laid down the pen,
Re-kneaded the bread, or silently stole
The potatoes away in their wooden bowl,
And pared them all over again.

She did not say, as she might have done,
"The less to the larger must give way,
These things are little, while I am great;
And the world will not always stand and wait
For the words that I have to say."

No; the clever fingers that wrought so well,
And the eyes that could pierce to the heart's
intent,
She lent to the humble task and small;
Nor counted the time as lost at all,
So Tabby were but content!



LA GRANDE FRANÇOISE

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.

VISIT Havre and ask where,
In her ship-yards on the Seine,
Lay the vessel, great and fair,
That King Francis builded there,
As the triumph of his reign.

Full three centuries have fled
Since "La Grande Françoise" was framed.
Far and wide the wonder spread;
Paynim foes were filled with dread
Where in whispers she was named.

Day and night the hammer's stroke
Like a roll of war-drums sped;
From the caverned walls of oak
Tongues of ringing metal spoke,
Telling news of timbers wed.

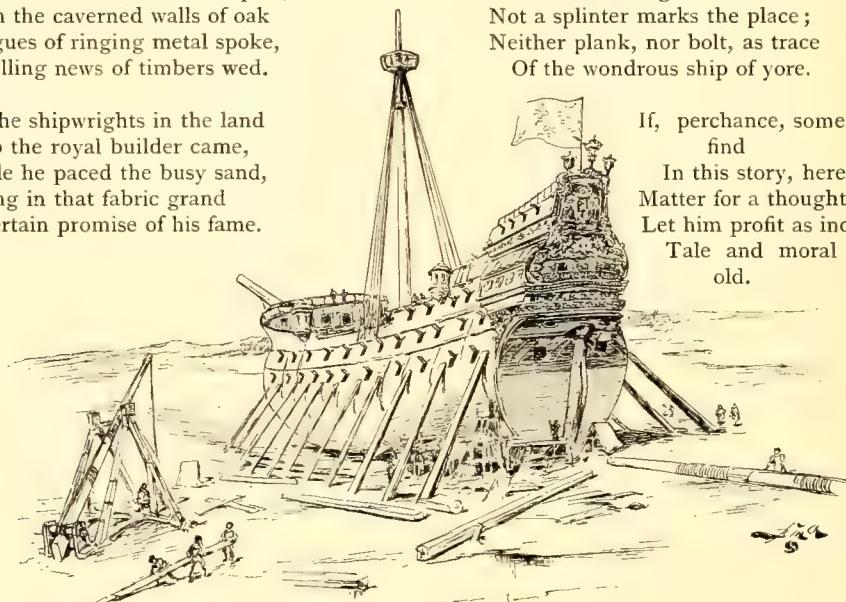
All the shipwrights in the land
To the royal builder came,
While he paced the busy sand,
Seeing in that fabric grand
Certain promise of his fame.

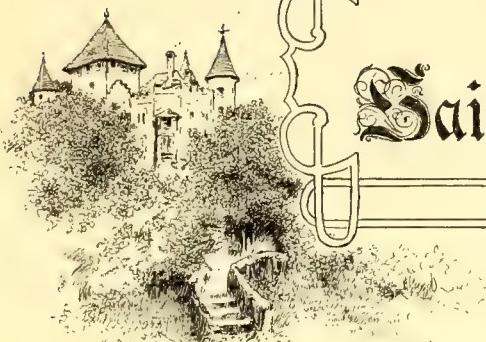
Six broad fathoms in its girth
Rose the tall, majestic mast:
Past all reckoning its worth;
Never yet upon the earth
Grew another spar so vast.

Let who will the king deride:
Lo! his war-ship, good and staunch,
Utterly refused to glide
Into the expectant tide;
Proving more than he could launch.

Gone are all her strength and grace.
On the teeming river shore
Not a splinter marks the place;
Neither plank, nor bolt, as trace
Of the wondrous ship of yore.

If, perchance, some one may
find
In this story, here retold,
Matter for a thoughtful mind,
Let him profit as inclined—
Tale and moral both are
old.





Little Saint Elizabeth

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

SHE had not been brought up in America at all. She had been born in France, in a beautiful château, and she had been born heiress to a great fortune; but nevertheless, just now, she felt as if she was very poor indeed. And yet, her home was in one of the most splendid houses in New York. She had a lovely suite of apartments of her own, though she was only eleven years old. She had her own carriage, and a saddle-horse, a train of teachers and attendants, and was regarded by all the children of the neighborhood as a sort of grand and mysterious little princess, whose incomings and outgoings were to be watched with the greatest interest.

"There she is!" they would cry, flying to their windows to look at her. "She is going out in her carriage. She is dressed all in black velvet and splendid furs! That is her own, own carriage. She has so much money that she can have anything she wants—Jane says so. She is very pretty, too; but she is so pale, and has such big, sorrowful, black eyes. I should not be sorrowful if I were in her place; but Jane says the servants say she is always quiet and looks sad."

She rarely turned her large, dark eyes to look at other children with any curiosity. She had not been accustomed to the society of children. She had never had a child companion in her life, and these little Americans who were so very rosy and gay, who went out to walk or to drive with groups of brothers and sisters, and even ran in the street laughing and playing and squabbling healthily—these children amazed her.

Poor little Saint Elizabeth! She had not lived

a very natural or healthful life herself, and she knew absolutely nothing of real, childish pleasures. You see, it had occurred in this way. When she was a baby of two years, her young father and mother both died, within a week, of a terrible fever, and the only near relatives the little one had were her Aunt Clotilde and her Uncle Bertrand. Her Aunt Clotilde lived in Normandy, her Uncle Bertrand in New York. As these two were her only guardians, and as Bertrand de Rochemont was a bachelor, fond of pleasure, and knowing nothing of children, it was natural that he should be quite willing that his elder sister should undertake the rearing and education of the child.

There was a very great difference between these two people. The gray-stone château in Normandy and the brown-stone mansion in New York were not nearly so unlike as the lives they sheltered. And yet it was said that, in her early youth, Mademoiselle de Rochemont had been as gay and as fond of pleasure as either of her brothers. But then, when her life was at its brightest and gayest,—when she was a beautiful and brilliant young woman,—she had had a great and bitter sorrow which had changed her forever. From that time she had seldom left the house in which she had been born, and had lived almost the life of a recluse. At first she had had her parents to take care of, but when they died she had been left entirely alone in the great château, devoting herself to the life she had resolved upon and to works of charity among the villagers and country people.

"Ah, she is good, she is a saint, is Mademoiselle," the poor people always said when speaking of her; but they also always looked a little awestricken when she appeared, and were never very sorry when she left them.

She was a tall woman, with a pale, rigid, hand-

some face which never smiled. She was just, but cold and exacting. She wore always a straight gown of black serge, with broad linen bands. Her favorite reading was religious works and legends of the saints and martyrs: she strove to do only good deeds; and adjoining her private apartments was a little stone chapel.

The little curé of the village, who was plump and comfortable, and who had the kindest heart and the most cheerful soul in the world, used at times to remonstrate gently with her—always in a roundabout way, however, never quite as if he were referring directly to herself.

"One must not let one's self become the stone image of goodness," he once said. "Since one is really of flesh and blood, that is not best. No, no; it is not best."

But Mademoiselle de Rochemont never seemed mere flesh and blood, exactly; she was more like a marble saint who had stepped from her pedestal to walk upon the earth.

And she did not change even when the baby Elizabeth was brought to her. She attended strictly to the child's comfort, and tried to do her duty by her; but it can scarcely be said that her manner was any softer, or that she smiled more. For a week or two Elizabeth used to be frightened by the sight of the black dress and the rigid, handsome face, but in time she became accustomed to them; and through living in an atmosphere so silent and without brightness, a few months changed her from a laughing, romping baby into a pale, quiet child, who rarely made any childish noise at all.

In a demure way she became fond of her aunt. She saw few persons besides the servants, who were all trained to quietness also. She was a sensitive, imaginative child, and the solemn stories she heard filled all her mind and made up her little life. She longed to be a saint herself, and spent hours in wandering in the terraced rose-gardens, wondering if such a thing were possible in modern days, and what she must do to succeed in her desire. Her chief sorrow was that she knew herself to be very weak and very timid—so timid that she often suffered when people did not suspect it; and she was afraid that she was not brave enough to be a martyr. Her little dress—cut straight, and very narrow—was made of white woolen stuff, and gathered to a blue band at the waist.

She was a very sweet and gentle child, and her pure little pale face and large dark eyes had a lovely, dreamy look. When she was old enough to visit the poor with her Aunt Clotilde—and she was hardly seven years old when she began—the villagers did not stand in awe of her, but began to love her, almost to reverence her, as if she had

been indeed a little saint. The little ones delighted to look at her, to draw near her sometimes, and to curiously touch her soft white and blue robe. And when they did so, she always returned their looks with a tender, sympathetic smile, and spoke to them in so gentle a voice that they were very fond of her. They used to talk her over, and tell stories about her when they were playing together afterwards.

So, in this secluded world in the gray old stone château,—with no companion but her aunt, with no occupation but her studies and her charities,—thinking of little else than martyrs, saints, and religious exercises, Elizabeth lived until she was eleven years old. Then a great grief came to her. One morning Mademoiselle de Rochemont did not leave her room at the regular hour. As she never broke the fixed rules she had made for herself and her household, this occasioned great anxiety. Her old maid-servant waited half an hour,—an hour; and then went to the door and took the liberty of listening to ascertain whether her mistress was moving about the room. There was no sound. Old Alice returned looking agitated. "Would Mademoiselle Elizabeth mind entering to see if all were well? Perhaps Mademoiselle, her aunt, might be in the chapel." Elizabeth went. Her aunt was not in her room. Then she must be in the chapel. The child entered the beautiful little place. The morning sun was streaming in through the stained-glass window, a broad ray of mingled brilliant colors slanted to the stone floor and touched with warm hues a dark figure lying there. It was Aunt Clotilde, who had sunk forward while kneeling, and had died in the night.

That was what the doctors said when they were sent for. She had died apparently without any pain or knowledge of the change coming to her. Her face was serene and beautiful, and the rigid look had melted away and had been replaced by one of perfect rest.

In less than two months from that time Elizabeth was living in the home of her Uncle Bertrand, in New York. He had come to Normandy for her, himself, and had taken her back with him across the Atlantic. She was richer than ever now, as a great part of her Aunt Clotilde's money had been left to her, and Uncle Bertrand was her guardian. He was handsome, elegant, and clever; but having lived long in America, and being fond of American life, he did not appear very much like a Frenchman—at least, he did not seem like the men Elizabeth had known, for she had seen only the curé and the doctor of the village. Secretly, he was hardly pleased at the prospect of taking care of a little girl; but family pride, and the fact that such

a very young girl, who was also such a very great heiress, *must* be taken care of, decided him. But when he first saw Elizabeth he could not restrain an exclamation of surprise.

She entered the room, when she was sent for, clad in her strange little robe of black serge.

"But, my dear child—" exclaimed Uncle Bertrand, aghast, staring at her slender figure in its severe dress.

He managed to recover himself very quickly, and was in his way very kind to her; but the first thing he did was to send to Paris for a maid and more conventional clothing.

She felt as if she were living in a dream when all the old life was left behind, and she found herself in the big, luxurious house in the gay New York street. Nothing that could be done for her comfort had been left undone.

But, secretly, she felt bewildered and ill at ease; everything was so new, so strange, so noisy, and so brilliant. The dress she wore made her feel unlike herself; the books they gave her were full of pictures and stories of things of which she knew nothing; her carriage was brought to the door and she went out with her governess, driving round and round the park with scores of other people who looked at her curiously, she did not know why. The truth was that her refined little face was very beautiful indeed, and her soft dark eyes still wore the dreamy, spiritual look which made her unlike the rest of the world.

"She looks like a little princess," she heard her uncle say one day. "She will some day be a beautiful, a lovely woman. Her mother was so, when she died at twenty; but she had been brought up differently. This one is a little saint. I am half afraid of her." He said this with a little laughter to some of his friends to whom he had presented the child. He did not know that his easy, pleasure-loving life made her uneasy. He gave brilliant parties; he had no pensioners; he seemed to think of little but pleasure. Poor little Saint Elizabeth had many an anxious thought of him in the quiet hours when he was fast asleep after a grand dinner or supper party.

He never dreamed that there was no one of whom she stood in such dread: her timidity increased tenfold in his presence. When he sent for her, and she went into the library to find him sitting luxuriously in an arm-chair, an open novel on his knee, a cigar in his white hand, a light smile on his handsome mouth, she could hardly answer his questions and could never find courage to tell him what she so earnestly desired to say. She had soon found out that Aunt Clotilde and the curé, and the life they had led, did not specially interest him. It seemed to her that he

did not understand them: How could she tell him that she wished to spend all her money giving alms to the poor? That was what she wished to tell him—that she desired money to send back to the village; that she needed it to give to the poor people she saw in the streets, to those who lived in the miserable places.

But when she found herself face to face with him, and he seemed to find her only amusing, all her courage failed her. Sometimes she thought she would even beg him to send her back to Normandy, to let her live alone in the château, as her Aunt Clotilde had done.

One morning, when she dressed, little Elizabeth put on the quaint black serge robe, because she felt more at home in it, and her heart was full of determination. The night before, she had received a letter from the curé, and it had contained sad news. A fever had broken out in her beloved village, the vines had done badly, there was sickness among the cattle; there was already suffering, and if something were not done for the people they would not know how to face the winter. In the time of Mademoiselle de Rochemont they had always been made comfortable and happy at Christmas. What was to be done? The curé ventured to write to Mademoiselle Elizabeth.

The poor child had scarcely slept. Her dear village! Her dear people! The children would be hungry, the cows would die, there would be no fires to warm the aged.

"I must go to Uncle," she said, pale and trembling. "I must ask him to give me money. I am afraid, but it is my duty. Saint Elizabeth was ready to endure anything that she might do her duty and help the poor."

Because she had been called Elizabeth, she had thought and read very often about the Saint whose namesake she was—Saint Elizabeth, whose husband was so cruel to her and who sought to discourage her good deeds. And oftenest she had read the legend which told how one day, as Elizabeth went out with a basket of food to give to the poor and hungry, she had met her husband, who fiercely demanded that she should tell him what she was carrying; and when she was frightened and in her terror replied "Roses," and he tore the cover from the basket to see if she spoke the truth, a miracle had been performed, and the basket was filled with roses, so that she was saved from her husband's anger and knew also that she had been forgiven. To little Elizabeth this legend had seemed quite real, and to her it proved that if one were but doing good, there would be nothing to fear. Since she had been in her new home she had, half consciously, compared her uncle Bertrand to the wicked Landgrave, though she was too sensi-

ble and too just to think for a moment that he was really as cruel as was Saint Elizabeth's husband; only, she thought he did not care for the poor, and lived only to enjoy the pleasures of the world; and surely that was selfish and wrong.

She listened anxiously to hear when her uncle Bertrand should leave his room. He always rose late, and this morning he was later than usual, as he had had a dinner-party the night before.

It was nearly noon before she heard his door open. Then she went quickly to the staircase; her heart was beating so fast that she put her little hand to her side and waited a moment to regain her breath. She felt quite cold.

"Perhaps I must wait until he has eaten his breakfast," she said. "Perhaps I must not disturb him yet. It would perhaps make him displeased. I will wait — yes, for a little while."

She did not return to her room, but waited upon the stairs. It seemed to be a long time. It happened that a friend breakfasted with him. She heard a gentleman come in and recognized his voice, which she had heard before. She did not know what the gentleman's name was, but she had met him going in and out with her uncle once or twice, and had thought he had a kind face and kind eyes. He had looked at her in an interested way when he spoke to her, even as if he were a little curious about her, and she had wondered why he did so.

When the door of the breakfast-room opened and shut as the servants went in and out, she could hear the two laughing and talking. They seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. Once she heard an order given for the mailphaeton — they were evidently going to drive as soon as the meal was over.

At last the door opened and they were coming out. Elizabeth ran down the stairs and stood in a small reception-room; her heart began to beat faster than ever.

"Uncle Bertrand," she said as he approached, and she scarcely knew her own faint voice, "Uncle Bertrand — —"

He turned, and seeing her, started, with rather an impatient exclamation; evidently he was at once amazed and displeased to see her. He was in a hurry to go out, and the sight of her odd little figure standing in its straight, black robe between the portières — the slender hands clasped on the breast, the small, pale face and great dark eyes uplifted — was certainly a surprise to him.

"Elizabeth," he said, "what is it you wish? Why do you come downstairs. And that impossible dress — why do you wear it again? It is not suitable!"

"Uncle Bertrand," said the child, clasping her hands still more tightly, her eyes growing larger in her excitement and fear of his displeasure; "It is that I want money — a great deal. I beg your pardon if I disturb you. It is for the poor. Moreover, the curé has written, 'The people of the village are ill; the vineyards did not yield well.' They must have money — I must send them some."

Uncle Bertrand shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"That is the message of Monsieur le Curé, is it?" he said. "He wants money! My dear Elizabeth, I must inquire further. You have a fortune, but still I must not permit you to throw it away. You are a child and you do not yet understand."

"But," cried Elizabeth, trembling with agitation, "they are so poor when one does not help them — their vineyards are so little. And if the year is bad they must starve. Aunt Clotilde gave to them every year — even in the good years. She always said they must be cared for like children."

"That was your aunt Clotilde's good heart," replied her uncle. "I must know more of this. I have no time at present — I am going out of town. In a few days I will reflect upon it. Tell your maid to give that old garment away. Go out to drive; amuse yourself — you need fresh air. You are too pale."

Elizabeth looked at his handsome, kindly face in utter helplessness. This seemed a matter of life and death to her; to him it was a child's fancy.

"But it is winter," she panted, breathlessly, "there is snow. Soon it will be Christmas and they will have nothing! Nothing for the poorest ones! And the children — —"

"It shall be thought of later," said Uncle Bertrand. "I am too busy now. Be reasonable, my child, and run away. You are detaining me — I can do nothing now."

He left her with a slight, impatient shrug of the shoulders, and even with an amused smile on his lips.

Elizabeth shrank back into the shadow of the portières. Great, burning tears filled her eyes and slipped down her cheeks.

"He does not understand," she said. "He does not know. And I can do no one good — no one." And she covered her face with her hands and stood sobbing, all alone.

When she returned to her room she was so pale that her maid looked at her anxiously and spoke of it afterward to the other servants. They were all fond of Mademoiselle Elizabeth. She was so kind and gentle to everybody.



ON ERRANDS FOR SANTA CLAUS.



THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE FEDERAL POWER.

IT was taken for granted, in our preliminary remarks last month, that the reader is more or less familiar with the outline of the Government as it is described in the language of the Constitution. Let us bring that "literary theory" to the light, and detect beneath the surface of its simple words a trace or two of hidden meaning.

The United States of America is somewhat of a League and somewhat of a Nation. It is a League, or Confederation, to the extent that it is a union of sovereign States; it is a Nation to the extent that it is a union of the people who compose those States. Strictly speaking, its power is partly federal and partly national; federal, so far as it recognizes and deals with the States, in their sovereign capacity as States; national, so far as it recognizes and deals with the people, as individuals or citizens of the United States. In a wider and more general sense, however, we speak of it as federal, because it is based upon a compact or agreement; that compact is the Constitution. By the Federal Power, therefore, we mean the authority granted by the Constitution to the United States—in other words, we mean the Government of the Union.

The Federal Power was established for a special purpose—to exercise a general care or guardianship over the rights and interests of the people and the States. Its creation did not destroy the independence or authority of the States. The Federal Government was made supreme and indestructible, but its authority was limited to certain objects;

the States, though shorn of certain powers, remained sovereign and indestructible, and independent in their own sphere of action.

The government of each State concerns itself, chiefly, with those affairs which touch the interests of its citizens in the ordinary transactions and course of life. With these local or private affairs of the State the Federal Power has nothing to do. Its province is to preserve harmony between the States, and ensure the equal rights of all citizens of the United States; to protect the States from invasion or domestic harm, and defend every person from injustice or tyranny on the part of any State; to shield both States and people from foreign violence or injury, and promote their general welfare at home and abroad. The authority of a State stops at its own boundaries; the power of the United States stretches over continents and seas.

The Federal Power, then, alone has charge of all our interests abroad. This branch of its work, covering as it does our commercial and general intercourse with foreign lands, seems clear. The other branch, that which concerns us at home,—its domestic relations with the people and with the States,—is yet more important, and, in some regards, uncertain and obscure.

We have already stated the broad design and province of the Government. On that subject we are not without a guide. The Constitution declares, in its opening words, the purposes for which the Government was established; and the Tenth Amendment expressly limits the powers of the United States to those granted to it by the Constitution. Hence, from all the provisions of the Constitution, taken together, we should be

able to gather a fair idea of the scope of the Government's authority.

But if we run over those provisions, one by one, we shall find that its powers are stated in general terms. The Constitution points out little more than the general intent; it leaves much unsaid, and much to be inferred. When we speak of the "express" powers of the Government we mean those which are conferred in so many plain and direct words. But its powers are not only those which are expressly granted. The Tenth Amendment took special care to avoid that term. It refers to the powers of the government as those "delegated" by the Constitution,—not "expressly delegated,"—and thus left the exact extent of those powers still open to dispute. When we see the Government engaged in any class of work, we have a right to demand that it shall show its authority under the Constitution. But we need not expect it to point to some express provision as directly answering our question. It may be doing the work under its incidental or implied powers—that is, those which "go without saying," those which may be inferred from the language of the Constitution. It may be doing the work under its auxiliary powers—that is, those covered by the sweeping provision authorizing it to adopt all necessary and proper means to carry out its other powers. Or it may be doing the work under what are styled its resulting powers—that is, powers which cannot be directly traced to any express provision, as incidental, auxiliary, or implied, but which may be inferred from the general intent of the entire Constitution; in other words, which result or flow from the sum total of its powers. Let us take a few illustrations.

The Constitution says that the Government shall have power to levy and collect taxes, to borrow money, to regulate commerce, to declare war, and so on. These are express powers, and when we hear of the Government taxing, borrowing, declaring war, or doing certain other plain acts, we know where it claims its authority. And yet, as we shall soon see, these express provisions are not wholly free from doubt.

Again, in no part of the Constitution is power to suspend what is known as the writ of *habeas corpus** expressly conferred upon the Government. There is, however, a provision forbidding it to suspend the writ, unless required by public safety in cases of rebellion or invasion; and from this emphatic denial of power we infer that it has power to suspend the writ under certain circumstances—

* So called from the Latin words used in the ancient form of the writ, signifying "You may have the body." Its chief use is to set at liberty a person wrongfully imprisoned, by bringing him before the court where the legality of his imprisonment may be inquired into. It is the most celebrated writ in English history, and its arbitrary suspension in time of peace would be an act of high-handed despotism.

† The word "embargo" means a restraint on the sailing of ships either into or out of port, but limited as to time. The embargo of 1807 did not limit the duration of the restraint; hence the formidable nature of the act.

namely, in time of martial law and public peril. Accordingly, the Government has not hesitated to suspend it in emergency.

So, too, the Constitution does not, in so many words, empower the Government to carry on war. But it empowers it to declare war; and from that power, and its power to raise armies and provide a navy, and to employ the militia of the States in the service of the United States, we may clearly infer, even if there could be any question as to the meaning of the word "declare," that it has a general "war power" in the full sense of that term.

Again, in 1807, the Government ordered a general and unlimited embargo which locked up in our ports all ships or vessels bound to foreign shores. It was a startling and tremendous exercise of power. It reads like a warlike act; but it was not urged under the general war power. It was upheld by the judiciary on the ground that the Government had absolute authority to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States, and that its exercise of that authority could not be called into question, although its action in that instance tended to utterly destroy our foreign commerce. It might be very properly asked, in connection with this subject, whether the recent retaliation measures proposed against Canada were similarly inspired in a friendly way under the power to regulate commerce, or whether they sound of war. Either construction, apparently, could be maintained.

Take another case. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the United States consisted of thirteen States and a great tract of land known as the Northwest Territory, extending northward to the Great Lakes, and westward to the Mississippi River. In no part of the Constitution is power expressly granted to the United States to acquire new territory. Yet, in 1803, the United States purchased from France the vast region then styled Louisiana, spreading from the Gulf of Mexico to British America, and from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, out of which a number of our present States and Territories have since been carved. The right to make this purchase was seriously questioned; but the Supreme Court of the United States afterward declared that the Government has the right to add to the national domain, by conquest or by purchase, under its express and absolute powers to make war and to make treaties. Further on, in 1845, the Government annexed and admitted into the Union as a State the Republic of Texas; this was not done by

war or treaty, but the right to make the addition was claimed under the power to admit new States.

Take yet another case. In the late Civil War the Government was brought face to face with a dire crisis. Its treasury was bankrupt, its credit was exhausted, its troops were in the field fighting for its life. It needed means to carry on the war; those means could not be had without money. It did not have money, it could not borrow it; it therefore boldly made it — out of nothing. That is, it issued "greenbacks." In sheer desperation it put its stamp on paper, and solemnly declared that paper to be as good as gold.

In no part of the Constitution can express power be found to justify that action. After the war closed, the question was submitted to the Supreme Court. The Court held that the action of the Government was lawful, and this was its reasoning: The Constitution intended that the Government should endure for ages. It was expressly given the power to declare war and raise armies and provide a navy, and under its general war power it had a right to defend its life in any way that might be necessary; and, if paper money was necessary to that end, it had a right to issue it.

After the war, however, the Government continued to issue greenbacks. The war necessity had passed; the question was again laid before the Supreme Court, and this time the Court took a different tack and went further than it did before. It held that the Government has the right to make paper money not only in time of war but in time of peace, and it defended that right under various provisions and reasonings — under the express power to borrow money, and under other express provisions, under the auxiliary powers as proper means to carry out other powers, and under the *sum of all the powers* which clothed the Government with certain supreme "attributes of sovereignty" possessed and exercised by older Governments.

These acts are named merely as illustrations. They have gone into history; they have been passed upon by the highest court in our country; and those decisions stand, until reversed by future decisions or overcome by Constitutional Amendment, as the true meaning of the Constitution. They are not mentioned to arouse debate. It was paper money that helped to save the Union. The purchase of Louisiana was, in the light of events, a grand achievement. It was a "long reach" of statesmanship. For, by it, the Republic at one bound passed from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; and, having gone so far, it was inevitable that sooner or later it should leap the crest of the continent and plant its power on the shores of the Pacific. Under the right to extend our domain, whether by purchase, by conquest, or by annexa-

tion, we have attained the magnificent proportions, as a nation, which we present before the world to-day.

But we must not shut our eyes to the fact that we have done these and other things by liberal views as to the extent of the Federal Power. When one provision was evidently against us, we have fallen back upon another. We have made the plainest and most rigid terms of the Constitution stretch and bend (they have been even wrenched) to the dictates of national policy or to the necessities of the times. The provision of the Constitution in regard to the "territory" of the United States referred, almost beyond a doubt, to the North-west Territory; and its provision in regard to the admission of new States had in mind the creation of States either by dividing up some of the "thirteen" already in existence (with their consent) or the formation of new ones out of the Northwest Territory — not the admission of foreign States or the creation of States out of foreign territory. And we might produce still stronger proof as to the true intention of other provisions.

Two clauses of the Constitution are of special importance. The first is that which confers upon the Government the power to tax and raise revenue in order "to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." This provision, or the "general welfare" part of it, has been the subject of heated arguments from the beginning of the Government to the present day. Under this provision, the Government plainly has power to raise a revenue; but whether it can rightfully use its power to tax for other ends than those of revenue, and collect more money than it actually needs, and to what matters of general welfare it can apply the revenue so collected, are questions that have been brought before the people time and time again, and notably so in the campaign just ended.

The second clause of great consequence is that which authorizes Congress to make all laws which may be "necessary and proper" to carry out the other powers granted by the Constitution. As to what the Government may or may not do under this, its auxiliary power, there is no test beyond the discretion, or even the caprice, of Congress and the extreme limits of the Constitution itself; the courts refuse point-blank to interfere with the right of Congress to choose its own "means" so long as they tend toward proper ends.

To the work actually being done by the Government under these two clauses, the language itself furnishes only a bare clue. And as we have seen, nearly every provision can be made to stretch to objects little imagined by the casual reader of the Constitution. The powers exercised by the Gov-

ernment are greater than appear in words. This fact you should keep in mind.

All the way along our national career we find the people divided over the question of Federal authority—some favoring its liberal extension, others demanding that it be held carefully in check. The right of the Government to construct or aid “internal improvements”—such as the building of national roads, the opening of water-ways, and the improvement of navigable streams,—to charter national banks, and carry out other great measures, has been fought step by step; and for this reason the later amendments to the Constitution, to guard as far as possible against new doubts or conflicts, expressly confer upon the Government the power to enforce the provisions of such amendments. As there are people to-day who believe that the Government has far exceeded its true province, so there are others who believe it has not gone far enough.

It is suggested, for instance, that the Government should build ship-canals, and take charge of the railroads, of the telegraph, and of a variety of other great interests, and manage them for the common benefit of the people, and that, if it does not possess sufficient power under the Constitution as it stands, amendments should be adopted giving it more power.

It will surprise no one at all familiar with the subject to be told that the Government is doing things which, under the Constitution, it ought not to do; and, on the other hand, that it is not doing things which, under the Constitution, it ought to do. And those who blindly demand an increase of power would do well to first understand the power it actually wields to-day. That amendments will be adopted in the course of time cannot be doubted; for new conditions provoke new questions. But they are serious affairs. They should be made with caution. The person who would offer a change or addition to the Constitution to meet every trivial or passing topic of the day is not a safe adviser of the people.

Every American who is a citizen of one of the United States lives under two governments and owes a double allegiance. He owes allegiance to the government of the State wherein he lives, upon which he directly relies for protection in his rights of life, liberty, and property; and he owes allegiance to the Government of the United States, whose power he may invoke should his rights as a citizen of the Union be denied to him by a State, or should they be put in danger wherever he may roam. Each government works in a separate

sphere; yet there is a vague borderland of authority where the movements of the one seem to blend in the power of the other. He should understand the workings of these governments, and their exact relations to each other and to himself. He should understand not only the Constitution and Government of the Union, but the constitution and government of his State. With that knowledge he will realize how far his civil liberty may be affected or imperiled by any disturbance of their powers. Taking a just pride in both, but watchful of his own personal independence, he will not seek to impair their agencies for good nor will he rashly wish to add to their armor from any false notion of sovereign display or glory.

In studying the Constitution, the limitations upon power should be carefully observed. And in viewing the operations of the Federal Government we should not lose sight of the less pretentious but equally important operations of the State.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTMENTS OF ADMINISTRATION.

THE operations of the Federal Government include the actions of the three great branches into which its power is divided. But the methods employed by Congress and by the Judiciary are outside the purpose of our sketch. It is sufficient to say that the work of Congress (located at the City of Washington and consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives) is chiefly shown in the laws which it enacts, and which are spread upon the statute books, within easy reach of all. The work of the Judiciary (consisting of various courts, located some at Washington and others throughout the country) is chiefly shown in its interpretation and application of those laws in the settlement of controversies concerning private or public rights or private or public wrongs; and its leading decisions, so far as they involve principles or questions of interest to the public, are set forth in the various volumes of Court Reports, also within reach of all.

The work of the third great branch—the Executive—is shown in the actual administration of the laws. At the head of this branch stands the President of the United States (with headquarters at Washington), in whom alone the entire Executive Power of the Government is vested by the Constitution; and, acting under his general command, are the subordinate agents of administration* (many residing at Washington, but most of them dis-

* A special Committee of the Senate (without pretending to be entirely accurate) lately reported the number as 171,746—those figures including, of course, the Army and Navy as well as the civilians in Government employ. Allowing for fluctuation, it may be placed generally at 170,000 and upward.

persed in various parts of the United States and various foreign sections of the earth) — in round numbers, not far from 175,000 strong. Upon this branch rests the duty of carrying into effect the thousands of laws, in all their variety and intricacies, which Congress for one hundred years has been industriously enacting, presumably in strict performance of its own duty and in the interest of the people and the States. A knowledge of that work involves a knowledge of the laws and the methods whereby those laws are carried out by the agents of administration — the daily practical movements of the Government itself.

The great mass of work thus imposed upon the Executive Power of the Government — embracing so many distinct subjects, and requiring so many thousands of agents to perform — must be arranged and treated in an orderly and systematic manner. To expect the President to give it his close personal attention and directly superintend the doings of each agent, would be absurd. The magnitude and diversity of the work demand its separation into parts, and the general supervision or management of each part must be intrusted to a separate officer. On this business basis, and in accordance with the design of the Constitution, Congress has divided the work among seven executive departments, each in charge of a general officer or "head of department," known, respectively, as the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior; and the work of each department is still further subdivided and distributed among "bureaus" and "divisions" and minor "offices," in charge of lesser heads or chiefs, designated as "commissioners," "superintendents," "directors," and by various other general or special titles.

An Executive Department, then, properly means one of the grand divisions of Government work boldly marked out or suggested by the express provisions of the Constitution. These grand divisions readily arrange themselves. The sovereign relations of the Republic with foreign powers, and its official intercourse with the Governments of the States at home may be regarded as one distinct grand division; accordingly, we have the Department of State. The coinage, currency, revenue, and general fiscal affairs suggest another great branch of work; hence, we have the Department of the Treasury. The mention of armies suggests work that in time of trouble is likely to tax the energy of a separate division; thus, we very appropriately have a Department of War. The prosecution of offenses against the United States, and other judicial matters wherein the interests of the

Republic are concerned constitute a general division, represented by the Department of Justice. The postal service, as one of the most intricate and important branches of Government work, certainly forms another grand division; therefore, we have the Post-Office Department. Maritime protection, like the military or land defense, forms a separate division; and thus we have the Department of the Navy. The various matters of domestic concern, not covered in these other Departments, but contemplated by the Constitution, such as the census, public lands, patents, and "odds and ends," may be conveniently grouped into another general division; and thus we have the very miscellaneous, yet not misnamed, Department of the Interior.

To some of these Executive Departments are intrusted matters which, on their face at least, do not strictly belong to the grand division to which they have been assigned by law. For instance, the "Weather Bureau" is a bureau of the War Department; the work being intimately connected with the peaceful interests of agriculture and commerce, it is very generally demanded that it should be taken from military control and placed elsewhere. On the other hand, it is urged by some that the subject of Indian affairs, now in charge of a bureau of the Department of the Interior, should be transferred to the War Department. The Coast Survey, the Light-House Board, the Marine Hospital Service, and other bureaus or offices, while they imply connection with maritime affairs, deal really with commerce and mercantile interests rather than with matters of national defense, and are to-day found under the Department of the Treasury, rather than under the Navy, as their titles might suggest. The Departments were established during a series of years. As special interests required attention and special bureaus were created, they were, in many instances, placed under the most convenient Departments then existing. Some of these bureaus have grown in size, and, having been retained where they were originally placed, instead of being shifted to more appropriate Departments, they contrast strangely with the work of other bureaus immediately about them. In this way, we may account for seemingly improper or haphazard classification of Government work.

It may further be noted that the Government is engaged in some unassigned work, not embraced within any of the regular established Executive Departments. The Department of Agriculture, while called a "department," and while independent of the other departments, is really only an independent bureau with a mere commissioner in charge. It has often been proposed to raise it

to the rank of an Executive Department, with a secretary at its head, preserving its present name; or to add to it certain other work now being done in other bureaus and call the whole a "Department of Industries." In like manner, it has been proposed to bring together and consolidate the various branches of scientific work, now being done by the Government in various bureaus and under different departments, and establish a separate "Department of Science." But the objection made to these suggestions is, that the work done by the Department of Agriculture, and by the other bureaus in question, while perhaps important and proper for the Government to perform, as matters bearing upon national welfare, does not form, in itself, a broad, grand division of administration, distinctly mapped out or indicated by the Constitution, and to do as has been suggested would be to lift auxiliary or incidental work into undue prominence. And an Executive Department, once established, the tendency would be toward a gradual building up and extension of power, with danger of exceeding "necessary and proper" limits. So far as actual results are concerned, or for the purpose of this sketch, it makes little difference whether they are called departments or bureaus; the work is being done, though perhaps not on so great a scale as would otherwise be the case. That other Executive Departments will be established is very probable. Two of those already established, the Department of the Treasury and the Interior Department, are liable to become unwieldy by increase of business; and part of the work now intrusted to them might very properly and advantageously be taken away and lodged in one or more separate divisions. The various bureaus of the Treasury Department, a few of which have been noted, relating more directly to commercial matters than to purely fiscal duties, might be grouped into a "Department of Commerce,"—a subject in itself, comprising a broad division of Constitutional work. This, however, is a question of administra-

tive convenience rather than of strict necessity, at the present time.*

It is the heads of department, then, through whom the President must chiefly deal in giving his orders and to whom he must directly look for information as to what is being done in the administration of the Government. The Constitution, recognizing this dependence, provides that the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." This dependence, of course, extends from the principal officers to the subordinate chiefs. The Constitution requires the President to give to Congress, from time to time, information of "the state of the Union," and this he does, at least once a year, in the shape of his "Annual Message." The heads of department, with one exception, are likewise ordered by Congress to render regular annual reports, at the beginning of each session of Congress, in regard to the operations of their departments. It might be imprudent to require the Secretary of State to publicly disclose all the doings of his department; yet even that department is ordered to annually transmit to Congress certain information gathered by its agents abroad, together with other details not involved in the secrecy of unfinished diplomatic negotiations.

The President, in his Annual Message, relies on the annual reports of the heads of department, and these heads of department in turn rely upon (and transmit with their reports) the reports made to them by their subordinate bureau and division officers. In this way, at the beginning of every session of Congress, the general operations of the Government during the preceding year, with recommendations for legislation, are spread before the legislative branch of the Government in the interesting but formidable literature of "annual reports." In addition to the regular reports required by law, and other reports which the

* Since the writing of the foregoing views, and on the eve of putting them into type, another bill before Congress, providing for the establishment of an Executive Department of Agriculture, has nearly reached the final stage of legislation, and may become a law by the time this number of *St. NICHOLAS* shall go to press. The adoption of such a law, it must be frankly confessed, will be a departure from what has heretofore been regarded as the distinct and true lines of the Constitution. Agricultural (or farming) interests, so far as they require dealing with by law, are matters within the province of each State, and the Federal Government cannot interfere with them, except so far as they form a part of commerce with foreign nations or among the States—as, for example, the passage of diseased cattle from State to State. Aside from this feature (which belongs to the general subject of "Commerce") the operations of the Department of Agriculture do not form a great division of Constitutional work; its duties are scarcely executive in their nature; and to class that work as an "Executive Department" is to torture the meaning of the term as it is used in the Constitution. The enactment of the pending measure is not un-

likely to result in one of two serious evils pointed out by eminent students of the question—either it will be the establishment of a great "reservoir" into which Congress will be pouring power for years to come, by the addition or creation of other bureaus, and in whose increasing volume the interests of Agriculture as now cared for will be neglected or lost; or, it will arouse the envy of other industries and interests, which will demand similar recognition by Congress, and we may then expect to see the formation of other Executive Departments, one devoted exclusively to "Manufactures," another to "Labor," another to "Art," and perhaps we may even realize the sarcasm of the critic and have a separate "Department of Everything." All this, however, is by the way. The movement is noticed as another effort to expand the language of the Constitution beyond its apparent meaning. But these criticisms, based purely upon Constitutional principles, should not be understood as questioning the value or the propriety of the present work of the Agricultural Department or its claims to enlarged powers within special lines, as will be hereafter explained.

Executive Department may see fit to send to Congress from time to time (as well as the publications continually being issued to the public by departments and bureaus), the President and other officers of the service are incessantly being called upon by either House of Congress, when in session, for information on special subjects to guide the law-makers in their important work of legislation.

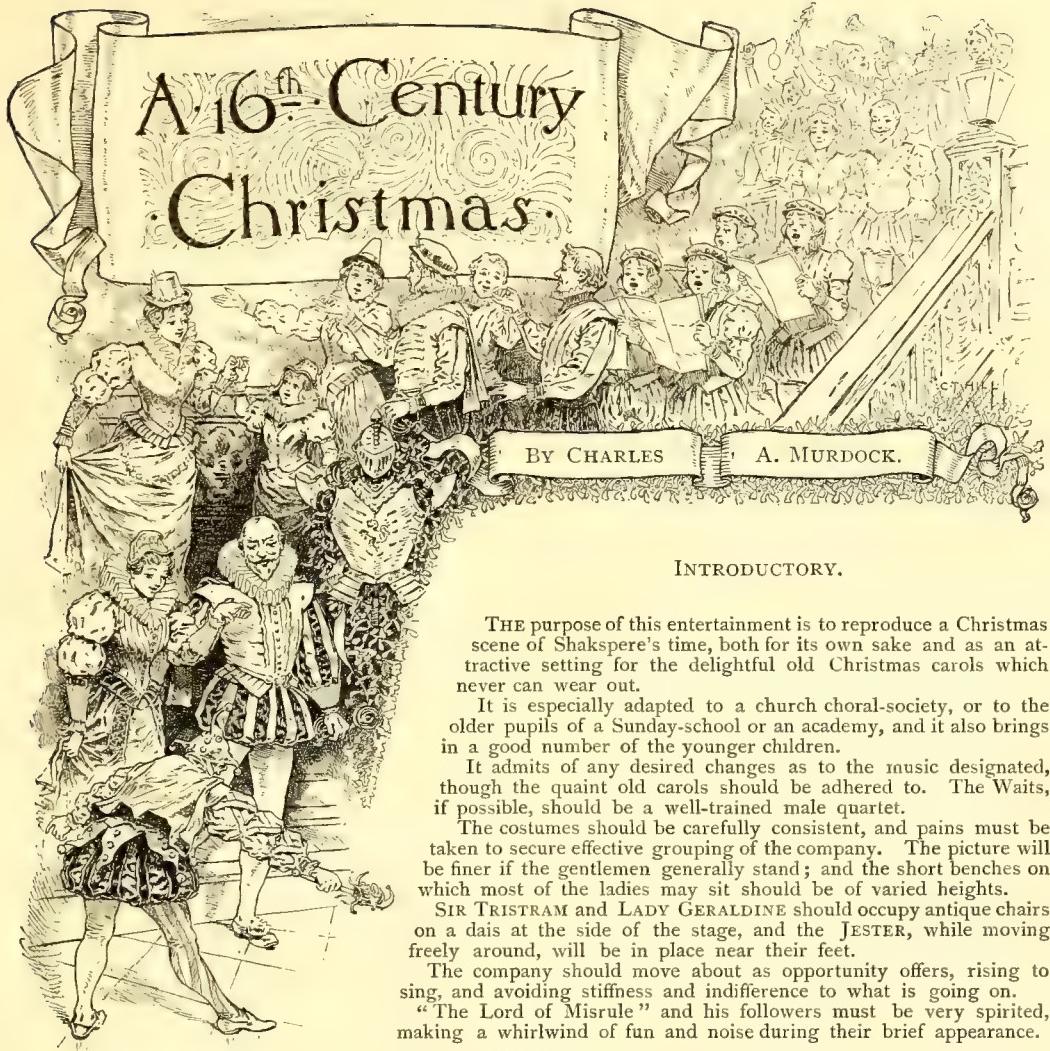
The head of each Executive Department is authorized by Congress to prescribe regulations, not inconsistent with law, for the government of his department, the conduct of its officers and clerks, the distribution and performance of its business, and the custody, use, and preservation of the records, papers, and property appertaining to it. From the intricacy of these regulations and from blind devotion or long adherence to senseless forms, have grown up some very roundabout methods of business, commonly known as "red-tape"—a name taken from the color of the ribbon used in public offices in tying papers.* To follow, for instance, a simple purchase of stationery for department use, through the official maneuvers, from the time the stationery is ordered until it is finally paid for, would be to go through a maze of

books and a small regiment of clerks. In the keeping of Government accounts it is necessary that there should be guards against fraud, and there is reason in requiring that each transaction in relation to the collection or disposition of public funds shall undergo the scrutiny of different clerks and be recorded in different books, each entry or clerk acting as a check upon the other. But there is scarcely a branch of department detail, as now observed, whether in matters of finance or in minor matters of unimportant correspondence, that is not open to improvement, and in some regards the extent to which this detail is carried is simply farcical. Indeed, the evil has become so notorious that a committee of the Senate was recently appointed for the special purpose of overhauling these dusty and cobwebbed methods, and the result has been some sort of effort to do away with useless details and ensure economy, dispatch, and general simplicity in the transaction of public business. Further observations of a general nature, in regard to the officers and methods of administration, may be postponed for the sake of present brevity, until we come to the organization and work of particular departments.

[To be continued.]

* The term "red-tape" is not confined to the United States. Charles Dickens, in ridiculing this feature of circuitous action on the part of the British Government, described it as the "Circumlocution Office" or the chief of public offices "in the art of perceiving how *not* to do it." Mark Twain, in his famous satire of "The Great Beef Contract," has placed on record his views about official formalities and delays on the part of our own Government. Nor is his burlesque so extravagant as many people may suppose, as will appear from various illustrations given in the report of the Senate Committee. The statement of some very ordinary instances of red-tape occupies pages of that report; we may condense one specimen to its smallest limits. Take, for instance, the case of a clerk in the division of accounts in the General Land Office, in the Interior Department, examining an account of a disbursing agent of that department. In the course of his examination that clerk would need to know the balance to the credit of the disbursing agent at the last settlement of his accounts by the First Comptroller of the Treasury. This requires him to obtain the information from the Office of the Register of the Treasury, where it is kept. Now, to get that information, the clerk, in following out the regular methods, would fill out a blank request for information, addressed to the Register of the Treasury, place his initials upon that request, and hand it to the chief of the division of accounts, who would in turn hand it to the assistant chief, who would place his initials also upon it and return it to the chief, who would then put his initials upon it and pass it to the law-examiners, one of whom would examine and put his initials upon it, and pass it to another law-examiner, who would also initial it, and then forward it by a messenger to the room of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, where it would be received and the name of the commissioner stamped upon it by a clerk, and then returned to the division of accounts, where another clerk would make a record of it and also of the name of the clerk who filled up the blank request; and it would then be handed to the clerk who originally made it, who would then pass it to another clerk, who would record it in full in the record of letters written in that division, initial it, and hand it back to the original "requesting" clerk, who would make a letterpress copy of it, address an envelope to the Register of the Treasury, and place the

envelope and the inclosure in a basket, whence a messenger would carry them to the mailing-room. Without tracing the course of that letter through the Post-Office Department, we may next begin on it when it arrives at the Register's Office in the Treasury Department. There it would be opened by a messenger, who would hand it to a clerk, who would make out the required certificate showing the balance on the last account, with other data, put his initial on the certificate, and hand it to the chief of his division, who would put his initial on it and forward it by a messenger to the Assistant Register, who would sign and deliver it to a messenger, to be mailed to the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Here comes in the agency of the Post-Office Department again. When received in the Land Office the certificate would be delivered by a messenger (who opens the mail) to a clerk, who would hand it to another clerk, who would place around it a "jacket," stamp on the jacket the date of its receipt in the office and the running number of the communication as shown by the Index, make a brief note of the contents of the certificate on the back of the jacket, and then hand the certificate to another clerk, who would make an entry of it in a book called the "Numerical Index" and check the jacket, and hand it to another clerk, who would enter the certificate in the "Register of accounts and letters received," and check the jacket and forward it, with its contents, by a messenger, to the chief of the division of accounts, who would hand it to another clerk, who would enter the certificate in a "Register of accounts and letters received," and also in an "Index," check the jacket, endorse thereon the volume and page of the register in which it had been entered, and then hand it over to the clerk who originally made the request, who then could go on with his examination of the account of the disbursing agent. That, by the way, is only one step in the terrible "red-tape" rigmarole still to be pursued before the final examination and settlement of that agent's account! Here, then, is a trifle—a request for a few figures which could be obtained, within a few minutes, by the clerk putting on his hat, jumping into a street-car, riding to the Treasury Department, only six short blocks away, receiving orally the information from the clerk who has it in the Register's Office, and returning to his desk in the Interior Department!



INTRODUCTORY.

THE purpose of this entertainment is to reproduce a Christmas scene of Shakspeare's time, both for its own sake and as an attractive setting for the delightful old Christmas carols which never can wear out.

It is especially adapted to a church choral-society, or to the older pupils of a Sunday-school or an academy, and it also brings in a good number of the younger children.

It admits of any desired changes as to the music designated, though the quaint old carols should be adhered to. The Waits, if possible, should be a well-trained male quartet.

The costumes should be carefully consistent, and pains must be taken to secure effective grouping of the company. The picture will be finer if the gentlemen generally stand; and the short benches on which most of the ladies may sit should be of varied heights.

SIR TRISTRAM and LADY GERALDINE should occupy antique chairs on a dais at the side of the stage, and the JESTER, while moving freely around, will be in place near their feet.

The company should move about as opportunity offers, rising to sing, and avoiding stiffness and indifference to what is going on.

"The Lord of Misrule" and his followers must be very spirited, making a whirlwind of fun and noise during their brief appearance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR TRISTRAM.....An English gentleman
LADY GERALDINE.....His wife
LADY BEATRICE.....A guest, who sings
LITTLE EDITH.....The grandchild

MASTER RIVERS.....Another tuneful guest
A JESTER.....
GREGORY.....A servant
HUGO.....A servant

Waits, ladies and gentlemen, "The Lord of Misrule" and his merry band, children, etc., etc.

SCENE—AN OLD ENGLISH HALL.

(Curtain rises, discovering two servants and a jester.)

GREGORY—By the mass, this is the merriest Christmas I e'er did see. Didst ever know such goings on? Such eating, and drinking, and frolicking? What a dinner had we the day; and Ods body, what a pudding was that! They perforce left enough for us to feast withal.

HUGO—Aye, that they did, and right royally I tell thee, Gregory, we do well to live in these days of good Queen Bess, when there's plenty to eat and drink. I warrant thee those knavish knights we hear of oft went hungry.

GREGORY—The more fools they. I care not for glory. As the merry play-actor saith, "I am

one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." Ah, Hugo, that's a rare play; it maketh one to laugh mightily. The master goeth oft to see it, and he delighteth in that merry Launce. Marry, thou



shalt see anon how pat I'll do 't; the master saith, Christmas or no Christmas, I shall present Launce and his dog.

HUGO — The feasters soon shall come, I trow. 'T is eight o' the clock. How now, Fool? Why art thou drowsy? Whence these doleful dumps?

Awake and give us a taste of thy drollery.

ESTER — O, give o'er, I prithee. 'T is sad enough to show folly to the wise. My pearls are not for swine.

HUGO — *Swine!* Thou unmannerly knave; we'll whack thee soundly an thou mind'st not.

ESTER — Nay; an thou canst not be civil, I'll take myself away. I'd fain be still. I'm grinding at my mill 'gainst the Yuletide.

GREGORY — What mean'st thou, boy?

ESTER — Dost think we men of mind can forth-

with do our task, as ye can lift a trencher? Aforetime must we store the jest that seemeth struck like flash of steel. E'en now I'm sitting on the jokes I'll hatch anon.

GREGORY — Ho! Ho! thou art *rare*, Sir Fool.

ESTER — Then leave me lest I be *well done* with such a scurvy fire as you would give.

GREGORY — My life, but thou art quick. I would I had your wit.

ESTER — O, covet it not, good Gregory. Thou art fool enough without it.

HUGO — He hath thee "on the hip," as saith the Jew. Hark! I hear the steps of the gentles. Let us to our posts.

(Enter the Christmas company.)

SIR TRISTRAM — This way, good friends. I pray you be merry and at ease; make our home your own. My sweet wife here, and my chicks will look to 't that a Christmas in old England shall not see you want for anything. In our simple English way we bid you welcome to Yuletide.

LADY GERALDINE — Find seats, dear hearts. We'd have such a Christmas eve as would drive all thoughts but happy ones far from you. 'T is a blessed time, for the good-will the angels sang of yore gains apace, and in this fair land, far from those lonely heights where the shepherds watched their sheep, we gather to praise Christ's name, and show each to each the love we bear.

SIR T. — Aye, she speaketh well. I own 't is true; but I fear me ye may not be *merry*. My wife is *unco' guid*, as the canny Scots would say; but—

I'm yet a sinner
Who loveth dinner,
And fain would see you gay;
I fear not folly,
I'd e'er be jolly,
Nor work when I can play.

ESTER — O, nuncle, thou mak'st me weary.

SIR T. — How now, gentle Jester, an why dost repine?

ESTER — It is my sweet privilege to play the fool, and it likes me not when you begin.

SIR T. — You rascally lout, what mean you?

ESTER — Know you not there is a time for all things? The mistress would have us gay, but she hath sense to know that they only can be truly happy who are truly good.

You, my wicked lord, nor I, nor no man
E'er can happy be as noble woman.

WOMEN — Hear, hear; good for the Jester.

MEN (*derisively*) — Oh, oh!

SIR T. — Ah, you sly dog, you know how to make friends where friends are worth the having.

LADY G.—Thank you, boy. None need have fear we shall be too serious. And now, to begin, let us sing "The First Nowell."

SIR T.—One moment, an it please you. (*To Jester, who runs out.*) I hope it is no offense, but at the last Yuletide the words of these same Christmas Carols slipped so villainously from our minds that we sang but illy,—and it is no marvel, for we sing them but once the year,—so I bethought me to send to London, and Master Evans hath sent me here the words, in good fair type, that all may read, and, not fearing to slip, may sing right lustily. Boys, give out the songs. Now will we sing "The First Nowell." (*They sing.*)

ESTER—Nuncle, that is a goodly song. It refresheth my spirits. If you had a soul, I think it would do it good.

SIR T.—If I had a soul, blockhead; and why have I not?

ESTER—I give it up. I know not why.
SIR T.—But what proof hast thou that I have not?

ESTER—Art a philosopher and askest me to prove a negative? It resteth for thee to prove that thou hast.

SIR T.—And how can it be done, my pretty knave?

ESTER—Marry— (*Sings*)

Now, mark me! do/
But show a ray
Of love for me,
It goeth far
To prove thy soul.
Now, say not la!
But let us see
Your cake's not dough.

SIR T.—Good, fool! By all the saints, this is admirable nonsense. Thou hast earned the cross, and shalt bear it. (*Giving money.*)

ESTER—Oh, no; I'm not musical for nothing. I can not draw silver music from a heart of flint. Not I, forsooth. 'T is the caitiff wretch that bideth round the corner.

SIR T.—Now, let the frolic begin. Ho, Gregory! Hugo! go bid my hinds bring hither the Yule log. (*Exeunt G. and H.*) Now, friends, be-think you that Care's an enemy of life. As saith Young Hamlet: "What should a man do but be merry?" Master Shakspere giveth us another good text in Richard II.: "Be merry, for our time of stay is short." Let us all stand up and shout for Yuletide joy.

(Stand and hurrah. Ladies wave handkerchiefs. Log brought in.)

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas Log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your health's desiring."

LADY G.—Let us raise our voices in the grand old carol, "From Far Away."

SIR T.—Ah, good wife, thou choosest well. I love that same old song.

LADY G.—Be seated all. Frame your minds to mirth and merriment, for now 't is seasonable.

SIR T.—Boy, can not you sing? Too much carol maketh me sad. I fain would have a stirring ditty—or a rollicking ballad.

ESTER—Ah, master, Heaven is not so partial to any mortal as to make him beautiful, and wise, and then to gild him with the power of



song. I'm no nightingale, nor be I a lark (though perchance at times I aid one,—but that is apart).

LADIES—Oh, sing, sweet youth.

ESTER—It ill beseemeth me to say you nay. To decline mayhap were more inglorious than to fail, but i' faith I can not. I'm coltish tonight.

SIR T.—Coltish? What mean'st thou?

JESTER—Why, a little hoarse. An it please you, ask Master Rivers to sing. He hath a marvelous fine voice, and knoweth a ballad 't would make ye merry to hear.

LADY G.—Thou speakest well. Good Master Rivers, favor us, an thou wilt, with thy antique song.

MASTER R.—An it please you, my lady, I'll sing from now till Michaelmas.

JESTER—Oh, not so long, good master. Be brief, if you would win our love.

(Master Rivers sings "The Leather Bottel" from "Pan Pipes." All clap hands and cry "Good!"

SIR T.—My thanks, good friend. The performance doth thee credit. I would I had thy voice—and thy years. Well, sweet wife, 't is thy choice next. What wilt thou offer to our guests and the general joy?

LADY G.—Good my lord, our little grandchild, Edith, hath a verse. Brief is it, but beautiful. 'T was writ by Master George Herbert, and "Lovejoy" calls he it. Come hither, Edith. Now, sweet child, say thy little lines. (Edith recites.)



A Son on a window late I cast my eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with
J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch.
One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who
am never loath
To spend my judgment) said:
"It seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charity." "Sir,
you have not missed."
The man replied "It figures
Jesus Christ."

SIR T.—Sweet invocation of a child, most

pretty and most pathetical." Now will we have a bit from a bright play. My servant, Gregory, is no Burbage, but he doth something smack; he hath a kind of taste for the players' art, and will now give you the speech of Launce, from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The dog you see not. "T is "in his mind's eye." Sirrah, stand forth. (Gregory recites Act. II., Sc. 3.) (Applause.)

(Singing without : "God rest thee, Merry Gentlemen.")

LADY G.—'T is the Waits singing from door to door. When they have done we will bid them enter. (Waits conclude their carol.) Good my lord, may we not call them in to share our festivity?

SIR T.—Marry will we. Jester, bid you the

minstrels to come in and sing for us again. They discourse most excellent music. (Waits enter and sing again: "The Boar's Head Carol," or some carol for male voices.)

SIR T.—'T is well; 't is very well. Perchance the Waits are dry. Belike you all may be, for so in sooth am I. Hugo, bring hither the loving-cup. Break this respectful stillness. You have been staid too long. (General talk, very brisk and voluble. Loving-cup passed.)

SIR T.—(Resuming seat.) Now, neighbors all, again let quiet reign. We'll have another Christmas song. (Waits sing: "What Maid Was This?" from "Christmas Carols Old and New.")

JESTER—Sir Twistem, methinks that song was e'en as good as the other one.

SIR T.—No more, my sweet fool. Thou need'st not think to match thy crossed shilling.

JESTER—Ah, good my lord, think not I care for thy silver; 't was the winning gave me joy. But I love music; my soul longeth for it. I suck sweet melancholy from a song as thou suckest a dull brain from thy potations.

SIR T.—Sirrah, thou abusest thy privilege. I care not for ale, nor is my brain befogged.

JESTER—Then, speaking of silver, canst thou tell me why a boxed rat is like a man becoming short of money?

SIR T.—Beshrew me, boy, I can not answer.

JESTER—Because, look you, it will be a gnawing to get out.

SIR T.—Go to! annoying. A villainous jest, i' faith.

JESTER—Nuncle, where hadst thou this fine ale?

SIR T.—Of Master Davenant at the Crown Inn, sirrah.

JESTER—Of Master Davenant! Then why is the Crown Inn like Jacob's Well?

SIR T.—I know not that, either.

JESTER—Because, hark ye, he brews drink there.

SIR T.—Go to, thou art too subtle for me. He brews drink! 'T is passing good! (Wipes tears.) Hebrews drink—to be sure. I wonder not that the melancholy Jacques would fain wear motley. By the way—that same sad man reminds me—(Addresses Waits). My good friends, could ye sing for us that fine song the huntsmen sing in the forests of Arden, as 't is done at the Curtain theater?

WAITS—Aye, good my lord, that can we.

SIR T.—We must have a little spice withal, or the carols will pall upon our taste. (Waits sing, "What shall He have who Kills the Deer?" from the Boosey collection.) (The bystanders in the scene applaud.)



LADY G.—Lady Beatrice, wilt thou not sing for us
that quaint old ballad that I love so well?

LADY B.—If it is thy pleasure, I can not decline.
(*Lady B. sings "O, Mistress Mine," or "Philida Flouts Me," from "Pan Pipes."*) (*Noise without.*)

LADY G.—Good my lord, what noise is this without?

SIR T.—It must e'en be those merry roisterers who follow The Lord of Misrule. Fear them not, they are but somewhat rude. They 'll do no ill. Some there are, poor souls, who know no way to show their joy but by making a monstrous noise.

(Enter The Lord of Misrule and followers with music, hobby-horse, etc. They dance and distribute papers, for which they receive pennies. A poor child comes with Christmas-box.)

LADY G.—Ah! dear little mouse. Bring hither thy Christmas-box. Soon may 't be full.
(Roisterers exeunt.)

NOTE: Almost all the songs named in the text can be obtained by ordering through music-dealers, and most of the waits and carols are to be found in the "English Melodies" and "Sacred Series" of the collection called "The Choralist." Of course, when necessary, other old songs and carols may be substituted at will, for those mentioned here.

JESTER — (*yawning*) I have an exposition of sleep come upon me, nuncle. Is to-day to-morrow, or yesterday? If too full we fill one day, 't will spill and spoil the next. I fain would niggard with a little rest. Christmas joys are well, but —

"A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings."

SIR T.—Thou art not altogether a fool. The time draws near, "so I regret the daintiest last to make the end most sweet." Dear heart, what shall be the final act in this our Yuletide play?

LADY G.—Glad are our hearts. Peace, plenty, and joy smile upon all. Let our last act on the birthday of our Lord be the union of our voices in praising His name. Let us sing "Gloria in Excelsis." (*All sing.*)
(*At the close, curtain falls.*)



WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. NO. VIII.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Energetico.

1. Clip, clip, whip, whip, Pa - per all the pat - ty pans, And

Cream the but - ter white;.... Clip, clip, flip, flip,

Cakes to beat the ba - ker - man's,—So whip with all your might.

II.

Whisk, whisk, brisk, brisk,
Soon the whites will stand alone,
The sugar's all stirred thin;
Whisk, whisk, frisk, frisk,
Out is every raisin-stone,
And now the flour goes in.

III.

Beat, beat, fleet, fleet,
Sprinkle in the spicey
And patter on the plums;
Beat, beat, sweet, sweet,
Bake it in a trice-a-ree,
For here the Taster comes!



OUR POLLY.

(A new version of an old rhyme.)

THERE was a young lady — and, what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this young lady scarce ever was quiet.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

If I were to ask you to shut your eyes and try to fancy that Christmas stood before you, what would you see? Ah! not one, but many. Some of you would see, in your mind's eye, an old man with long, white, frosty beard and kindly face, his brave form draped in a sparkling robe of snow decked with icicles—old Father Christmas from top to toe. Some would see another sort of figure,—a round, roly-poly, jolly personage, dressed in furs from crown to sole, laughing in every feature of his plump, ruddy face, all aglow after driving his Dunder and Blixen, and half hidden by his great sleigh-load of toys. Some of you, again, would see nothing but the toys, and your only thought, I shudder to say, would be, "Which of them are for me?" Some of you would see no fancied personage at all; but glorious winter without, and within doors a bright home, a glowing hearth, and all the family eager towelcome you from school for the happy holiday week. And a great many of you would scarcely close your eyes before the beautiful Christ-child would come and fill your soul with love and joy and gratitude; and your one next thought would be to give happiness to many, to make other hearts as glad as your own on the Perfect Day.

So it would be; and all would be looking out of themselves and into themselves. Meantime, waves of happiness and of sadness from the great, busy world would be rolling by, too softly to be distinctly heard—and then!—

There's a saucy sparrow for you; to think of a tiny bird like that—one of my best little friends, too—whispering me to end my discourse; assuring me that the children understand me perfectly, but are quite ready to hear about something else. He says, too, that the St. Nicholas Christmas is, after all, an early bird like himself, and there is plenty of time for all things.—Ah, well. Your

giver of wholesome advice must ever stand ready to take a like benefit. So I'll heed Mr. Sparrow, and wishing you many happy returns of all good visions, good thoughts, and blessed occasions, I'll give out this pretty winter song in short words. It is sent you by our friend Eudora S. Bumstead, and is called

BLOW, WIND, BLOW!

NOW the snow is on the ground,
And the frost is on the glass;
Now the brook in ice is bound
And the great storms rise and pass.
Bring the thick, gray cloud;
Toss the flakes of snow;
Let your voice be hoarse and loud,
And blow, wind, blow!

When our day in school is done
Out we come with you to play.
You are rough, but full of fun,
And we boys have learned your way.
All your cuffs and slaps
Mean no harm, we know;
Try to snatch our coats and caps,
And blow, wind, blow!

You have sent the flowers to bed;
Cut the leaves from off the trees;
From your blast the birds have fled;
Now you do what you may please.
Yes; but by and by
Spring will come, we know.
Spread your clouds, then, wide and high,
And blow, wind, blow!

UNHANDY MONEY.

"THE other day," writes a new friend, "G. B.," "I heard a boy say that his father had come home from a long voyage with his 'pocket full of rocks.' And when I remarked that his father must be a sort of giant to wear a pocket big enough to put rocks in, he laughed at me and said he meant money when he said rocks.

"Since then I have heard of real stone money. The inhabitants of the Marshall Islands in the Pacific Ocean use it. Their stone money is a kind that is found on the Pelew Islands, and is shaped like grind-stones. Some of them are so large that a single one may weigh two and even three tons."

INTERESTING TO BABIES.

WILL my youngest American hearers—my very youngest—please give me their attention?

Ah, here you are! Well, my little ones, as you very soon are to begin to learn your letters, if, indeed, you are not already learning them, it may interest you to know that the babies of other countries, as well as baby Americans, are expected to know their alphabets at a very early age; and some of them, because there are more letters in their alphabets, have even a harder time than you do. Some, again, have less to learn. For instance, as a sprightly and learned correspondent informs this pulpit, the Sandwich Island alphabet

has only twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty-one; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, and Latin, twenty-two each; the French, twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the German and Dutch, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Slavonic, twenty-seven each. But, on the other hand, the Arabic has twenty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian, forty-one; the Muscovite, forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty; the Ethiopic and Tartaric, two hundred and two.

If this information bewilders you, my poor little letter-learners, don't mind it. It will keep. One of these days you will be big and able to play tag, and, later on, base-ball in all these languages. Then, a few letters, more or less, in any one of them, will be a matter of small consequence to you. Even now, I dare say, after what I have told you, you'd be able to play with the letter-blocks of any country. In truth, if I were you, I think I should prefer a box of Ethiopic or Tartaric letter-blocks to begin with.

If you wish, I'll mention this matter to Santa Claus.

SAND-FIDDLERS.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I saw in your department an incident called "Have You Seen Him?" by a little boy who signs himself "E. P. McE." I think I can tell him what it is. It is sometimes called a sand-fiddler. I have often seen these funny little sand-fiddlers on the beach at Sullivan's Island, near this city. They are somewhat like a baby crab, and are very funny little creatures. You can see clean through them.

This is the first letter I have ever written to you.

Your loving reader, L. G. W., JR.

PATENT SOAP BUBBLES.

WHAT is this strange news that comes to me? Can it be true that human beings are to-day proposing to sell to young folks patent soap-bubblers that are "warranted to blow a hundred soap-bubbles without re-filling"? Warranted to blow them! Think of that! Who wants one? Not I, nor mine. Do you, my children? As if the great charm of blowing bubbles were not in the uncertainty of getting any at all! It makes me furious to think of the effect such a tool as this would have upon a child's character. Like as not, too, the patent bubbles, so blown, are warranted not to burst—pah! Think of it, my youngsters, you who have seen real ones—those beautiful, floating, shining, picture-y things that go out in a diamond-twinkle almost as soon as you look at them! Now, I'll wager that these hundred patented bubbles go rolling about the house till they are dusty! Perhaps children may even get an occasional hurt by stubbing their toes against the tough globules—who knows? and Mamma may chide the servants for allowing such dangerous things to lie around.—Warranted indeed!

WHICH IS WHICH?

HERE is a letter from Anna M. Talcott, who first put the "Fruit and Vegetable" question, and

you have a right to see it; though your Jack must say that the matter is not yet quite settled.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: I was much pleased to read the letters in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS from Anna J. H., Arthur J. Sloan, Jessie T., Winifred Johnson, and Elsie M. R. I wish to thank them all, as well as those whose letters did not appear in print. All I can say in answer to the above-mentioned letters is to ask if corn, beans, pease, tomatoes, pumpkins, and squash are not considered vegetables? I thought I had discovered the difference when a friend told me vegetables were served with meats, and fruits never, until I remembered cranberries and apple-sauce. Some one suggested looking out the derivation of the different words. There must be a difference, or a man would never put up a sign in our street that he sold "Fruit and Vegetables."

Yours distractedly,

ANNA M. TALCOTT.

WHAT THE KNOWING POET HEARD PUSS SAY.

My friend, John P. Lyons, who evidently is a poetical stenographer of the most expert kind, sends you the following faithful report of a modest cat's soliloquy:

BEFORE the blazing fire, on a downy Turkish rug,
Lay Pussy gently napping, quite as snug as any bug;
She looked supremely happy, and most musically purred;
But I imagined for a moment she was being overheard;
But I happened to be present and caught every word she said,
And this is quite the train of thought that ran in Pussy's head:
"Oh, what a grand and glorious thing it is to be a cat!
Yes, every day I live, I grow more positive of that.

"For all the great, big, busy world—as is quite right and meet!
Comes humbly every day to lay its tribute at my feet;—
Far down within the damp, dark earth the grimy miner goes,
That I on chilly nights may have a fire for my toes;
Brave sailors plow the wintry main, through peril and mishap,
That I, on Oriental rugs, may take my morning nap;
Out in the distant meadow meekly graze the lowing kine,
That milk, in endless saucerfuls, all foaming, may be mine;

"The fish that swim the ocean, and the birds that fill the air—
Did I not like their bones to pick, pray think you they'd be there?
But first, of all who wait on me, pre-eminent is man;
For me he toils through all the day, and through the night doth
plan;
Especially the gentleman who keeps this house for me,
And takes such thoughtful, anxious care, that I should suited be.
He's stocked his rare old attic with the finest breed of mice,—
A little hunting, now and then, comes in so very nice!

"And furthermore, the thoughtful man, a wife has married him,
To tidy up the house for me, and keep it neat and trim;
And both of them with deference my slightest fancy treat;
And as I'm quite fastidious about the things I eat,
They never offer me a dish, to please my appetite,
Until they've tasted it themselves, to see if all is right;
And to entice my palate, when it's cloyed with other things,
All fattening in a gilded cage, a choice canary swings.

"But best of all, they're training up, with pains that can't be told,
Their children, just to wait on me, when they have grown too old.
Ah, truly I am monarchess of all that I survey;
No rules or laws I recognize, no belts or calls obey.
I eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, nor ever have I toiled;
No kind of base, degrading work my paws has ever soiled.
Oh, truly 'tis a gladsome thing to be a pussy-cat!
I'm truly glad, when I was born, I stopped to think of that."

NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BY ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

PAPER dolls may be made to serve as Christmas cards, and at the same time as an ingenious medium for conveying a gift of money, in a way which is sure not to offend.

Select comical heads from cards or pictures, and make bodies of stiff cardboard. Dress your dolls in colored tissue-paper, folding new, clean banknotes to serve as aprons or ruffles (see No. 2), or as shawls, petticoats, or other articles of clothing (see No. 3 and No. 4).



I.

"I am de jolly waiter-gal
Who rings de bell for tea.
I 's brought you here a plate ob jam
As nice as nice can be!"

The portrait of Lady Washington on a silver-certificate, may be utilized as the head of one doll. Fold the bill very neatly, and stitch it so lightly to the pasteboard body that it can be removed without damage. A mob-cap of white tissue-paper, trimmed and tied with very narrow ribbon, will conceal the back of the head, and the rest of the dress should be in "Colonial" style (see No. 3).

Silver dollars may also be used (see No. 1, where the waiter-girl holds one). It is inserted into a slit in the pasteboard and represents a silver salver. On this may be fastened an ordinary china button, and, with a drop of sealing wax in

the center, it will fairly imitate a plate of jam. The silver dollar may also be treated as in No. 6, using the head of the Goddess of Liberty by carefully pasting tissue-paper of the same color as the card's background over the rest of the dollar, so as to bring out the profile of the goddess *en silhouette*. A jaunty little modern bonnet can be added, and will still further disguise the origin of the head.



II.

"I 'll sweep your room, Miss Mary Ann,
And keep it neat and clean.
I 'll do the very best I can,
Although I be quite green."



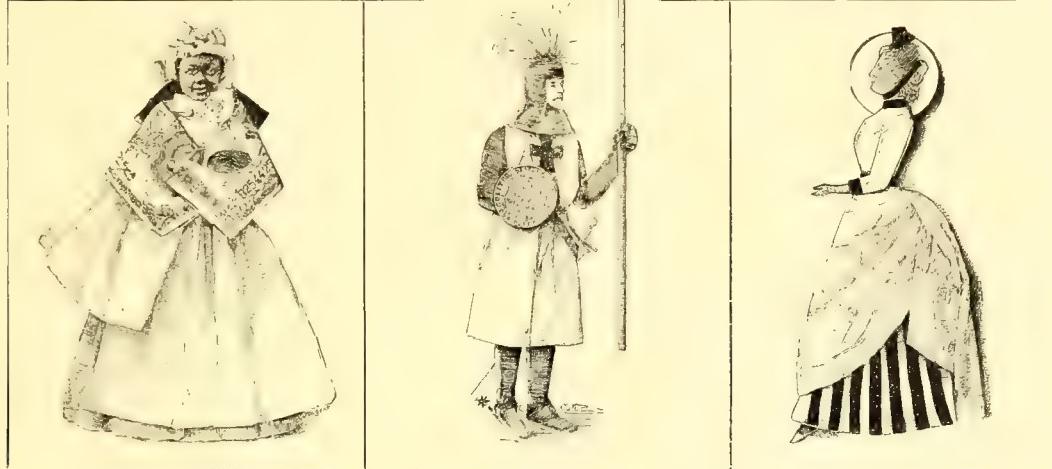
III.

"Take off my cap,— cut off my head
Just underneath my collar!
Although you would not think it,
'T is worth a silver dollar!"

Or, using the "eagle" side of your coin, you may give it, as an emblazoned shield, to a knight, gayly equipped in plate-armor of silvered paper, while feathers plucked from your pillow stream from his helmet like the plume of Navarre.

The set of dolls represented in our

illustrations was given last Christmas by two children to their aunties. With the accompanying doggerel lines, they created much amusement. Other methods will suggest themselves to our young workers. It is sometimes well to consider the tastes or fancies of the recipient in preparing the gift.



IV.

"I 's heard dat dis kind family
Has brought up lots of chil'-
en;
I's come to nuss 'em for you;
You 'll find me kind and
willin'."

V.

"I am a proud Knight-Templar,
As you can plainly see,
And none but one more brave
than I,
Can take my shield from me."

VI.

"I 'm sure you 're glad to see
me,
Hard-featured though I be;
And if you wish to cut me up,
Why, take the Liberty."

CONTENTMENT.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.


ELL me, little bird,
why
You stay when the
snow is here?
Have you not wings to
fly
To some happier at-
mosphere?

"I love the wild dance
of the snow,
And the berries, frosty
and red;

Why should I hasten to go,
When here is my daily bread?

" And if my notes are but few,
When you think of the thrush and the jay,
What can a little bird do,
But sing on through the storm, as he may?

" Chickadee-dee-dee-dee,'
Perhaps some one is glad to hear
Just this frolic whistle from me
In the songless time of the year."

THE LETTER-BOX.

READERS of St. NICHOLAS who are members of "The King's Daughters," and all who are interested in Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins's paper in our issue for January, 1887, will be glad to know that the Society has lately begun the publication of an official organ called "The Silver Cross." This periodical is issued under the auspices of the Central Council of "The King's Daughters," and all communications concerning it may be addressed to Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, 230 West 59th St., New York City.

CANDO, DAKOTA.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading Mrs. H. P. Handy's "True Story of a Dakota Blizzard." I have lived in Dakota nearly four years and would like to correct one or two of her statements. She is much mistaken about how much snow falls here during the winter. We have a great deal more than falls in Missouri. We had over three feet of snow last winter, and still more falls in the southern part of Dakota. I live only forty miles from Devil's Lake, so of course there is no difference in the snowfall there and here. Then again, blizzards very seldom or never (and they never have in my experience) come up very suddenly. It begins blowing and gradually grows worse until you can not see any distance, scarcely, and during that time people had better keep in the house and not risk their lives for the sake of attending to the stock, for it does not stay so bad very long. I have seen many blizzards, and only twice, and but for a few minutes then, it was so thick that we could not see our barn. It is strange every one writes about the terrible Dakota blizzards, and the few people lost in them, and never seem to think that in their own States there are six or seven sunstorms a day during the summer. I don't mean to say we have no bad blizzards here; but people who have been here and are wise have things so prepared that when one comes they do not have to go out in them. Hoping these remarks may remove a wrong impression some have entertained, I remain, Yours respectfully,

B. A.

FARGO, DAKOTA.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In the story entitled "What Dora Did," published in the September number of your delightful magazine, the opening paragraphs contain what purports to be a description of a Dakota blizzard. As the writer was not herself an eye-witness, merely giving the testimony of another, and her statements are not in accordance with the facts, I ask the privilege of correcting them. A blizzard is indeed a high wind that sweeps over the treeless prairies of the North-west, but it does not bring with it a "shower or fog of ice." If there is snow on the ground it is taken up and whirled about by the wind, as it is very dry, entirely unlike the damp, heavy snow that falls in the Eastern States, and it requires but a short time for the air to become filled with the flying particles. If there was no snow on the ground there would be none in the air, and the blizzard would lose its terrors if those compelled to face it were warmly clothed. The statement that "owing to the extreme cold very little snow falls in Dakota" is also erroneous. The last two winters have been extremely severe in this latitude, and the snowfall each season as heavy as has been known since the country was opened for settlement. Indeed, the winters when very little snow falls are the exception, not the rule, fortunately for the country. During the cold season it is much more comfortable as well as pleasanter to move around in sleighs than in wheeled vehicles, and when the spring thaw comes the ground absorbs the melting snow and insures conditions suitable for seeding.

A genuine blizzard is of very rare occurrence in this latitude. During the four years of my residence here I have never known but one; that was on the 12th of January, 1888, and lasted but a few hours. There were no lives lost in this or the adjoining counties of Dakota or Minnesota, and the storm hardly deserves mention beside the death-dealing wind that swept over Southern Dakota, Iowa, and Nebraska on that terrible day.

If any reader of ST. NICHOLAS wishes to visit Northern Dakota, even in the winter, I assure him he need not be prevented by fear of the "icy fog that comes sweeping down from Behring Strait," as, did that far-off locality originate such a phenomenon, its force would be so far spent in sweeping over Alaska and British America there would be very little left to expend upon Dakota. M. N. H.

KARLSRUHE, BADEN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though we have taken you for several years none of us have ever written to you before. I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the nicest story I ever read, and every one that I know that has read it agrees with me. "Donald and Dorothy," "His One Fault," and "Juan and Juanita" are also among my favorites. I was very much interested in the paper about "The Rocking-Stone of Tandil," that appeared in the March number of this year, because I was born in the Argentine Republic, in the town of Buenos Ayres, and though I never saw the stone itself, I have heard a great deal about it. The Gaucho chief, Rosas by name, was afterward elected President of Buenos Ayres. At first he ruled well, but afterward became a great tyrant. All the natives were compelled to wear red waistcoats; if they refused they were buried in the earth with only their heads sticking out, and then spears and daggers were thrown at them. Rosas afterward died in England. We came here about five months ago from Buenos Ayres. We were exactly four weeks on the voyage. I have four brothers and two sisters, and I am the eldest girl, but have one brother older than myself. Most of your readers will be surprised to hear that I have never seen snow, there being no such thing in Buenos Ayres. I should like very much to correspond with a girl of my own age in some foreign land. I hope one of your readers will write to me and tell me something about the land she lives in, and I in return will tell her about Buenos Ayres and Karlsruhe.

I am thirteen years old and rather small for my age. We have been having holidays, but to-morrow we begin school again. I hope my letter will be printed, as I have never written to you before, and I have never seen any letters from Karlsruhe in your pages.

Your constant reader, ELINOR COOPER.

CHÂTEAU D'HENMONT,

ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, SEINE-ET-OISE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Portuguese girl, five years old. I have taken you for three months,—since I came from Lisbon, and I love you already very, very much.

I have a pet, a dear little animal called "Aoutas." We are four little friends who live in a park. We eat heaps of *bombons*, but we devour you with still more pleasure.

RISIE,
A small girl.

LISBON, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you, with the thousands who do so constantly, what a blessing you have been in our home. We all love you, but you seem most especially to belong to our Queenie (my sister Faye), who for several years has not been able to leave her throne-chair, except for her bed at night. She is a prisoner in her own palace, which is our country home, where she is shut up with flowers and books and all beautiful things that may be brought to her. She is anxious for me to write to you and tell you how you have made so many hours of her imprisonment bright, how you have given her glimpses of the great world of which she has seen so little, and how you have made her forget pain by your charming pictures and stories. She has many friends who visit her — some whom she has never seen sending her gifts and greetings from afar; but of them all none are more faithful to her than you.

Perhaps your boys and girls may like to know how a little country girl may be a Queen whose subjects bow before her almost worshiping. Her scepters are *love* and *patience*, and they rule all who know her.

I am most of the year in the bright, growing city of Grand Rapids, where I have a large circle of child acquaintances who share my admiration for ST. NICHOLAS. For them I send you greeting, as well as for our little Queen, and for myself, her faithful subject. I am, dear SAINT,

Yours sincerely, MYRTLE K.—

SPUYTEN DUYVIL, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Buddie Holt, of Spuyten Duyvil, New York City, who has sent two letters to you, this morning sat in bed thinking out an improvement on a riddle that was in the ST.

NICHOLAS. His is: "Blue is red, and red is gray. The blue flame of a coal fire which first comes, is the answer for blue; the red flame which comes second, is the answer for red; and the smoke is the answer for the gray."

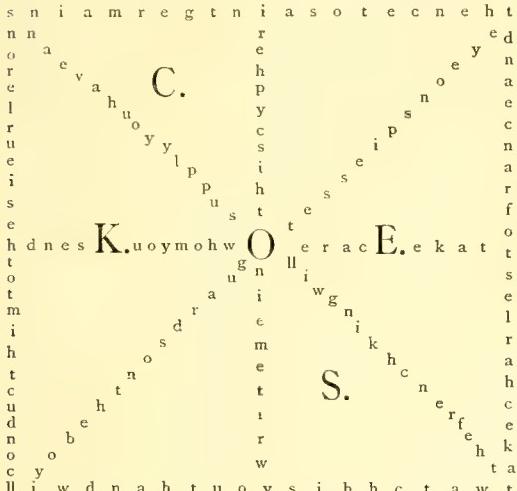
As Buddie is only seven years old, I think this is well worth sending, the answer being quite amusing. Buddie wants to send the child who guesses the riddle a scrap-book he will make. I am his cousin, and he is my little pet. I see him every day.

SUSAN E. B.—

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a copy of a letter from Charles I. to Mr. Hyde. It was intercepted by Cromwell, and is said to have been deciphered by Milton, then Latin Secretary to the Protector. Perhaps your intelligent little readers may like to puzzle their heads over it. The truth is that though an ingenious contrivance it is not a difficult one to see through. I give the explanation below. Very truly yours,

J. M. C.—



Explanation: C. S. K. O. E. Charles Stuart, King of England (Signature).

Begin at lower right corner and read upward and across to diagonally opposite corner. Then from lower right corner across bottom and up to diagonally opposite corner. Begin again at same point, read diagonally upward, and down the other diagonal. Then from the bottom of the vertical cross line up, and from the right of the transverse line across.

"Take Charles to France and thence to Saint Germain. Watch his youth and will. Conduct him to the Sieur Lerons. The French King will supply you. Have an eye on spies. Set guards on the boy. Write me in this cypher. Take care whom you send."

FRESNO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, as a society of girls, send you many thanks for the comfort and help you have been to us.

We have named our society the "L. M. A." in honor of Miss Louisa M. Alcott; and as many of her stories have appeared in the ST. NICHOLAS, we thought perhaps the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls would like to hear about one more of the many ways that have been devised to honor her memory.

We meet every Thursday afternoon to read her books, and glean from them some of the good things that may help us in our after-life.

We remain, your interested readers,

KATIE K—, President,
BELLE T—, Vice-President,
JULIA R—, Secretary.

VINELAND, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have at last come to the conclusion that I must write to you and tell you what old friends we are. The ST. NICHOLAS and I were born the same year, and I have taken it since. As soon as the year is up, Papa has the books bound for me. I have them all complete. I wonder if any other little reader of the ST. NICHOLAS can say the same thing. I enjoy them so much and hail with delight the coming of my friend each month. How I did enjoy "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe"! What sorrow came to my heart when we had to part with Miss Alcott! We all

enjoyed her stories so much, and I do so long to be as good and true a woman. Before I bid you good-bye I must tell you about my horse "Nellie." Papa gave her to me on my birthday, and I think she is very intelligent. She upset the pail of water in her feed-box and it interfered with her. What did she do but take hold of the handle with her teeth, lift out the pail, and place it on the floor of her stall. After drinking the water and emptying her box she deliberately lifted the pail up by the handle and put it back into the box. She had never been taught such a trick. "Nellie" and the ST. NICHOLAS are my own especial property. I am very proud of them.

Your little friend, LILIAN H. H.—

GREENWOOD AVE. SCHOOL, HYDE PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you about the crow our teacher brought to school. Well, the crow's name is "Jim." "Jim" eats hard-boiled eggs, and sometimes little pieces of meat. Sometimes "Jim" is bad and flies around the room, so he had to have his wings clipped. Our teacher got "Jim" in the country. Her name is Miss Elmendorf. She is a nice teacher, and the crow likes her. The crow likes children very much.

Your little friend, TON H.—
Nine years old.

BLAUSAX, NEAR NICE, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little French girl, and a great admirer of your beautiful magazine, which I receive since three years.

We are, my sister and I, very fond of all that is American.

We make photographs. All our outfits were sent from New York.

We presently study the Russian and German languages. We learned English when babies, with an American governess.

We are subscribers to three magazines from New York: ST. NICHOLAS, "The Century," and the "Photographic Times." We read very much English not to forget it.

I have a little Pomeranian dog, just like Mr. Savage Landor's. It is very nice; it brings father's pipe every day after luncheon.

I shall go to America when I am tall. I will not forget to pay you a visit, and to tell you how we enjoyed your beautiful stories.

I hope you shall have the kindness to print my letter, for I would be very proud to see it in the columns of your delightful magazine.

Your truly little friend, JUANITA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, and my sister took you when you first came out. I know twelve children that take you. I think that the story of "Two Little Confederates" is lovely. I went to the circus in Syracuse, N. Y., this summer and saw a pony jump through a hoop that was on fire, and saw a dog dance jigs and turn somersaults.

I have no pets; I do not like any animals excepting horses and dogs. My sister is very fond of dolls. She used to have sixteen; now she has only eight. Once she had a large wax doll, and she dropped it and cracked its head open; and as the cook was making bread, Mamma sent down for some dough to stick it together.

When the dough was brought up, she stuffed the doll's head with it and closed up the crack. But the next morning we found a large French roll spread all over the doll's head. Of course the dough had risen during the night and squeezed its way out through the crack. Good-bye.

Your interested reader, CLARA E.—

THE RAINY-DAY BAG.

BY M. V. WORSTELL.

WHAT is a rainy-day bag? It is one of the most useful articles that I ever spent a long summer's day in making. It is nothing more nor less than a linen traveling-bag, but very much smaller than those commonly seen. The large traveling-bags will hold all sorts of shawls and wraps — indeed, like a street-car, its capacity never has been fully tested. But my rainy-day bag is small and is made to hold nothing more than a waterproof and a pair of overshoes.

And the convenience of it! When it looks like rain, one has only to take this jaunty little bag along, instead of carrying rubbers, dear know how! and one's waterproof over the arm, or worse still in one of those misshapen little bags sold with waterproofs.

To make one, it is only necessary to roll your waterproof and overshoes into a snug oblong parcel of about the same proportions as a child's muff. Note the dimensions — the distance across and around. The average size will be about fifteen inches around by nine and one-half in width. This will allow an inch for lapping together; and three buttons, with good, firm button-holes, should close it. Put one handle on just outside of the buttons and another just outside of the button-holes, so that when carrying the bag the tendency will be

to relieve the strain on the button-holes. The end pieces are circular, and measure four and one-half inches in diameter. The bag may be lined with oiled-silk, but drilling of some dark color is as good. The material for the outside may be of almost any strong cloth, but Adah canvas is particularly recommended, as it does not disolor readily, and it is very durable. The even texture, too, will recommend it to many young people who may wish to embellish the little satchel with geometrical designs worked in silk or worsted. Many of the larger traveling-bags are trimmed with worsted dress-braid, neatly feather-stitched on, and this, too, makes a pretty ornament. The handles should be lined with burlap or wigglin, to prevent their becoming stringy with use.

A friend who has made one of these bags, used plain, smooth gray linen, and embroidered on it, with crimson wash-silk, in letters necessarily small,

"For the rain it raineth every day."

Other appropriate mottoes would be :

"Heigho! the wind and the rain!"

"The rain a deluge showers."

"The dismal rain came down in slanting showers."

"Water, water all around."

"Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm."

"Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

"No loud storms annoy."

"When the stormy winds do blow."

The mottoes may be put on in a slanting direction, as it is not desirable to have them too legible. An outline picture, worked in silks, of a little boy or girl under an umbrella, would be pretty.

With one more suggestion I will close. When they are large enough, these same rubber-bags sold with waterproofs make the best possible lining for the rainy-day bag.

LIMOGES, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your lovely magazine for three years. A gentleman, a dear friend, sends it to me. I do enjoy the stories so much, especially "Sara Crewe" and "Juan and Juanita." I was so sorry to hear of Miss Alcott's death. I think her stories were beautiful, and I know all the little readers of ST. NICHOLAS will miss her. I think your magazine the nicest magazine I have ever read, and when my little friends come to see me we enjoy the pictures so much. They can not read English, so I explain to them in French. I do not like this place very much. The people are very superstitious and hang bouquets under the windows to drive away the "witches." The other day the archbishop came here, and all the people ran up to him as he was coming out of church to kiss his rings and hands. I would rather be home at my grandpa's in the country, playing with a big black dog named "Watch." He is very intelligent and brings the cows home every

night. But one day he was too smart. My uncle went to the lot to bring home some hay, and "Watch" thought he wanted the cows, so he brought them. But poor "Watch" for his trouble had a good scolding and was told to take them back. Wishing that ST. NICHOLAS came every week instead of every month, I remain,

Your affectionate little reader, MAMIE C. G.—

SUFFERN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine for five years, and think your stories are the best I have ever read. "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Sara Crewe" are my favorites. My sister and I have a little dog named "Nellie." She is very pretty and knows six tricks. We are all very fond of her. Besides "Nellie" we have two large dogs, "Jack" and "Nero," and a little mule. I wish Mrs. Hodgson Burnett would write a sequel to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," for I think all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS must have been very sorry when it ended. I know I was.

My little brother heard my sister say she intended going to the dentist, and he said he had to go, too, to have his "hind teeth fixed."

I wonder how many of your little friends can say this sentence very fast. It has afforded us many hearty laughs. It is: "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws." Hoping this letter will not stray to the "Riddle-box," but safely reach the "Letter-box," I am,

Your devoted admirer,

MARY VIOLET S.—

THE SURF COTTAGE, BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A party of girls and boys, staying at this hotel, got up some shadow pictures last evening. We had "The Ballad of the Oysterman," "Little Miss Muffet," "Simple Simon," and "A Little Bachelor." We were very greatly assisted by the article in ST. NICHOLAS on the subject.

Your sincere friend,

ELISE R.—

We thank the young friends whose names are given below for pleasant letters received from them: Gertrude and Howland, N. W. W., Dolly Canfield, Winifred H., Louis J. Hall, Thos. W. Hatch, Chas. A. Stebbins, Mary E. Cullaton, Clara Ascherfeld, Marion Georgie, Eddie B. A., Mabel E. Dibble, Aileen L. M., Maggie W. Moring, Gertrude V. L., Jennie R., B. Goddard, Bertha C. Ryerson, Frankie Boyd, Ivy S., Hattie R. B., Clara Earl and Hattie Thompson, E. L. S., Marie Prevost, Gertrude Newhall, Bessie W. A., Laura Anderson, L. Asher, Ida H. Allen, Lena A. C., N. C. S., Annie E. Hamilton, Mary L. G., Naomi Lewis, Bill Jones, A. Fiske, Louise S. R., Ethel and M. Whitney, Mary, Josie and Laura, Fannie C. W., Marion A., Elsie and Annie D., Nina F. Jackson, Clare Allen, Edith Nye, and Gussie T.

REPORT CONCERNING THE "KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

In the August number of ST. NICHOLAS a prize of ten dollars was offered for the best "King's Move Puzzle" received before September 1st. In response to this invitation, which was extended to all, nearly four hundred puzzles were sent in. They came from all over the United States, as well as from Canada, England, Germany, and even far-off Russia; and were based upon the names of cities, rivers, islands, lakes, generals, battles, Biblical characters, musicians, musical instruments, statesmen, artists, inventors, plants, animals, trees, games, precious stones, printers, Roman emperors, soldiers, and sailors.

The prize was to be awarded to the maker of the puzzle "best adapted for use in ST. NICHOLAS." After a careful and rigid examination of all the puzzles received,—no easy task!—the very best one was selected, and will appear in next month's "Riddle-Box." For the best twenty-one solutions received to it, *twenty-one prizes in cash* will be offered.

In the following Roll of Honor the work of each sender had some special merit which we can not note at greater length except in the case of Lida and Sam Whitaker, whose industry deserves special mention. They forwarded a puzzle in which the names of one thousand and three cities and towns might be spelled out.

PRIZE WINNER, ADELINE M. LINCOLN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Charles S. Brown — Josephine L. Williamson — Helen B. O'Sullivan — Mrs. E. D. Ogden — B. de Laguna — Arthur S. Lovejoy — Harry L. Johnson — Eddie A. Blount — Hélen B. Higbee — E. Macdougall — S. Macdougall — Agnes B. Warburg — M. D. Sterling — F. S. Lathrop — F. E. Stanton — M. F. Reynolds — Jared W. Young — S. Szold — P. H. Black — Anna and Emily Dembitz — Annie B. Kerr — Marcus Robbins — Ethel Bobo — J. M. Nye — Clara Ascherfeld — Mrs. Mary A. and Alice C. Hunter — M. A. E. Woodbridge — M. L. Abraham — Fannie and Alice Lee Fearn — Andrew Robeson — Matilda Goudine — Jeannie Perry — "Dunnorix" — Maisy Zogalphi — Annie McNeilly — Roe Spaulding — Christine L. Bowen — Grace Fernald — Lily F. A. Melliss — Elizabeth Lewis — Helen E. Hoyt — Beatrice A. Auerbach.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN

CONCEALED AUTHORS. 1. Pope, Moore, Scott. 2. Byron, Milton, Bulwer. 3. Burns, Sheridan, Addison. 4. Stowe, Aldrich, Beecher. 5. Alcott, Burnett, Roe. 6. Southe, Cooper, Cowper.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Baldwin; finals, Neemuch. Cross-words: 1. Babylon. 2. Arsinoe. 3. Laodice. 4. Dianium. 5. Waiteau. 6. Idiotic. 7. Nineveh.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Tippecanoe. 1. ro-UTE-d. 2. t-RID-ent. 3. dr-OPS-y. 4. c-APT-ure. 5. k-EEL-ing. 6. pr-ACT-ice. 7. s-TAR-tng. 8. w-INK-ing. 9. s-TOP-ped. 10. s-TEA-ling.

COMBINATION DIAMONDS. From 1 to 2, receipt changing; from 3 to 4, counter-charming; 1. I. C. 2. Toe. 3. Trunk. 4. Counter. 5. Entry. 6. Key. 7. R. II. 1. H. 2. Pas. 3. Porte. 4. Harm-ing. 5. Sting. 6. Eng. 7. G. III. 1. R. 2. Led. 3. Laces. 4. Receipt. 5. Deity. 6. Spy. 7. T. IV. 1. H. 2. Daw. 3. Donee. 4. Hanging. 5. Weird. 6. End. 7. G.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Terpsichore. Cross-words: 1. Titan. 2. Arete. 3. Ceres. 4. Cupid. 5. Vesta. 6. Pria. 7. Picus. 8. Iphis. 9. Thoas. 10. Terra. 11. Irene.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, parades; 1 to 3, palaver; 2 to 3, soldier; 4 to 5, curdled; 4 to 6, cuddles; 5 to 6, devoirs.

To our puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Sharly and Leppy—Paul Reese—Grace Kupfer—May L. Gerrish—Clara O. Louise Ingham Adams—A. L.—K. G. S.—Russell Davis—H. W. Ruggles—Pearl F. Stevens—Ada C. H.—M. Josephine Sherwood—"San Anselmo Valley"—J. Wallie Thompson—Fred and Blanch—Aunt Kate, Mamma and Jamie—Nellie L. Howes—Mary W. Stone—Carryl Harper—"My wife and I"—Helen C. McCleary—"Mohawk Valley"—"Nig and Mig"—Ida C. Thallon—Alpha Zeta.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from G. Shepard and R. and C. Willis, 1—J. A. Smith, 1—Minnie, Fannie, and Katie, 4—M. H. B. and B. T. S., 1—K. L. Segernd, 1—"Eureka," 4—B. Magee; 1—N. Altmeg, 1—Jean W., 1—Bessie Byfield, 3—J. Berry, 3—E. R. Cutter, 1—M. King, 1—N. Husted, 9—"Long Islander," 4—"Big Lynché," 7—G. Styer, 1—F. E. Hecht, 1—C. W. Miles, 1—E. Norris and B. Verdenal, 3—R. L. Barrows, 1—J. I. H., 1—"Gypsy," 5—Jentie Y., 6—H. Justice, 1—M. F. Davis, 1—J. M. Fiske, 4—Hildegard Hawthorne, 3—Zoe H., 1—"Pan-dora," 8—W. F. Brittingham, Jr., 1—Minerva, Jessamine, and Pansy, 1—E. B. C., Jr., 2—M. Markham, 1—J. and N. H., 1—Gretta and Lin, 3—A. E. Wix, 2—Ford Wadsworth, 1—C. A. Studebaker, 2—Etta Reilly, 3—"Miss Ouri," 2—L. S. Palmer, 1—M. Jacobs, 1—M., M. and E. Stone, 1—A. S. Parsons, 1—Bill Jones, 4—R. H., 9—H. W. H., 1—E. Karst, 1—L. Voigt, 1—B. L. Mahaffy, 1—H. E. Mattison, 2—"Three Readers," 4—"Roxy," 1—We & Co., 1—Réne 2—W. B., 1—C. N. Cochran, 3—W. A. Jurgens, 1—"Grandma," 10—A. E. Burnham, 2—"Two Little Sisters," 9—Julia L. B., 2—Gracie F., 1—"The Reids," 11—"Joker," 2—S. K. Hait, 6—"Jo and I," 11—"Kettle-drum and Patty-pan," 3—"Lehte," 11—Colonel and Reg., 5—Alfred and Mamma, 3—Florence and Louie C., 1—Mamma, Susie, and Annie, 9—"Gruoch," 5—J. W. Hardenburg, 2—"The Trio," 9—G. R. Dunham, 2—"Lillie," 5—Tom, 1—"May and 79," 10—Mattie E. Beale, 4—Jack and Kittley, 3—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 10—"Northern Lights," 2—May and Nettie P., 1—Ida and Alice, 10—A. M. Osborn, 1—Laura G. L., 4—M. B. and O. E., 5—Effie K. Talboys, 5—"Hypatia," 2—A. L. McKeen, 1—Barberslee, 1—A. Forrester, 3—Walker L. Otis, 4—B. B. McCormack, 1—N. L. Forsyth, 1—Tilly G. Davis, 1.

INSERTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Insert a letter in idle talk, and make a fraud. Answer, ch-e-at.

1. Insert a letter in a masculine name, and make a small, rude house. 2. Insert a letter in a possessive pronoun, and make heeds. 3. Insert a letter in reserve, and make a healing compound. 4. Insert a letter in pertaining to wings, and make a sacred place. 5. Insert a letter in to gasp, and make to color. 6. Insert a letter in parts of the foot, and make books. 7. Insert a letter in certain beverages, and make succulent plants. 8. Insert a letter in domestic animals, and make vehicles. 9. Insert a letter in to crowd, and make a rich beverage.

The inserted letters will spell the name of a city of the United States.
"MAY AND 79."

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	11
2	12
3	13
4	14
5	15
6	16
7	17
8	18
9	19
10	20

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beetle. 2. Driven aground. 3. A sweetmeat made of fruit. 4. Having the form of fingers. 5. Cowardly.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Washington Allston. Cross-words: 1. Wheel. 2. bAton. 3. baSin. 4. nicHe. 5. alibI. 6. proNg. 7. waGon. 8. aTlas. 9. Olive. 10. aNgle. 11. plAtc. 12. shElL. 13. coral. 14. flaSk. 15. miTre. 16. mOuse. 17. Notes.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Stones. 2. Tyrant. 3. Orange. 4. Nan-
ie. 5. Engird. 6. Steeds. II. 1. Grates. 2. Relent. 3. Alpaca.

4. Teapot. 5. Encore. 6. States.

SEPARATED WORDS. First row, Giving thanks; second row, Old homestead. 1. Gash-Older. 2. Idea-List. 3. Vale-Diction. 4. Inn-Holder. 5. Nest-Or. 6. Gowm-Man. 7. Tight-Ens. 8. Hand-Spike. 9. Aver-Ted. 10. Not-Ed. 11. Key-Age. 12. Sun-Dry.

WORD-BUILDING. A, al, lac, coal, coral, oracle, coracle, caracole.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, compassionate; 3 to 4, dispassionate; 1 to 3, cerated; 3 to 2, deplore; 1 to 4, collate; 4 to 2, emulate. Inclosed Diamond: 1. P. 2. Map. 3. Mason. 4. Passion. 5. Poise. 6. Noe. 7. N.

P1. No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—

No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,

No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,

November.

THOMAS HOOD.

To our puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Sharly and Leppy—Paul Reese—Grace Kupfer—May L. Gerrish—Clara O. Louise Ingham Adams—A. L.—K. G. S.—Russell Davis—H. W. Ruggles—Pearl F. Stevens—Ada C. H.—M. Josephine Sherwood—"San Anselmo Valley"—J. Wallie Thompson—Fred and Blanch—Aunt Kate, Mamma and Jamie—Nellie L. Howes—Mary W. Stone—Carryl Harper—"My wife and I"—Helen C. McCleary—"Mohawk Valley"—"Nig and Mig"—Ida C. Thallon—Alpha Zeta.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from G. Shepard and R. and C. Willis, 1—J. A. Smith, 1—Minnie, Fannie, and Katie, 4—M. H. B. and B. T. S., 1—K. L. Segernd, 1—"Eureka," 4—B. Magee; 1—N. Altmeg, 1—Jean W., 1—Bessie Byfield, 3—J. Berry, 3—E. R. Cutter, 1—M. King, 1—N. Husted, 9—"Long Islander," 4—"Big Lynché," 7—G. Styer, 1—F. E. Hecht, 1—C. W. Miles, 1—E. Norris and B. Verdenal, 3—R. L. Barrows, 1—J. I. H., 1—"Gypsy," 5—Jentie Y., 6—H. Justice, 1—M. F. Davis, 1—J. M. Fiske, 4—Hildegard Hawthorne, 3—Zoe H., 1—"Pan-dora," 8—W. F. Brittingham, Jr., 1—Minerva, Jessamine, and Pansy, 1—E. B. C., Jr., 2—M. Markham, 1—J. and N. H., 1—Gretta and Lin, 3—A. E. Wix, 2—Ford Wadsworth, 1—C. A. Studebaker, 2—Etta Reilly, 3—"Miss Ouri," 2—L. S. Palmer, 1—M. Jacobs, 1—M., M. and E. Stone, 1—A. S. Parsons, 1—Bill Jones, 4—R. H., 9—H. W. H., 1—E. Karst, 1—L. Voigt, 1—B. L. Mahaffy, 1—H. E. Mattison, 2—"Three Readers," 4—"Roxy," 1—We & Co., 1—Réne 2—W. B., 1—C. N. Cochran, 3—W. A. Jurgens, 1—"Grandma," 10—A. E. Burnham, 2—"Two Little Sisters," 9—Julia L. B., 2—Gracie F., 1—"The Reids," 11—"Joker," 2—S. K. Hait, 6—"Jo and I," 11—"Kettle-drum and Patty-pan," 3—"Lehte," 11—Colonel and Reg., 5—Alfred and Mamma, 3—Florence and Louie C., 1—Mamma, Susie, and Annie, 9—"Gruoch," 5—J. W. Hardenburg, 2—"The Trio," 9—G. R. Dunham, 2—"Lillie," 5—Tom, 1—"May and 79," 10—Mattie E. Beale, 4—Jack and Kittley, 3—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 10—"Northern Lights," 2—May and Nettie P., 1—Ida and Alice, 10—A. M. Osborn, 1—Laura G. L., 4—M. B. and O. E., 5—Effie K. Talboys, 5—"Hypatia," 2—A. L. McKeen, 1—Barberslee, 1—A. Forrester, 3—Walker L. Otis, 4—B. B. McCormack, 1—N. L. Forsyth, 1—Tilly G. Davis, 1.

6. Representing sounds. 7. A serpent. 8. A tropical tree, the fruit of which is a substitute for bread. 9. Days exempt from work. 10. Associates.

The zigzags from 1 to 10 will spell the patron saint of childhood, whose festival occurs on December sixth; from 11 to 20, a name sometimes given to the four weeks before Christmas.

F. S. F.

ANAGRAMS.

The letters in each of the following sentences may be transposed so as to form a single word.

1. Men eat girls. 2. Neat boy. 3. Neat girl. 4. Satin on a tin star tub. 5. Made in pint pots. 6. I love. 7. Fat bakers. 8. Seal soup. 9. Cart horse.

L. S. P.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In pearly. 2. A vine. 3. A coin. 4. An insect. 5. In pearly. II. 1. In pearly. 2. A small dwelling-house. 3. Majestic. 4. A light blow. 5. In pearly.

The two central words, when read in connection, will name an aromatic herb.

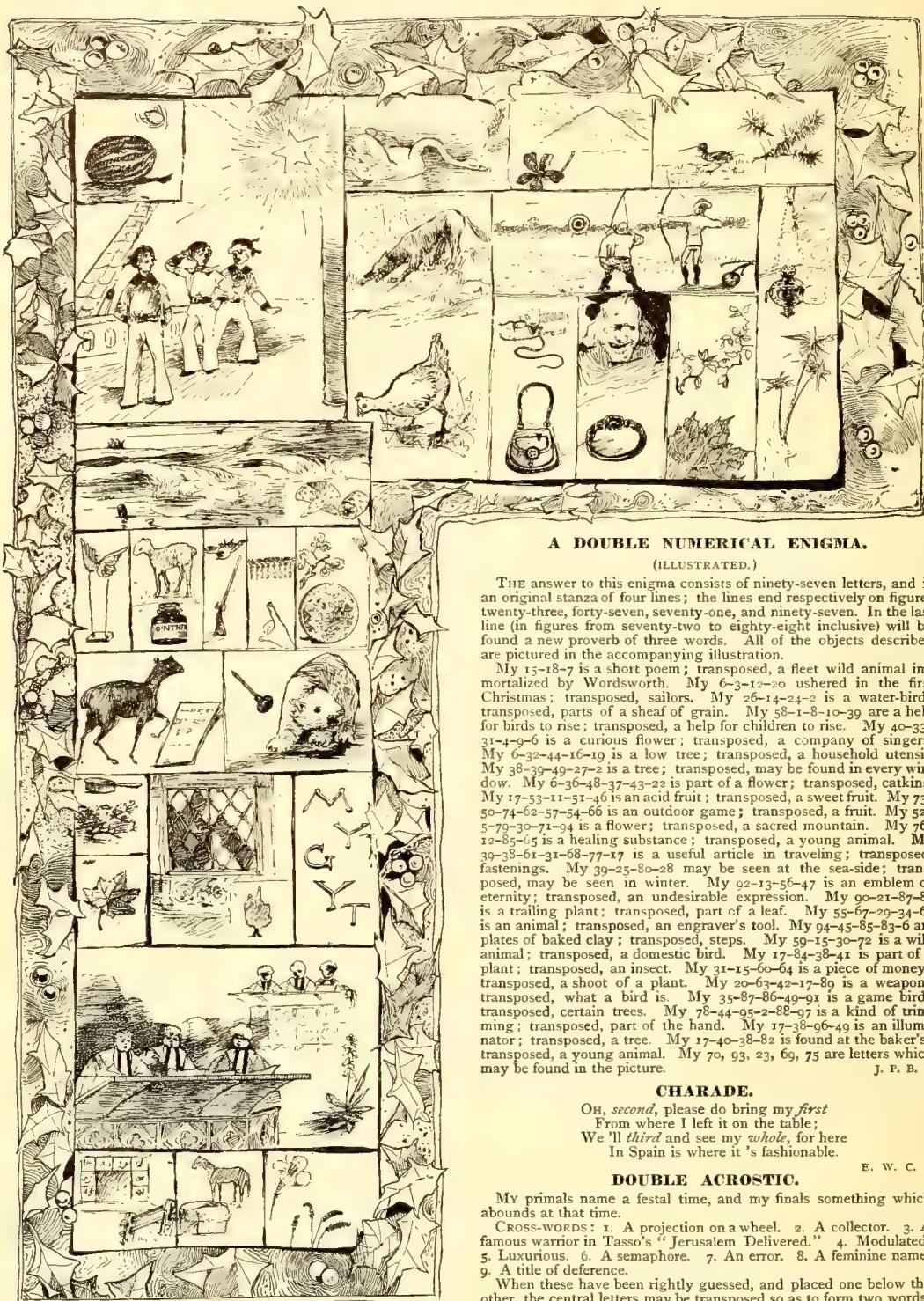
W. H.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a low, hulky sound, and leave a Russian coin. 2. Syncopate the act of rising out of any enveloping substance, and leave an American philosopher. 3. Syncopate a prayer, and leave a bright constellation. 4. Syncopate a platform, and leave a philosopher. 5. Syncopate a blaze, and leave renown. 6. Syncopate to deafend, and leave idle talk. 7. Syncopate to assemble, and leave an absent-minded person. 8. Syncopate a track, and leave an imprecation. 9. Syncopate to manage, and leave savage.

The syncopated letters spell the name of a plant regarded with superstition by the Druids.

DYCIE.



A DOUBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

THE answer to this enigma consists of ninety-seven letters, and is an original stanza of four lines; the lines end respectively on figures twenty-three, forty-seven, seventy-one, and ninety-seven. In the last line (in figures from seventy-two to eighty-eight inclusive) will be found a new proverb of three words. All of the objects described are pictured in the accompanying illustration.

My 15-18-7 is a short poem ; transposed, a fleet wild animal immortalized by Wordsworth. My 6-3-12-20 ushered in the first Christmas ; transposed, sailors. My 26-14-24-2 is a water-bird ; transposed, parts of a sheaf of grain. My 58-1-8-10-39 are a help for birds to rise ; transposed, a help for children to rise. My 40-33-31-4-9-6 is a curious flower ; transposed, a company of singers. My 6-32-44-16-19 is a low tree ; transposed, a household utensil. My 38-39-49-27-2 is a tree ; transposed, may be found in every window. My 6-36-48-37-43-22 is part of a flower ; transposed, catkins. My 17-53-11-51-46 is an acid fruit ; transposed, a sweet fruit. My 73-50-74-62-57-54-66 is an outdoor game ; transposed, a fruit. My 52-5-79-30-71-94 is a flower ; transposed, a sacred mountain. My 76-12-85-15 is a healing substance ; transposed, a young animal. My 39-38-61-31-68-77-17 is a useful article in traveling ; transposed, fastenings. My 39-25-80-28 may be seen at the sea-side ; transposed, may be seen in winter. My 02-13-56-47 is an emblem of eternity ; transposed, an undesirable expression. My 90-21-87-81 is a trailing plant ; transposed, part of a leaf. My 55-67-29-34-64 is an animal ; transposed, an engraver's tool. My 94-45-85-83-6 are plates of baked clay ; transposed, steps. My 59-15-30-72 is a wild animal ; transposed, a domestic bird. My 17-84-38-41 is part of a plant ; transposed, an insect. My 31-15-60-64 is a piece of money ; transposed, a shoot of a plant. My 20-63-42-17-89 is a weapon ; transposed, what a bird is. My 35-87-86-49-91 is a game bird ; transposed, certain trees. My 78-44-95-2-88-97 is a kind of trimming ; transposed, part of the hand. My 17-38-96-49 is an illuminator ; transposed, a tree. My 17-40-38-82 is found at the baker's ; transposed, a young animal. My 70, 93, 23, 69, 75 are letters which may be found in the picture.

J. P. B.

CHARADE.

Oh, second, please do bring my *first*
From where I left it on the table;
We'll *third* and see my *whole*, for here
In Spain is where it's fashionable.

E. W. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a festal time, and my finals something which abounds at that time.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A projection on a wheel. 2. A collector. 3. A famous warrior in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." 4. Modulated. 5. Luxurious. 6. A semaphore. 7. An error. 8. A feminine name. 9. A title of deference.

When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the central letters may be transposed so as to form two words.



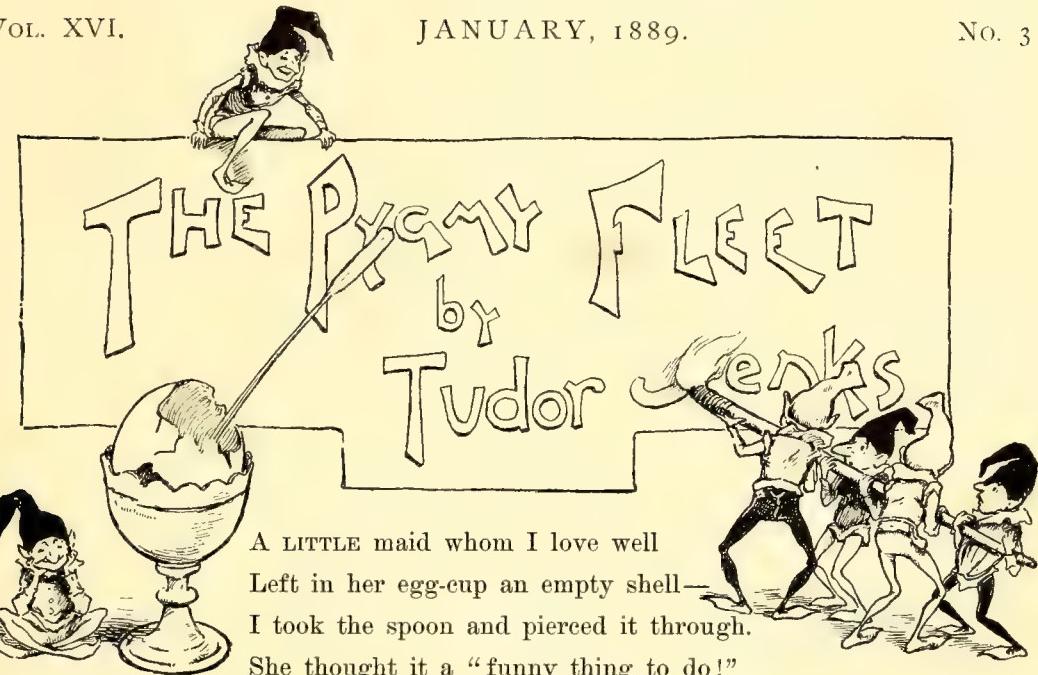
"REMEMBER THE TALE OF THE PYGMY FLEET."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

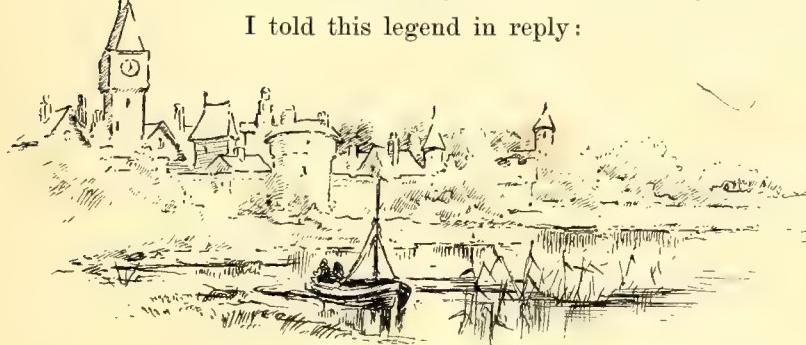
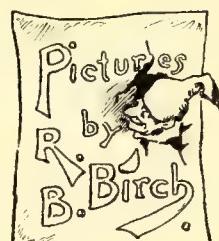
JANUARY, 1889.

NO. 3



A LITTLE maid whom I love well
Left in her egg-cup an empty shell—
I took the spoon and pierc'd it through.
She thought it a "funny thing to do!"
But I said, "It is best to be discreet;
Remember the tale of the Pigmy Fleet!
I shall obey the King's Decree."

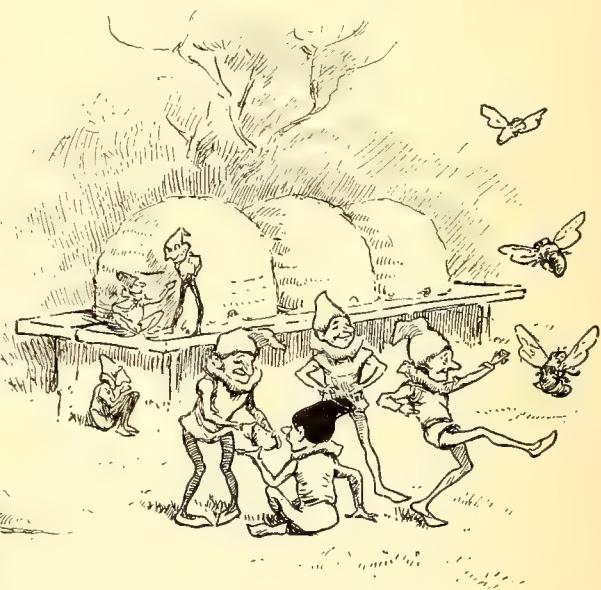
Up she clambered to my knee—
"Tell me the story! when—how—why?"
I told this legend in reply:



R.B.

Copyright, 1888, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

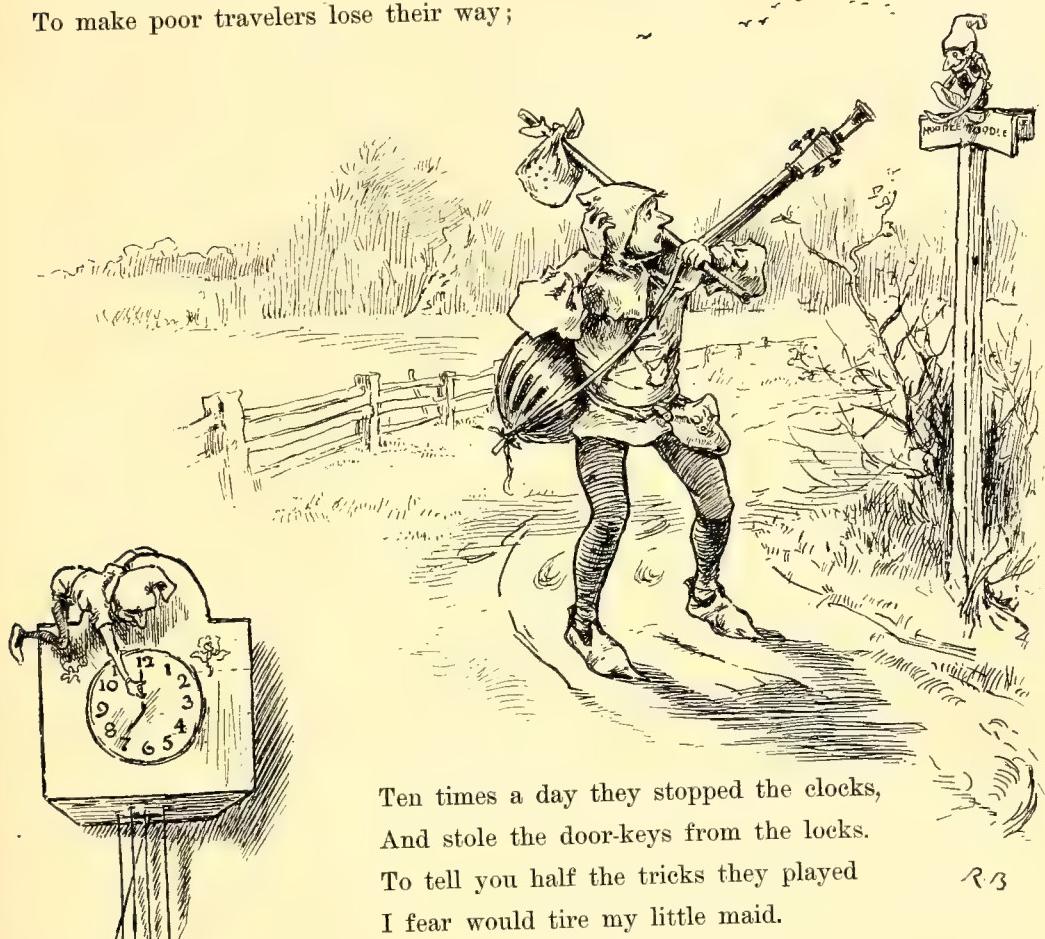
Meddlesome pygmies long ago
Swarmed in a little kingdom so
That night or day there was no rest
From willful prank and heedless jest.
They pinched the babies till they cried;

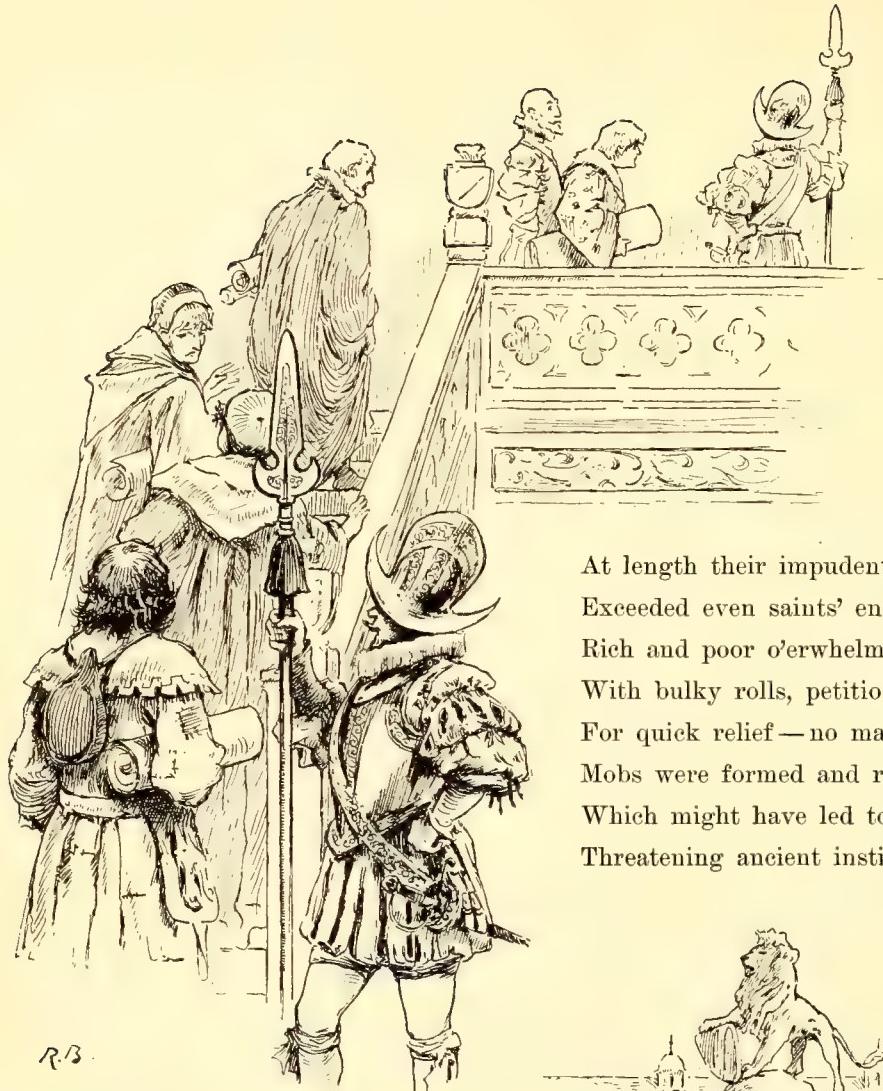


The hives they robbed, the bees defied;
They stole the clothes hung out on lines,
And changed about the merchants' signs.

R3.

They turned the guide-boards all astray,
To make poor travelers lose their way;





At length their impudent assurance
Exceeded even saints' endurance.
Rich and poor o'erwhelmed the King
With bulky rolls, petitioning
For quick relief — no matter how!
Mobs were formed and raised a row
Which might have led to revolutions
Threatening ancient institutions!



The monarch, seeing they were serious,
Sent decrees in terms imperious,
By chosen heralds riding fast
Who read them thus, to the trumpet's blast:



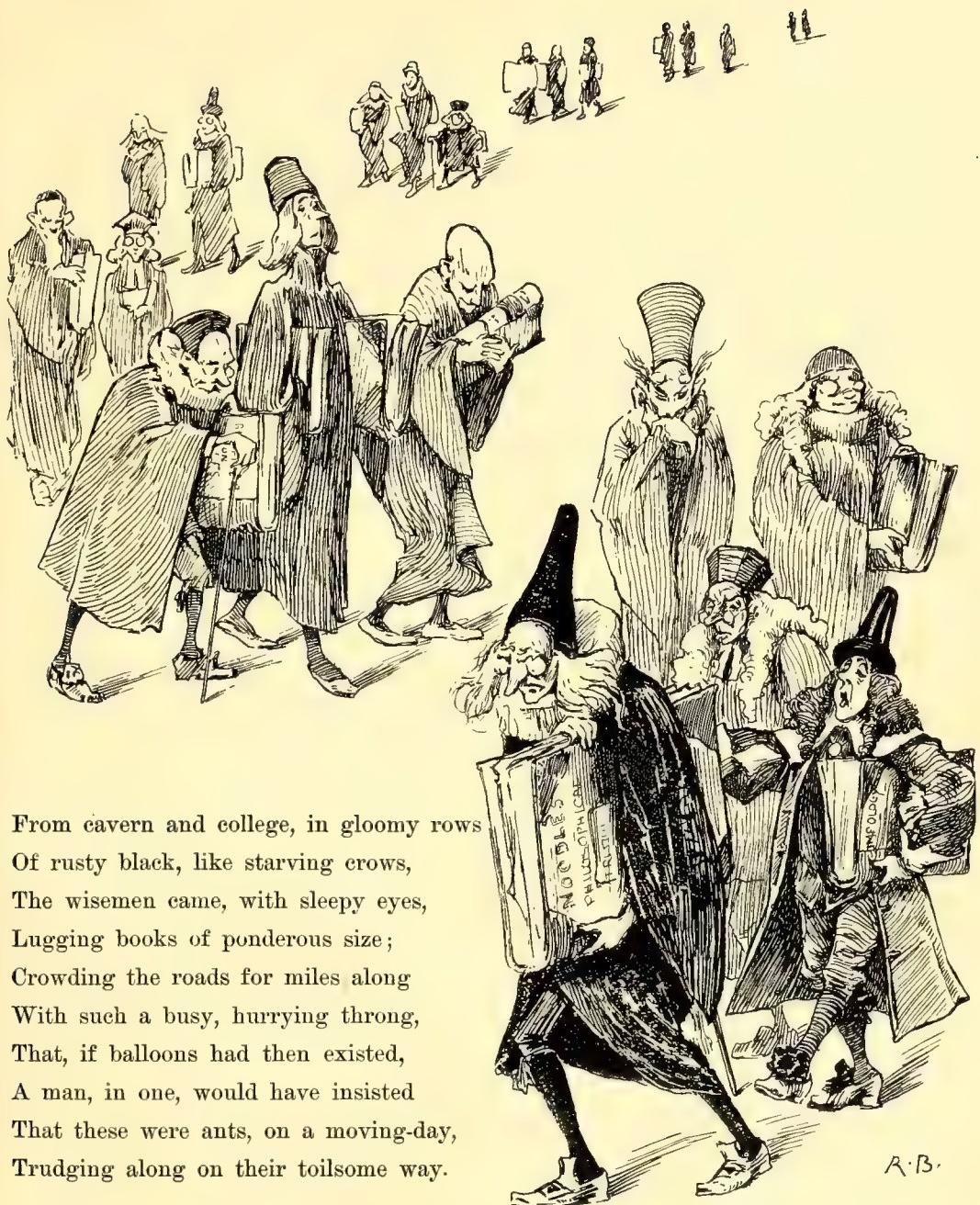
"Oyez!—Oyez! Now draw ye near,
The sovereign's gracious words to hear!"



We **C**isemen, **C**lizards, **S**cholars, **S**ages
Of all conditions, ranks and ages
Living far or dwelling near
Within the **P**alace straight appear!—
Bringing all your choicest store
Of **M**odern **R**esearch, **A**ncient **L**ore,—
Whatever each considers best
To rid the realm of **P**ygmy **P**est.—
Succeed!—you win our daughter's hand;
Fail!—you are banished from the land!
Let no rash hand this **C**oat of arms deface;
Post it in every **M**arket-place.
Done for the sake of the **P**ublic **C**oat
Given under our **H**and and **N**eal,
Witness the **R**oyal **S**ignet **R**ing.—

The trumpet sounds—"Long live the King!"

To saddle springs the herald fleet,
The pebbles fly from the horse's feet;
Before "Jack Robinson" you could say,
Horse and rider are far away!



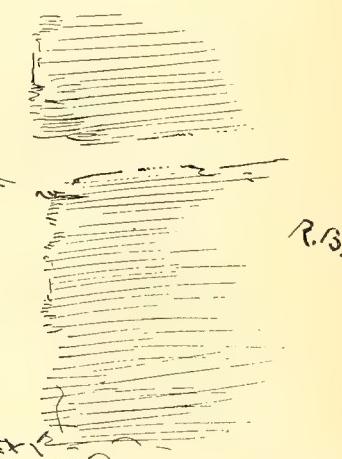
From cavern and college, in gloomy rows
Of rusty black, like starving crows,
The wisemen came, with sleepy eyes,
Lugging books of ponderous size;
Crowding the roads for miles along
With such a busy, hurrying throng,
That, if balloons had then existed,
A man, in one, would have insisted
That these were ants, on a moving-day,
Trudging along on their toilsome way.

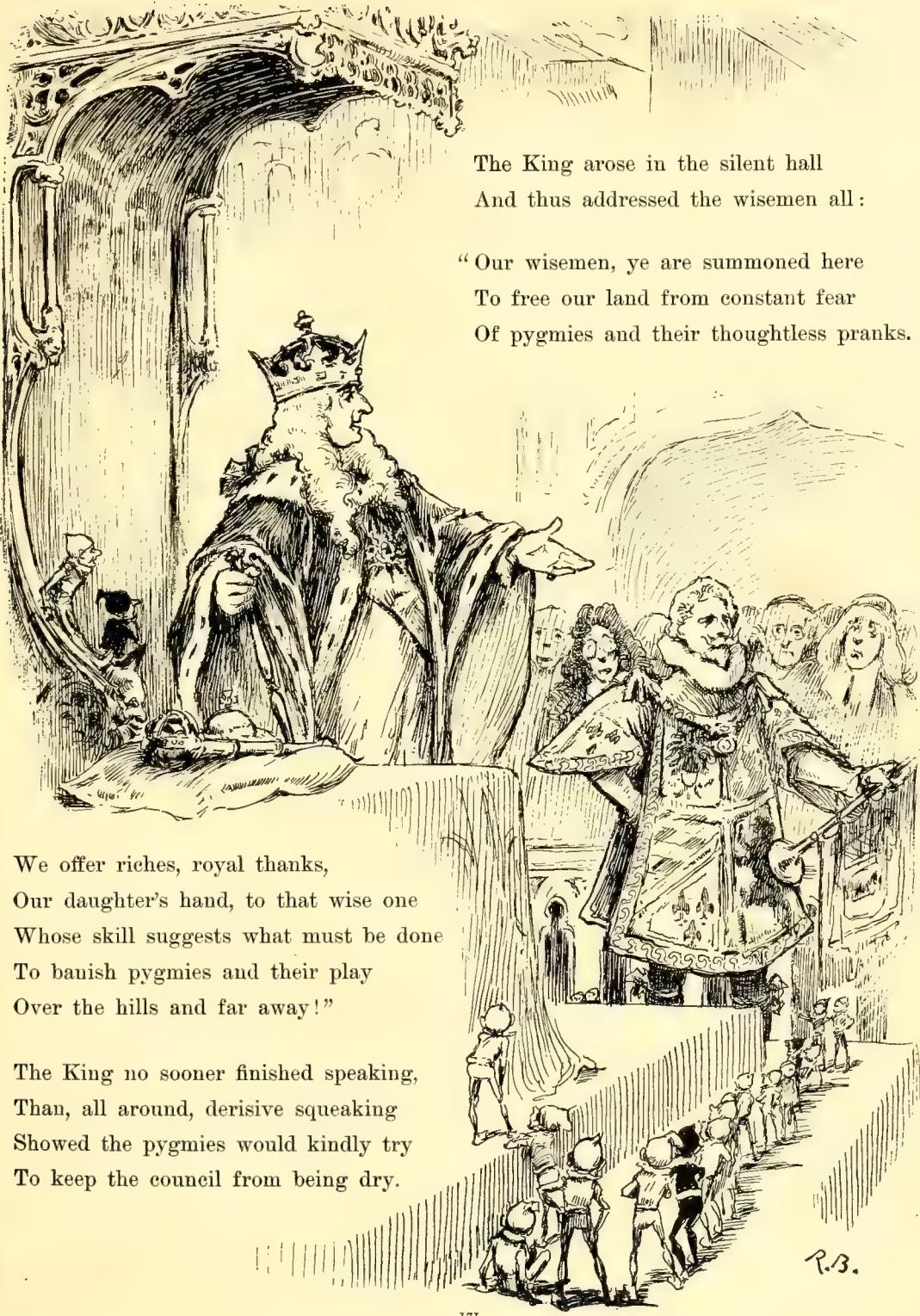
R.B.

Throughout the realm there was no quiet;
Dispute and argument ran riot;
They carried their squabbling and their malice
Even into the royal palace!



But when one dotard with the gout,
Though very lame, walked quickly out
(His speed was great to the palace yard
By the zealous help of a royal guard),
And when, despite his snowy hair,
He was banished, then and there —
Strange to say, they ceased their din;
You might have heard a falling pin!





The King arose in the silent hall
And thus addressed the wisemen all :

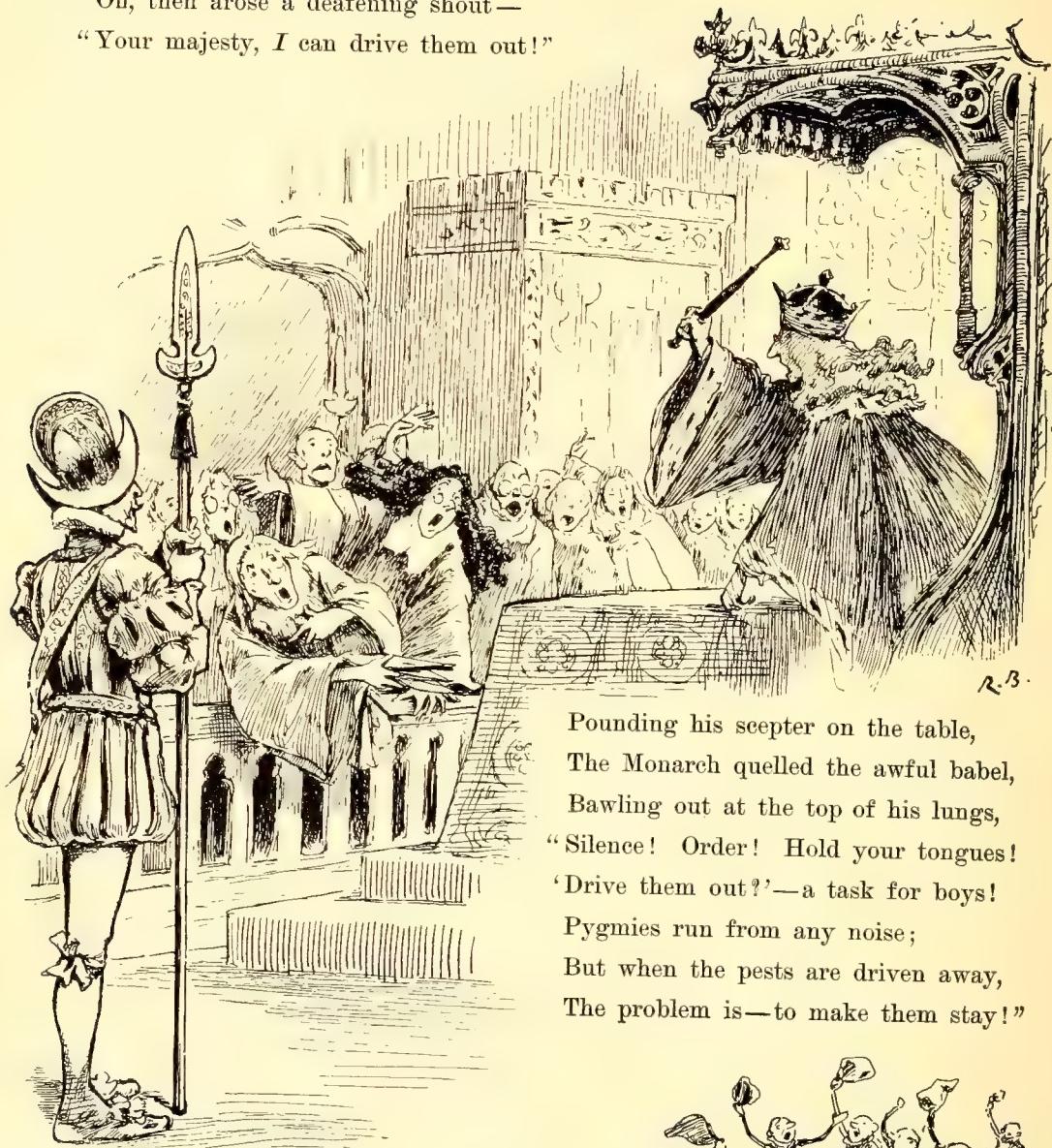
"Our wisemen, ye are summoned here
To free our land from constant fear
Of pygmies and their thoughtless pranks.

We offer riches, royal thanks,
Our daughter's hand, to that wise one
Whose skill suggests what must be done
To banish pygmies and their play
Over the hills and far away!"

The King no sooner finished speaking,
Than, all around, derisive squeaking
Showed the pygmies would kindly try
To keep the council from being dry.

R.B.

Oh, then arose a deafening shout—
“Your majesty, *I* can drive them out!”



Pounding his scepter on the table,
The Monarch quelled the awful babel,
Bawling out at the top of his lungs,
“Silence! Order! Hold your tongues!
‘Drive them out?’—a task for boys!
Pygmies run from any noise;
But when the pests are driven away,
The problem is—to make them stay!”

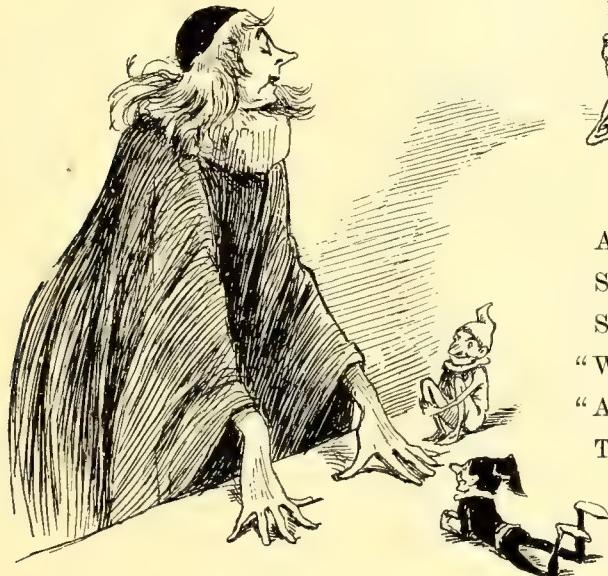
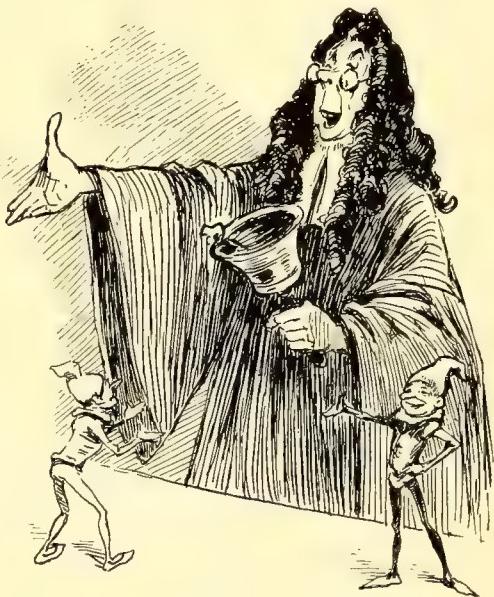
(The pygmies here renewed their jeers
And gave three faint, sarcastic cheers.)





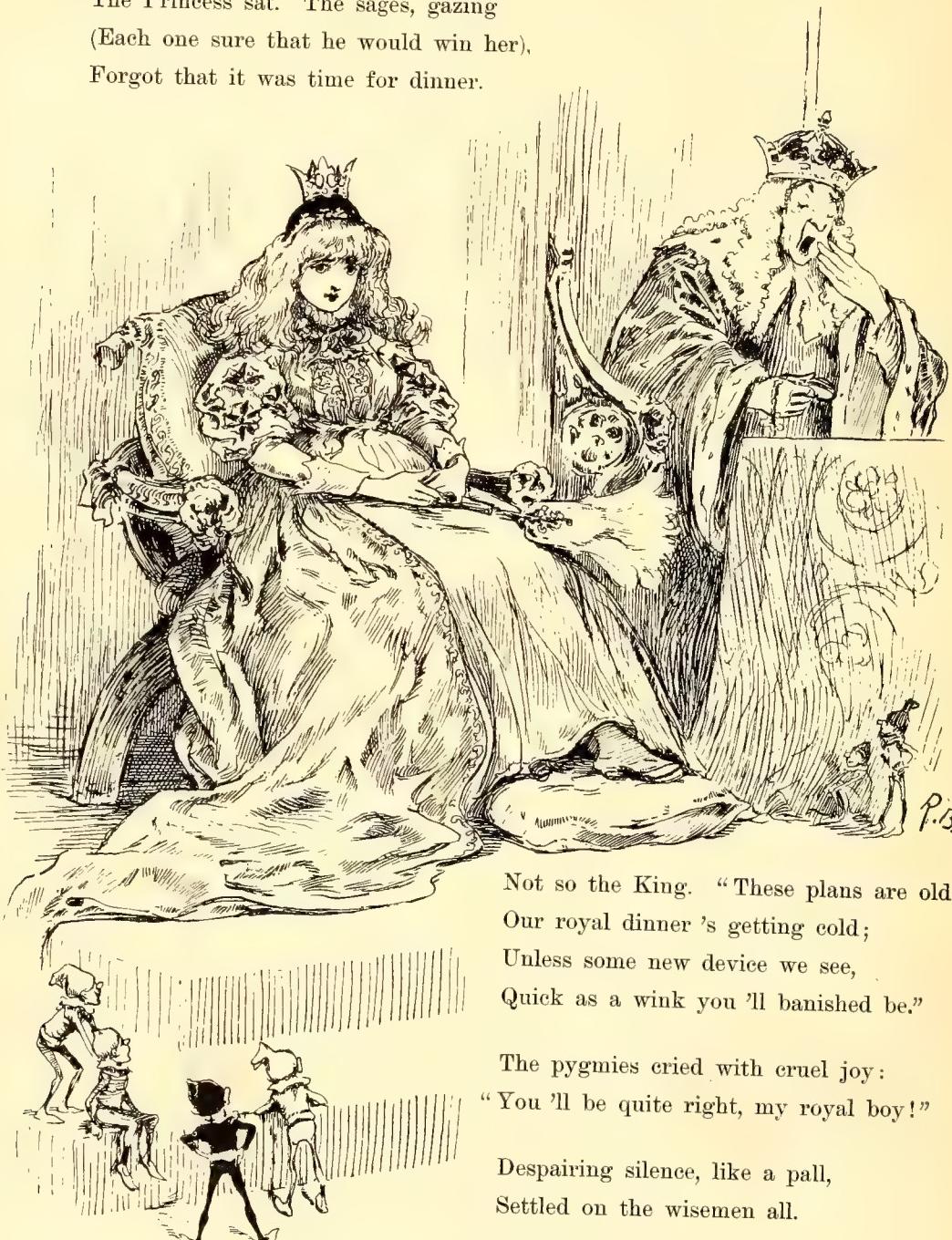
According to age the sages spoke
In senile wheeze or youthful croak,
Advising horseshoes, tolling bells,
Ancient charms, old witches' spells,
Hazel rods and boiling water,
Or, "seventh son of seventh daughter,"
Would surely keep the pygmies quiet
If His Majesty would but try it.

Pygmies clinging to roof and walls
Received these plans with sneering squalls ;
Laughed at horseshoes, chuckled at bells,
Mocked the charms and mimicked the spells ;
Crying, "Louder!" — "Slower!" — "Faster!"
Pelting them all with bits of plaster !



At last the youngest sage had spoken.
Silence reigned for a time unbroken,
Save that a pygmy called aloud :
"Who ever saw such a stupid crowd!"
"Ah," said another, "they'll feel sick ;
They'll be banished pretty quick!"

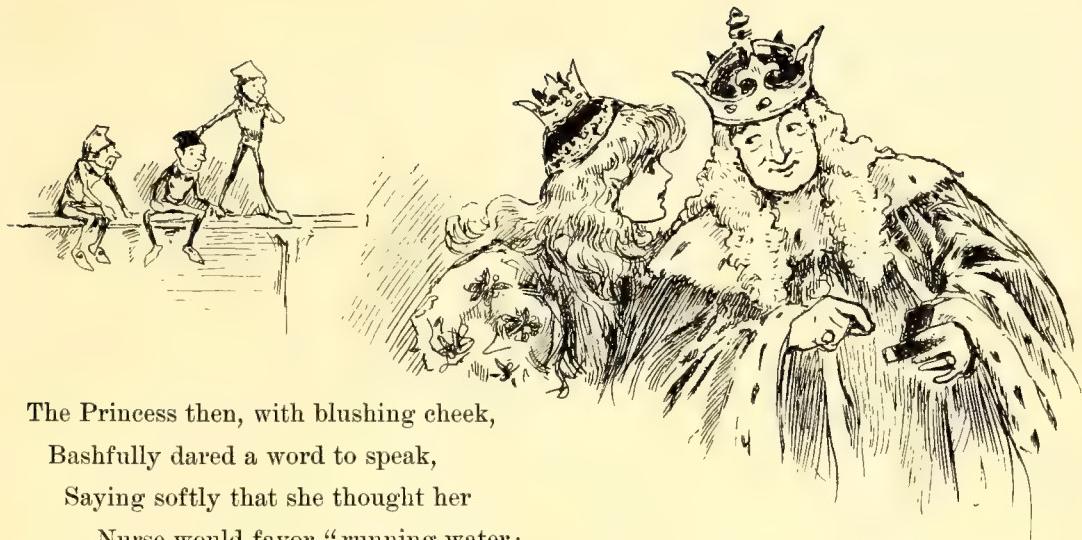
In richest robes with rubies blazing
The Princess sat. The sages, gazing
(Each one sure that he would win her),
Forgot that it was time for dinner.



Not so the King. "These plans are old—
Our royal dinner 's getting cold;
Unless some new device we see,
Quick as a wink you 'll banished be."

The pygmies cried with cruel joy:
"You 'll be quite right, my royal boy!"

Despairing silence, like a pall,
Settled on the wisemen all.



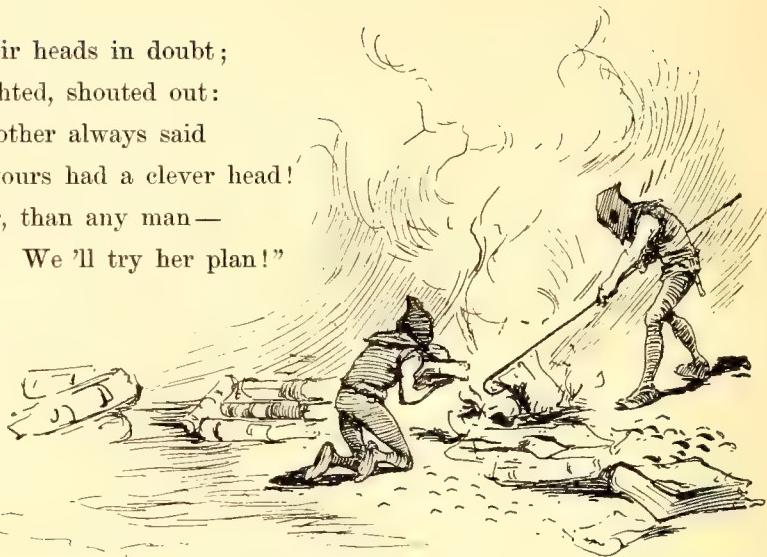
The Princess then, with blushing cheek,
Bashfully dared a word to speak,
Saying softly that she thought her
Nurse would favor "running water ;
For pygmies, fays, and elves, it seems,
Can not cross the running streams.
Perhaps a ditch, if deep and wide,
Would guard the land on every side."

R.B.

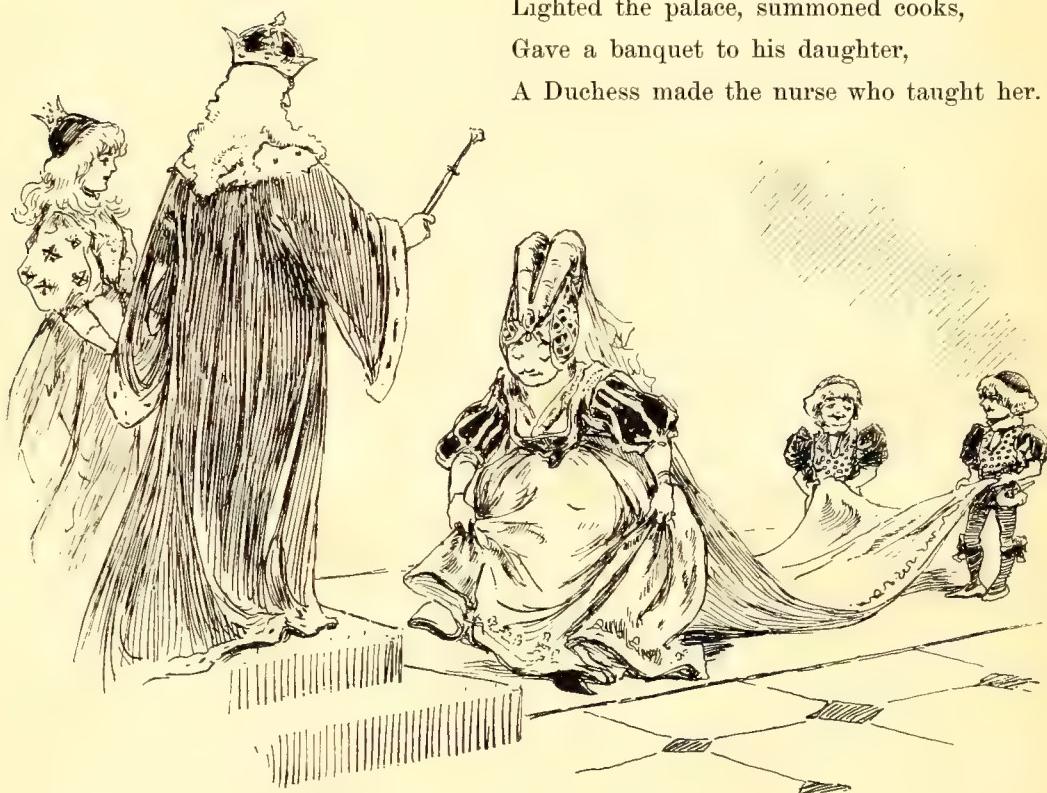
Here the pygmies showed dismay,
Many fainting quite away !



Sages shook their heads in doubt;
The King, delighted, shouted out:
"Your sainted mother always said
That nurse of yours had a clever head!
She 's wiser, far, than any man—
Council 's over! We 'll try her plan!"



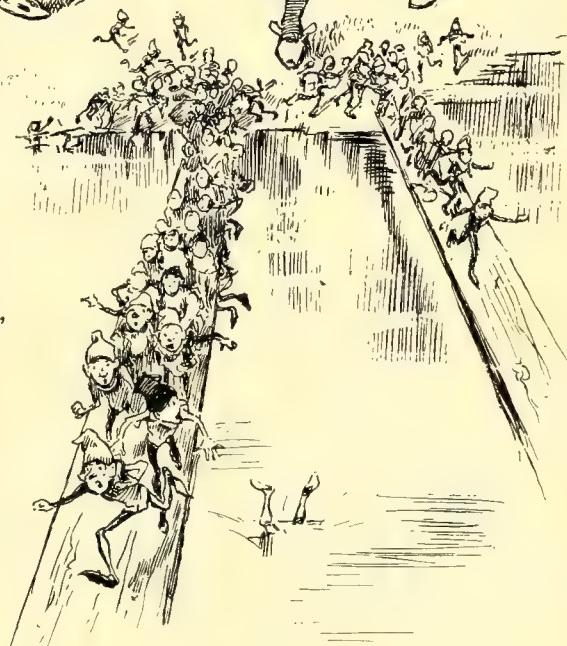
He banished the sages, burned their books;
Lighted the palace, summoned cooks,
Gave a banquet to his daughter,
A Duchess made the nurse who taught her.

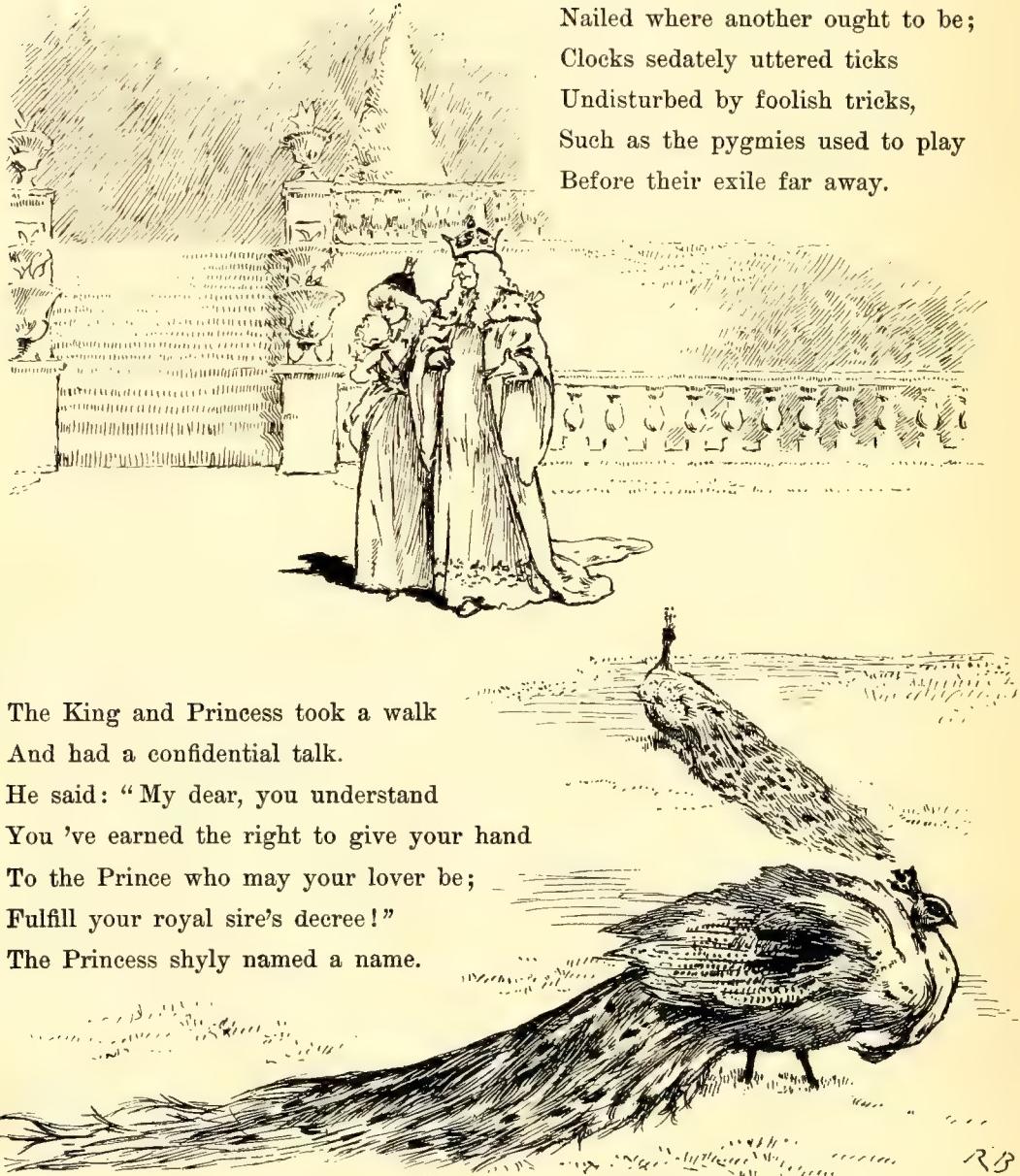




R.B.

The ditch was dug, both deep and wide,
Around the land on every side.
In which a current flowing clear
Came from a rapid river near.
Then boards were laid across the ditch,
Making bridges over which
Pygmies could cross when driven away;
These removed—why, there they'd stay!
Then old and young, with yell and shout,
Beating pans, soon drove them out.
Over the bridges the pygmies ran
Squealing, as pigs and pygmies can;
Over they went like frightened mice—
Up went the bridges in a trice!
In vain the pygmies raged and cried,
They could not cross the flowing tide!



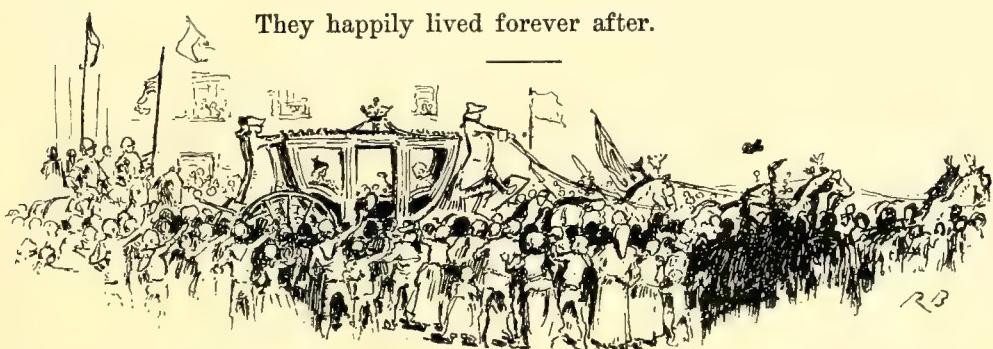


Within the living water's charm
The realm remained secure from harm.
Babies led unruffled lives;
Bees enriched unrifled hives;
Merchants, now, no sign could see
Nailed where another ought to be;
Clocks sedately uttered ticks
Undisturbed by foolish tricks,
Such as the pygmies used to play
Before their exile far away.

The King and Princess took a walk
And had a confidential talk.
He said: "My dear, you understand
You 've earned the right to give your hand
To the Prince who may your lover be;
Fulfill your royal sire's decree!"
The Princess shyly named a name.



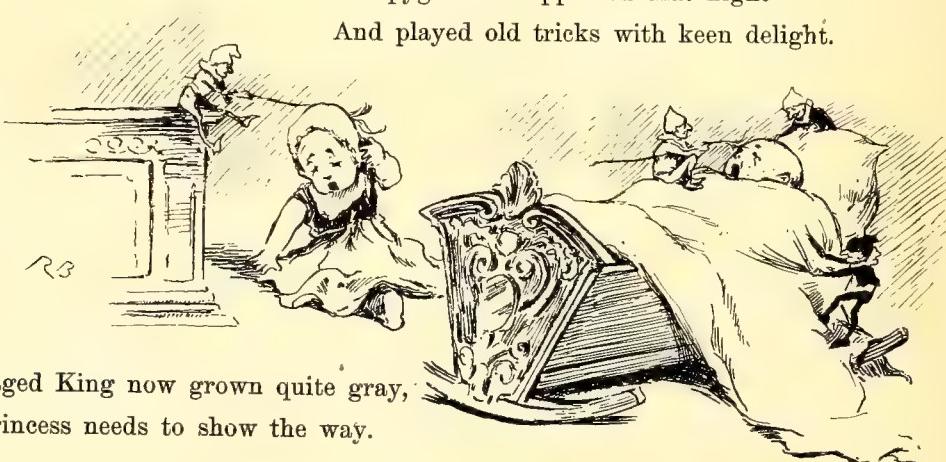
—A charming Prince to the palace came,
Followed by nobles of high degree,
In great procession, grand to see.
A wedding took place, with joy and laugh-
ter,—
They happily lived forever after.



In restful peace for many years
The people all forgot their fears.
Pygmies' pranks were told as jokes
By patriarchs to younger folks.



But, alas!—one day in the finest weather
The babies' babies howled together!
For pygmies re-appeared that night
And played old tricks with keen delight.



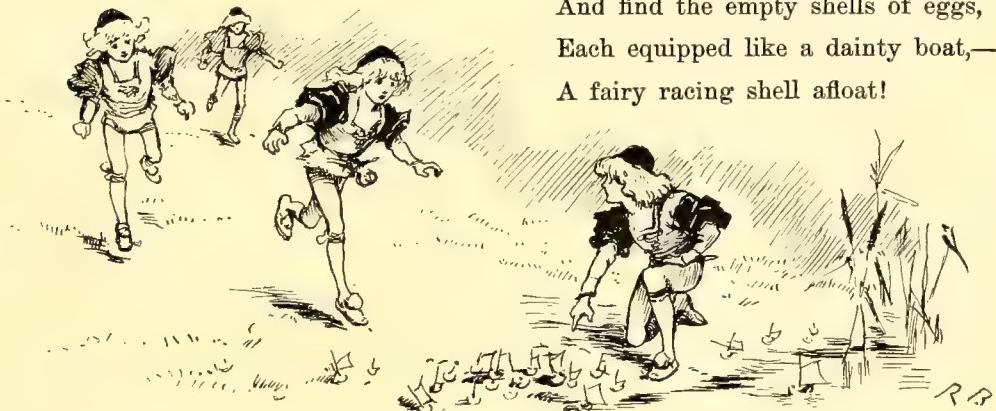
The aged King now grown quite gray,
No princess needs to show the way.

He seeks Her Grace (the former nurse)
And asks the cause of this reverse.

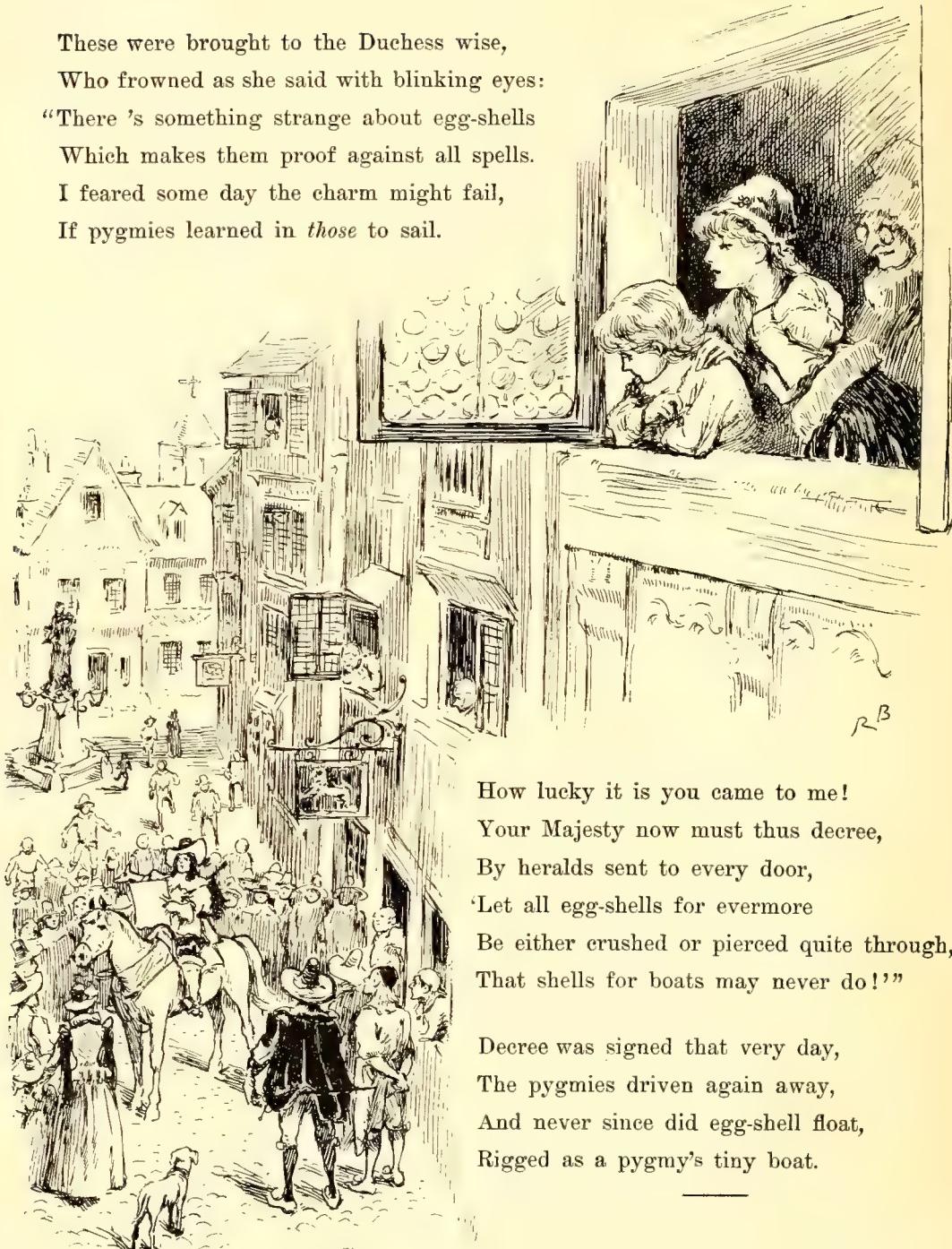


The wrinkled Duchess wagged her head;
"The reason is simple enough," she said.
"Go search along the ditch's side;
You 'll see how pygmies cross the tide!"

Pages run with twinkling legs
And find the empty shells of eggs,
Each equipped like a dainty boat,—
A fairy racing shell afloat!

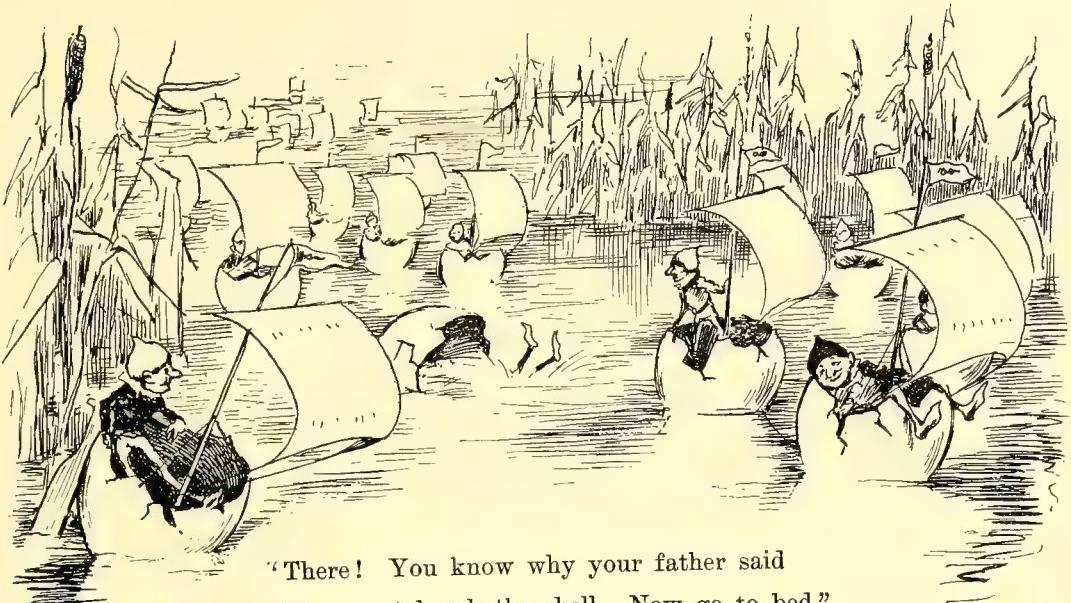


These were brought to the Duchess wise,
Who frowned as she said with blinking eyes:
"There's something strange about egg-shells
Which makes them proof against all spells.
I feared some day the charm might fail,
If pygmies learned in *those* to sail.



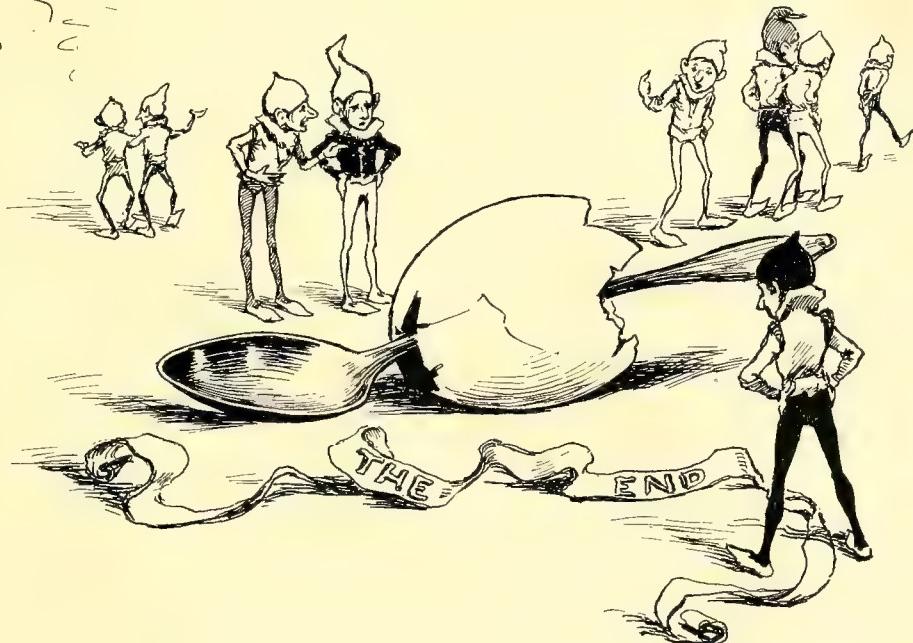
How lucky it is you came to me!
Your Majesty now must thus decree,
By heralds sent to every door,
Let all egg-shells for evermore
Be either crushed or pierced quite through,
That shells for boats may never do!"'

Decree was signed that very day,
The pygmies driven again away,
And never since did egg-shell float,
Rigged as a pygmy's tiny boat.



"There! You know why your father said
You must break the shell. Now go to bed."
So she did
As she was bid,
And dreams of pygmies filled her head.

RB



THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER III.

"GERVAS" MAKES A MISTAKE.

WITHOUT consciously choosing either end of the road, Alvine ran on toward Ste. Anne. The rain slackened, but it was so dark she once came down the slope against a fence, and once fell over a wayside trough, the laundry-trough of some peacefully sleeping family. Her cautious voice sought Bruno with repeated calls. The road suggested rather than outlined its damp gray track to her strained sight, and when Alvine had blundered along and in zigzag lines across it until she panted, it seemed best to get under shelter again and wait until morning to find Bruno.

The stone ruin was left behind. And she preferred even waking some family to going back there.

The masses of unseen things around her might be houses or barns or foliage. Darkness makes prisoners of us without any walls. It stands us literally on our heads in the void, inverting our perceptions.

Alvine thought she was climbing a steeper grade of the way when she ran against one of those slat fences linked together by withes, so common on the Beaupré road. But as a fence was a clew she needed, she traced it along, hand over hand, until it yielded and gaped where there was evidently a gate. To insure herself against wandering out of the gate again, she closed it behind her. The stir of wind and pit-pat of ceasing rain did not cover the oozy sound of Alvine's foot in the sod. A snarling growl began very close to her, she could not tell in what direction. Afraid of being seized by a strange dog, she called out appeasing words and ran into something which crashed. But a strong mouth nipped her, and her cries were piteous for two or three minutes until a disturbed trampling answered; light broke through the windows of a house in front of her and the door opened.

Crowding their heads outside the door, with a candle between them, appeared a fat woman and lean, black-bearded man. Though so terrified, Alvine noticed it was the black-bearded man she had seen in the dog-wagon.

"Oh, monsieur," she cried, "it must be your dog that is biting me!"

"Gervas, let go thy hold!" shouted the man; and Alvine felt a welcome relaxing of the grip in which she was held.

The woman also made exclamation, and cried:

"Whose lost child are you?"

"Go back to thy bed, Gervas," admonished the man, shaking his head and candle at the dog. "You see no difference between hog flesh and human, heh?"

Gervas, the mistaken Newfoundland, having acted with the best intentions, answered by a low growl. He felt injustice. Still, he was willing to make amends on his part, and wagged his tail at Alvine since she found favor with his family; then retreating under the high gallery which ran along the front of the house, and on which Alvine had upset one of a row of geranium-pots, he curled down again in the comfortable nest he had been abused for leaving.

"You see there the steps," said the man, showing Alvine an ascending flight at the end of the gallery. So she entered the house, and when the partly clothed pair had set right their geranium-pot, they also came in and closed the door.

She was a limp, muddy girl, and her braids hung raveled down her back, quite unlike the tidy pilgrim who had lunched by the roadside; but the man now recalled her.

"Why did you stay out in the storm, mademoiselle?" he inquired severely. "I could have brought you to the Mother Ursule as I came by."

"I ran into that old ruined house, monsieur, when it began to rain. I do not know the Beaupré road—I was born on the Chaudière."

"And where did he bite thee?" queried Mother Ursule, directly, turning her ghastly visitor toward the candle on the table.

"He bit my ankle, madame."

In a chair with straight back and legs, which was properly weighted to the floor by bars of wood forming its base, and in fact looked like a chair of another century, Alvine was placed while Mother Ursule stripped down the stocking to look at her ankle.

Gervas had seized half of it in his mouth, but as he held it less fiercely than he might have done, it was bleeding only in the sockets his teeth had left.

Mother Ursule flung up her hands. With outcry and waddle—for, like all middle-aged French women of her class, she put on fat with years and was as shapeless a mass as one of her feather-beds—she brought soothing grease and cotton rags, and after washing bound it carefully up.

Her husband retreated into a kind of sleeping-closet, where he sat on the side of his bed, his elbows resting on his knees.

"Mademoiselle, I beg of you to pardon Gervas," he said.

"Monsieur, the dog is not to blame; it is myself."

"Gervas is the best-mannered lad between here and the Saguenay. He must have been dreaming of pigs, mademoiselle—Mother Blanchet's pigs. They come down-hill and drop into our garden, and I never have to turn my head from the anvil when I see them. Gervas attends to that branch of the business. He is a good son."

"Sore pilgrimage will you make on this foot, my child," grunted Mother Ursule, who knew most wayfarers along that road to be pilgrims, "unless you stay with us and heal your hurt where you got it. Monsieur Pelletier may make his excuses for that hairy bébé, that dirt-spreading Gervas of his, but for myself, I will take an oven-stick and pound the beast in the morning. Not to know the difference of smell between pigs and pilgrims!"

"But so well he draws a wagon," Alvine put to the credit of Gervas.

"Is it not so?" exclaimed Pelletier. "I could load his wagon with all the hay I raise, and Gervas would trot off with it and never know it. But Mother Ursule has no love for that child. She sat down on his wagon once, and Gervas laid himself flat upon the ground."

"He hath reason to flatten himself on the ground before me," said Mother Ursule. "Great paws of him that mark my floors! How long have you been on your way, my child? And have they much wool in the Chaudière valley now?"

"I came not directly from the Chaudière valley, madame. It is from Quebec. My sister and I are in service there, for our father has made his choice."

"Ah, ah, ah," said Pelletier, with perfect comprehension.

"Ah, ah, ah," said Mother Ursule, also with perfect comprehension.

CHAPTER IV.

A BUTTERFLY BEFORE THE WIND.

ALVINE rested with her hands in her lap, while Mother Ursule finished the bandaging. Her eyes,

grown recently used to more stately interiors, yet enjoyed tracing the white pine room from clean rafters to broad floor-boards. The walls were pine also, with no object to break their monotony of dove-tailed planks except some mottoes done in bad French and worsted.

"Ama
Bonne Maman."
"Respecte
Amour
Reconnaissance."

A stairway went up at one side of this room, and in the middle of the floor stood an oilcloth-covered table on which the light had been placed. An iron stove, as large as a furnace, was built into the wall between this room and another.

"My mistress and her family have gone to New Brunswick for the summer," explained Alvine, coming back with her eyes to the good-humored face of Mother Ursule; "and she gave me leave to make the good pilgrimage while our house is partly closed. But my brother is first to be found. Have you seen a tall boy, sixteen years old, who looks like a lumberman, pass on this road?"

"What is your name, mademoiselle?" inquired Pelletier.

"Alvine Charland, I am called. My brother's name is Bruno-Morel Charland. Monsieur and madame, he is the finest young man you ever saw. He went directly away to a lumber camp. It was in the autumn. And then we had no word from him all winter, except that he was to come back when the drive was over. I saw him this very night, madame." Alvine fixed her excited eyes on the matron. "He stood under a tree in that old house, and then was gone entirely. Monsieur, my brother was caught in a break-up of logs in the Ottawa river."

"Si—so!" ejaculated Pelletier.

"Yes, monsieur; it is six weeks ago."

"He has not been there ever since?" inquired Mother Ursule, with gentle caution.

"No, no, no, no, no, madame!"

Alvine spread her hands abroad with a sweeping double gesture, as a French girl does when she has some surprising story to tell.

"He was caught in a break-up at the Chaudière falls, and he was under the water no one knows how long. They could not find him. But, monsieur and madame, my brother was pulled out of the river by raftsmen."

"Cha—a!"* exclaimed Pelletier, using a word which he believed to be expressive English.

"Yes, certainly. And they tended him and brought him down the Ottawa. He was hurt about his head by the logs, madame, and is not like he was, monsieur. For Bruno is strong and

* "Pshaw!"

feels no sickness. But inside, madame,"—Alvine struck her fingers on her forehead,—“it made a confusion that drives him like a butterfly before the wind. The raftsmen said he was able to help them with the raft down the Ottawa, but he laughed, he

“Who brought you the news?” inquired Mother Ursule, standing up and resting her knuckles on her sides.

“It was a man who hauled in the lumber camp with Bruno-Morel. The 1st of June, and of July



“HE WAS UNDER THE WATER NO ONE KNOWS HOW LONG,” SAID ALVINE.

danced, he sang, he knew not where he was going. After he left the raft he was heard of in the woods of Maine, above Lake Megantic, and he was heard of near Ste. Anne de Beaupré.”

“Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,” murmured Pelletier with sympathy.

also, brought no Bruno. Whenever we got leave, I took my sister Marcelline to watch the steam-boats unload at Quebec docks. We saw a man there many times. He sat and saw all the boats. He heard us talk, and asked us if we were the sisters of Bruno-Morel. I told him we waited for

our brother, and asked him if he had seen Bruno come ashore.

"Monsieur," said Alvine with a gesture of astonishment, "he was at the Chaudière falls when it happened, and he had seen the raftsmen after Bruno left them. Yes, madame; and he had read in the English papers, for he speaks English better than French, and my brother had been printed about. The man read to us one paper, saying a boy had been seen singing and playing on the Beaupré road who resembled the boy that had his head hurt at the Chaudière falls. He read, also, that such a boy was in an engineer's camp above Lake Megantic; for the man carried the papers in his pocket, and had carried them two weeks. He loved my brother. So Marcelline and I got news of Bruno-Morel."

"What will you do with the boy when you find him?" inquired Pelletier. "If his brains be hurt he will scarce turn himself to work; or he might serve awhile at my forge holding horse-shoes."

"And the hammer, also," hinted Mother Ursule, "while my husband smokes at the door."

"Our curé will take him to an asylum to be helped," replied Alvine. "I told our curé about Bruno."

"Yes, yes, yes, that will be a good thing," assented Pelletier.

"Shall I now make you some tea before you go to bed?" suggested Mother Ursule.

"No, no, no, madame. I thank you; no, no." Their guest forbade such extreme hospitality with a beseeching gesture. "I had my supper by the way, as monsieur saw."

"You will then have cream?" urged the housemother, tantalizing a youthful appetite by that dainty dearest to a French stomach.

"Oh! — la crème," murmured Alvine. "Madame is too kind. La crème, madame — it is too much trouble!"

"See you, now," said Mother Ursule. She straightway entered a side room, and the tinkling of spring water could be heard while the door remained open,—spring water, which among the hills is an eternal rain condensed to one channel—rain shot through with sunshine, and radiating perpetual promises against drought.

Back with Mother Ursule into the lighted room came an odor unpleasant to most nostrils not French-Canadian. She carried in her hand a pint bowl wreathed around with flower designs and filled with a thick yellow mass which brought the brightness of anticipation into Alvine's face when it was set before her. The whole inclosed atmosphere freighted itself with the sourness of that cream. It had reached a stage of acidity which cream could hardly reach unassisted by French

skill; but one more thing was needed to make it the rich morsel Alvine desired, and Mother Ursule set down that thing from a cupboard in the wall: a saucer of black molasses, thick, and tasting medicinally.

Into this Alvine dipped a pewter teaspoon, transferring as much molasses as she thought proper to the bowl of cream. Then she stirred the black and yellow mixture with exact care, and began to eat like an epicure.

"Is it good?" queried Mother Ursule, assuming indifference, and asking the question as if duty compelled her to it.

"Oh, madame! this is the best cream I have had since I left the Chaudière!"

"Ah—ah!" responded the housewife in a gratified note. "The maisons de pension * send here from Ste. Anne's for my cream. They could use many times the quantity. It takes much cream to fill all the people who come and go there. I know how it should be prepared. Mother Blanchet up the mountain,—they buy her cream, also, when they can get no more of me; but I assure you, my child, it is not fit to eat; it hath no more taste to it than a sickening cup of milk fresh! Mother Blanchet would buy, with both her pigs, my skill with cream."

"And thou hast also a sister?" Pelletier put in between Alvine and the treatment of cream.

"Yes, monsieur. I have ten sisters, monsieur."

"All in Quebec?"

"No, no, no, monsieur. Did I not tell it is Marcelline only who remains near me? Though she is nurse in a family of tradespeople in the lower town, and my family live on the heights, we take our children and meet on Dufferin Terrace when the weather is fine. Marcelline is hardly twelve years old. My little sister can get a better place when she has more age."

"Could she not come with you on this pilgrimage?" inquired Mother Ursule.

"Madame, she has gone to Lake Megantic with her family, because they have relatives there. That was a wonderful thing for the lumberman to tell us Bruno had been seen in the Maine woods above Lake Megantic, when Marcelline was going directly there and could inquire after him! But, madame, since I have seen him to-night in the Beaupré road, Marcelline need not search for him there."

The girl laid down her spoon before the cream was finished.

"Madame, how wet he will be! The rain ran down his cheeks!"

"That all right, that all right!" exclaimed Pelletier in English. And, dropping into his own language, he explained, "You can not hurt these

* Boarding-houses.

strong, huge boys. They will sleep in wet grass and wake laughing."

When Alvine had finished her cream her hostess took the candle and signed toward the pine stairway. She was very tired and anxious to lay her throbbing ankle in horizontal rest. So, gladly putting her hand on the balustrade and saying, "Good-night, monsieur," in response to the polite leave-taking of her host, she limped upstairs, after the toiling figure of Mother Ursule, to a bare chamber where a feather-bed awaited guests.

CHAPTER V.

THE POET'S CHILD.

LAKE MEGANTIC, winding among hills and forests, half turning river, and then repenting itself and spreading out again into lake, has a rudely built little town called Agnes on one of its bays. Agnes had sprung with toadstool speed beside a new railroad, which was penetrating beyond into the Maine woods. This railroad promised so to unite American and British interests that its reaching the boundary-line was made an occasion of on that hot July day which followed the storm on the Beaupré road.

Excursion rates were given from all points along the route, to the boundary-line, and picnics lured the inhabitants of one village to spend their day in another. Men in public life, and others whose names were celebrated, had been asked to go to the boundary-line and make brief speeches on the occasion.

The train poured out nearly all its load at Agnes; for there, at the Lake Megantic dock, waited a wheezy steamer ready to overfreight itself with as many souls as would trust themselves to it, and sail-boats and row-boats beside. So many more people desired to go out on the blue water than desired to look at an unfinished iron track that it seemed the train must carry its speech-makers and officials to spout only to each other at the boundary-line. But Agnes' villagers themselves thronged into it, loading it well for its concluding run of fifteen miles.

Marcelline Charland had been waiting for this train. Her mistress let her buy an excursion ticket to the boundary-line, and she was going there to inquire after her brother.

Marcelline had very dim ideas of a boundary-line. She expected to find a populous encampment of laborers, and perhaps the engineer of the road holding Bruno in his safe grasp until she could come and claim him. Marcelline's print gown was fitted to her by a belt and yoke. She had an old-fashioned air, as if she were a little girl

who had been boxed away twenty-five years and lately brought out again, untarnished but somewhat juiceless.

Before the train came, Marcelline had been down under a bank dipping her foot in clear brown water, the water of the Chaudière flowing over rocks. This, her native river, had its source in Lake Megantic; and, when Marcelline first learned the fact, she every day took the children she tended to look at her river's head. Delicious was the water to her naked foot as she paddled, thinking where those very drops were going. Her mind pursued them no farther than the limits of her old home. This discovery of the Chaudière's source was comfort to her while quite separated from Alvine.

There were many trout in the water; she would tell Alvine this. It was as lovely here as in its stoniest turns along the valley; and she would have this to tell Alvine. She was paid for coming to Lake Megantic, even if nothing could be heard about Bruno.

The train whistled while Marcelline probed limpid depth beside a rock. She huddled her stocking and shoe on a damp foot, and ran to find a seat in the second-class car. Her small face glowed with heat and exertion. She sat on the sunny side, two larger people squeezing her against the window. Several miles of the route slid past her before she took note of anything but her own discomfort. The second-class car had cushionless, wooden seats, and was nearly filled with noisy young men.

Marcelline looked through open doors and across the throbbing platform at those great people in the first-class car. Crimson upholstering softened to them the jolts of the train, and they sat in groups delightfully talking. The contractor of the new railroad, and all who were to make speeches, were in that car. One group, at least, was delightfully talking; Marcelline wished she could hear them; a father with flying light hair which smeared the top of his face or stood out from his temples, and his daughter, a girl about Alvine's age. She was trimly dressed, and her auburn curls were tucked up under a helmet-shaped lawn-tennis hat of white linen. The pair resembled each other, for her father's face was smooth, his features straight and delicate. Marcelline had often seen these two in Quebec. She knew they were the French poet Lavoie and his eldest child. She had watched them with serious attention, as an unthinking robin, waked in the night, may sometimes gaze at distant stars. Once her master remarked when she heard him, that the poet Lavoie had married into one of the oldest and richest families in Canada, and fortunate it was for him, for a man would starve to death on poetry. Monsieur Lavoie

and his daughter were devoted chums. She was his companion wherever he went, excepting at state dinners.

This girl so beloved seemed full of dimples and laughter, yet she had a droop of the head which gave her a bashful air. Marcelline watched her with unnamed sensations. She sat with her back to the engine, and all the sweet play of her face was pored over by Marcelline, who stretched forward impatiently if smoke poured down the roof of the car and veiled it.

"So many pine-trees, papa!" the girl exclaimed.
"What a great old forest!"

"Yes. I love a great old forest, Aurèle."

"I also, papa."

"What heat those pine-trees could send forth if they once caught fire!"

"Ah, what fun to live in one of those cabins the whole summer, papa. Why are there so many cabins so large, and all standing empty?"

"They are the contractor's deserted shells, Aurèle. He built them along his line as he needed them, with store-rooms and kitchens; but, of course, he could not carry a single house with him. He must abandon it and build another farther on. See how much wood is cut and piled by the track ready for shipping."

"Papa, if the woods were mine, I should let people cut only enough to keep them warm, and to build ships with. Those are ships' knees, those crooked pieces; are they not? Perhaps some of those very timbers will float us far away together."

"Not with smoke for sails, I hope, my Aurèle," the poet answered, remarking with half-attentive eye a smoldering stump.

The woods grew denser, and oaks, like hoary old men, stood bearded with moss. In the midst of this wilderness their train halted. It had reached the barrier set up at the end of its iron track. Beyond, the smooth road-bed as far as eye could trace it awaited its timber and rails.

The locomotive stood holding its breath with a low hiss. Everybody poured out, some people strolling into the woods, where they could be seen breaking themselves spoil of various kinds, and others crowding around the speech-makers.

Near the new track stood an iron post which had been set by British and United States commissioners more than forty years before. On one side it bore the words, "Her Britannic Majesty," and on the other, "United States of America." This was the boundary-line.

Marcelline could see no army of laborers in their temporary village. A man on horseback, leading another horse by the bridle, was waiting for the contractor, who had five miles farther to ride to his camp.

The brass band, that had come upon a flat car decorated with evergreens, now stood up in the woods and made them ring with, "God Save the Queen" and "Hail, Columbia." An American consul, a member of the Canadian parliament, and the French poet, in turn, spoke of the development of this continent, each rejoicing from his own standpoint, for men love to feel the progress of the race flowing through their own veins. Cheers shook the air; some Americans who were present got on their side of the line and shouted. Presently the locomotive bell began to ring, and stragglers hastened back from the woods to take their places in the returning train.

Marcelline went timidly to the contractor, who mounted his horse and waited to lift his hat in adieu to a company he had brought so far into the wilderness.

"Monsieur," she whispered at his stirrup.

"What is it, my lass?" inquired the English contractor.

"If you please, monsieur, is my brother, Bruno-Morel Charland, in your camp? He came from the Chaudière valley, and he was hurt among the logs six weeks ago."

"Speak English, speak English, my lass; and look sharp if you're going on that train. I don't talk French."

"Monsieur," besought Marcelline, lifting her voice, as we all do when our language is not comprehended, as if noise would arouse a sleeping interpreter in our listener's ears, "is my brother, Bruno-Morel Charland, in your camp? I made this journey to find him, monsieur."

The man who had held the contractor's horse now spoke up. He talked rapidly in English to his employer, and in French to Marcelline. He told her there were five hundred men in the camp above, that he had been among them all summer, and no such person as she described was there.

Marcelline paid her thanks for this certainty, and solemnly climbed the height of the platform to the second-class car. She felt that she and her vital interests were very trivial and not worth the attention of minds concerned with the large matters of the world. Her inexperienced heart resented the cruel and stupid resistance of circumstances, as we all resent it before we learn the harmony of life.

CHAPTER VI.

A FOREST FIRE.

DURING ten miles of the backward run spontaneous camp-fires appeared to spring in all directions through the woods. The sight amused Aurèle.

"But see, papa!" she exclaimed. "One of those log houses is burning up. It makes a beacon. Who lighted so many fires?"

"Perhaps the sparks of our locomotive." The poet uneasily rose and went to the door. Aurèle followed and hung on his arm, while her smiling sight moved from flame to flame. Other inmates were watching the spectacle.

The train, lessening its speed, was soon obliged to creep cautiously between banks of rose-red embers or solid cords of roaring wood—the wood which had been cut and piled for commerce. The pine branches on the flat car ignited, driving the brass band into an inclosed carriage for shelter. Men with buckets dropped to ditches beside the track and dipped up water to throw on the train, creeping on the platforms again with scorched clothes and hands and faces blistered.

One who has never been in a forest fire can scarcely imagine its intense heat, the acrid blinding smoke, the suddenness with which trees flash from root to crown, and grass blazes far from any spark, as if the earth itself were burning, the furnace glow of piled logs, the heated air from baked ground.

Incredible sights showed through that nightmare of fire. Moss-inclosed stumps spurted flame many times their own height. Young ferns, scarce unrolled, sprang green and fresh from one side of a log, while the other side quivered in living coals.

The train stopped. It could creep in retreat no farther, for its track was burned, the rails warped into fantastic curves. Blackened and blistered paint ran down the car sides.

The doors and windows had all been closed to keep out smoke and sickening heat. Aurèle's father held her to him and fanned her with his hat. Every mouth in the carriage gasped for breath. The floor was so hot it burned their feet. The window glass could not be touched. They could all see the wooden sides of the inclosure warp.

When the doomed train had hung a minute in the midst of this furnace, some one opened a door and shouted that it was on fire. Into the blistering smoke-darkened air, and out upon a forest floor spread with embers and quivering with heat, the people all rushed. Women fainted and were dragged up and carried by their fathers or brothers. The escape-valve of the locomotive was left open by its flying engineer, but it uttered its steam wail briefly, being relieved by explosion.

When days had cooled the forest to blackness, a distorted boiler and some rows of iron wheels were found where the train came to a stop.

Aurèle, in her father's grasp, stepped down upon the burning ground.

The train conductor and his men tried to gather all the people for a retreat to the lake. But it was impossible to shout explanations and commands as a ship's captain may do when he abandons ship. Merely inhaling the hot air wilted men downward on fainting knees. Terror drove every step taken in that vast fiery furnace. Carrying, driving, and dragging each other, the crowd ran toward the lake. Sometimes they could see it, sometimes they were lost in a world of smoke, the scorched sod betraying their feet into nests of coals, and one suddenly seized another's garments to crush starting flame. They had to avoid dropping flakes from the trees and rosy columns toppling just ready to fall. Often a clear space toward which they fought flashed up and barred their way, shaking out banners of fire. Yet, by groups they reached the lake, and dashed in, or let themselves down gasping upon its pebbles. Even the grape-vines were turning to red-hot links and throwing off sparkles as if worked by a blacksmith's hammer. Megantic, in places, slopes gradually to its depths, so children and others unable to swim could run into it from hissing brands which blackened as they struck the water.

The town of Agnes was visible from this point, and though the villagers were fighting fire on their own account,—for the woods enveloped and nearly swept away their wooden buildings,—they saw the signal of their land-wrecked friends and relations who had taken to the water, and sent out all the boats they could muster.

It could not be learned that anybody perished in the woods, though some were fatally burned while escaping. But when one party rearranged itself and felt able to count its members, the poet La-voie and his daughter were missed.

Nobody missed Marcelline Charland. The children whom she tended and their mother, dazed by the common calamity and the sight of their temporary home in ashes, took refuge where they did not hear about the burned train.

Marcelline, crushed among escaping people, fell into the ditch among quenched brands. But the fall wet her clothes and was a benefit to her. Too hardy to be seriously bruised by the flying herd who left her behind without knowing it, she got up and ran 'through smoke, pressing her dress-skirt over mouth and nose. It was a dreadful thing to be stifling in the midst of fire, while her father sat calmly at his open door in the valley, and even Alvine knew nothing about it. Like a breath of air from high hills was the thought that Bruno or Alvine would run into this danger after her. She was of great account to them.

Had Marcelline been able to move through this wreck of nature without feeling all her pores start

sickening dew, or her shoes warp on scorched feet, or her smarting eyes close to save themselves, the roaring grand spectacle would have made up for all the commonplaces of her previous lifetime. For there was more for Marcelline to look at than the others had seen. Fire looks ashamed under high daylight. But this one daubed a lower sky of its own, a gray and stooping firmament up to which the woods glared. Solid ranks of pines magnified their height and stately straightness, as they stood glowing like coral, their tremulous breath ascending; stumps were fantastic gems, living color chasing through and through them.

Marcelline fell down again as she ran, and got up from embers with her clothing afire. The wetting in the railroad ditch still helped her. She slapped the places with blistered hands. But it seemed no use. She was catching all over like the woods had done.

Through the crackle of trees she heard screamed somewhere, "Oh, papa!" the screamer's breath gurgling in the heat. Marcelline, slapping her spurs of fire, could not look away for help. Whether Aurèle Lavoie came from the right or the left or the front, it was impossible to know. But Aurèle, from some direction, spread the skirt of her own flannel dress and wrapped it around Marcelline.

Her father seized both girls, and they flew with him. He raced them over embers and through burning shrubs. It was the trial by fire. They must either die, or run death's gauntlet with determined success. When they reached the lake border, Monsieur Lavoie flung Aurèle first and then Marcelline over drift-logs blazing there, before leaping into the water himself. He sat down with them waist-deep on the pebbles and dipped the lake with both hands over them and himself until the senses of all three were revived.

They were a grotesque group. Holes broke through their scorched garments. They panted audibly, and their faces, puffing and whitening in patches, glistened with a red shine under the trickling water.

Smoke lay over the surface of the lake thick as fog. Nothing was to be seen in front of them except gray ripples lapping. Behind, the roaring furnace still painted its awful picture, and they did not look at it. Those refugees to whom the boats were sent waited on a strip of beach distant from this; Aurèle's return after Marcelline Charland changed the direction of her father's retreat, because places which could be passed one minute became impassable after that minute's delay.

Marcelline bore Monsieur Lavoie's drenchings with silent fortitude, but Aurèle gasped,

"Oh, papa, you will drown me!"

"Are you yet afire?"

"No, I am now quite put out. Oh, papa, pardon me!"

"The child you ran after is safe with us, is she not?"

"Papa!" exclaimed Aurèle. "You have been dipping the lake over her; you should know she is safe—you, who brought her out of the fire. Your hair is frizzled up to your head. And mine"—Aurèle parted her lips in dismay while she felt it—"oh, papa, my hair breaks off in handfuls!"

"Give me, then, a handful to kiss."

"Bah!—the singed smell is very disagreeable. We must be monsters. If we were to go down to the beach, mamma would not know us. She would say, 'Ernestine, conduct these people away. Raw beggars are bad enough, but cooked I can not endure them!'"

"Not at all, my Aurèle. A very precious morsel will you be to madame your mamma, when she learns how you cooked yourself. Helpless enough you were until you looked back and saw the child burning. Away then goes my moth into the fire again!"

"Papa," exclaimed Aurèle, patting her father with a sudden embrace, "you talk straight in front of you, as if you sat at your writing-desk with Aurèle at your knee. Why don't you look at me? You can not be thinking a poem now."

"I must crave your pardon for my present manners, beloved child," said the poet.

"You will yet make a nose at my burns, you so slight them," complained Aurèle, keeping her gaze on his face.

Her father smiled while replying.

"My eyelids seem melted together, and the coolness of the water has sealed them. How, then, can I give myself the pleasure of looking at my daughter's blisters?"

Aurèle began to cry aloud, the tears smarting her cheeks.

"Oh, papa, my papa, are they burned?—those lovely eyes that are so kind to me! Did I drag you into the fire again to put your eyes out!"

"No, no—no, no," the poet repudiated. "You did nothing of that kind. My eyes are not out. They are in. They are, indeed, far in. They make their retirement, mademoiselle. They present their compliments, and would, if you please, see nothing but visions for a while."

"Do they hurt, papa?"

"They do hurt, my Aurèle. But I think their state is that probationary state of young kittens. Perhaps this laving in water will relieve the swelling. If you cry, my sight will struggle to tear itself out from its cloister. I can not endure unhappiness of yours."

Aurèle quieted herself and washed the tears from her face.

"We were obliged to go back, papa," she reflected.

"Certainly. It was a mere duty. The result

"Do you hear that? You are to be called my child."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marcelline, her weazened, small face dripping its silent tears upon the ripples. Aurèle asked anxiously:

"Do your burns, then, hurt so much?"

"I hurt most in my inside," explained the child, "for that monsieur and you should be burnt while you ran after me."

"That is not thy affair, my child," declared Aurèle. "Listen to me; I must give thee instruction. All the people in the world have their *devoir* to do. In this case it was plainly yours to let yourself be pulled out of the fire. You did so. That suffices. That is all!"

Aurèle snapped finger and thumb, immediately nursing the blisters she thus irritated. "What is your name?"

"I am called Marcelline Charland."

"We are Monsieur Lavoie and his daughter," said Aurèle.

"Yes, I know," responded Marcelline. "I have seen you many times."

"Are you also, then, from Quebec?"

"I am nurse in a family there, mademoiselle."

"But what a little creature she is for a nurse, papa! Our Ernestine is a giantess compared to her; and she needs to be, or the boys would make an end of her."

"Aurèle," said the poet, with an air of habitually consulting his child, "what shall we do now?"



"HER FATHER SEIZED BOTH GIRLS, AND THEY FLEW WITH HIM.
IT WAS THE TRIAL BY FIRE."

is not our affair. Whatever the little girl's name is, she shall be called by us Aurèle's child."

Aurèle leaned toward Marcelline and inquired brightly:

"We must reach help. We must go where there are remedies for burns. The hurting is so painful. This water surely cures our faintness, but I think it smarts the burns."

"I have less fortitude than either of you," said Monsieur Lavoie. "I must have relief as soon as possible. We can not wade the lake border. Is there no log in sight which we could sit on and propel?"

"None uncharred, papa. A half-burned log might go to pieces under us even if its heat was directly quenched."

"Then, mademoiselle my daughter, what do you propose to do with us?"

"Poor papa; love you first, and beg those shut eyes to see Aurèle in their visions. We can do nothing but call for help. We must make unceasing fog-horns of ourselves. We can not pass through these woods again though we sat here until they blackened to cold ebony."

Aurèle lifted up her voice and shouted across the water. Her father, in his turn, did the same, and Marcelline piped afterward.

They kept it up until the grayness around them turned to blackness; but a blackness pushed far off upon the lake by flames behind. They were able to leave the water and sit upon pebbles, for the fires nearest them were dying out. The evening was chill, and Monsieur Lavoie took Aurèle on his arm and made Marcelline walk beside him back and forth on the strip of sand. They hobbled. The voices of all three in long, anxious cadences, stretched over the lake:

"Au secours! au secours! Vit', vit', vit', au secours, au secours, vit', vit'!"

(To be continued.)

MY UNCLE PETER.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

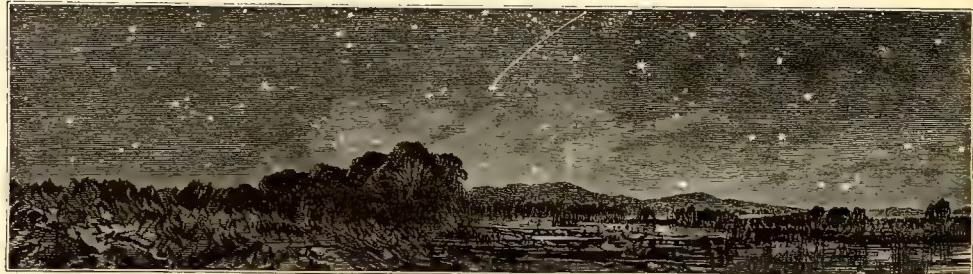
My old Uncle Peter 's a famous relater
Of marvelous stories; but my Uncle Peter
Is a vigorous foe and a rigorous hater
Of wile and of guile; he despises a cheater;
He 's frank and sincere on a very large
scale,
And this is his manner of telling a tale:

"Oh, once in the chivalric days of old,
In the wonderful long ago,
There dwelt a Giant full bad and bold
(But this is not fact, you know)—
In whose darksome dungeon a maiden fair,
Whom atrociously he had stole;
She languished and wept (to be candid,
there
Was no such a girl, nor hole).

Oh, my old Uncle Peter 's a famous relater!
But I wish, goodness me! that my old Uncle Peter
Could be rather more of a prevaricator—
His stories would be more absorbing, and neater;
I wish his integrity did n't prevail
In so stern a degree—when he 's telling a tale.

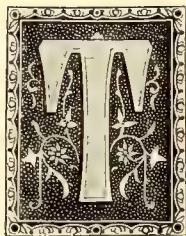
"But, lo! on a rapturous morn there rode
A valorous Knight that way;
His snowy palfrey he brave bestrode
(Don't credit this fiction, pray),
And straight he sprang from the noble steed;
His sword it gleamed in the sun,
And the dragon that guarded the gate (a deed
Which he could by no means have done)

"He felled at a blow, and with mighty force
He battered the dungeon wall,
And he seized the sorrowing maid! (of course
It never transpired at all)—
And he slew the Giant, the dauntless youth,
And the beauteous maid he wed
(But you must n't imagine a grain of truth
In a single word that I 've said)."



THE DISTANCES IN SPACE.

By D. C. ROBERTSON.



HERE is a well-known saying that truth is stranger than fiction. The correctness of this proverb can not well be gainsaid. The most careless observation of the wonders of nature as seen in this world of ours, the most hasty reading of the history of men, should be enough to place the matter beyond all doubt or question. The world itself, its oceans and rivers, its mountains and forests, its plains and deserts, its wonderful human and animal life — these facts are more marvelous than anything the fancy of man ever has conceived or ever will conceive. But when we leave this earth, and, turning our eyes to the heavens, learn something, however trifling, of the glories which are there displayed, then are we most impressed with the feeling that, compared with truth, fiction, however strange, is poor, dull, and uninteresting. If the pages of natural history, in every line, tell of wonders far surpassing any set forth in the most dazzling romance, what shall be said of the annals of astronomy?

Any one gazing at the sky on a clear, moonless night, will see what will seem to him a large number of little points of light, so tiny that many of them could be held in the palm of the hand; each apparently fast fixed in its place, and all seemingly within a very little distance, say, within gun-shot, or a few minutes' walk. What he does see are huge, fiery globes, so vast that compared with them our great earth is but a plaything; rushing along at a speed to which that of the express train, or even of the cannon ball, is as nothing; at distances so vast that the mind of man cannot at all conceive them. Instead of small size, absolute rest, and trifling distance, he contemplates stupendous size,

fearfully rapid motion, and distance inconceivable. Among all these wonders of size, speed, and distance, I shall confine my attention to the last, and shall say a few words about the distances of the heavenly bodies.

I will take it for granted that my young readers know something about the solar system; that they know, for instance, the names of its chief bodies, their size, positions, motions, etc. I will therefore merely remind them that the moon is distant from us about 240,000 miles; while of the other bodies of the system, the smallest distances are about as follows: Venus, 26,000,000; Mars, 48,000,000; Mercury, 56,000,000; the sun, 91,000,000; the asteroids, 110,000,000; Jupiter, 384,000,000; Saturn, 780,000,000; Uranus, 1,660,000,000; and Neptune, 2,650,000,000 miles.

The distances here approximately expressed in millions of miles, no doubt seem great enough; yet the mere statement of them can give no true idea of their real magnitude. Indeed, no human intellect can in any way form a just conception of them. Still, something better can be done than merely to talk about so many miles, whether in thousands or in millions. The distances must be not merely stated, but illustrated. They will then be made not perfectly, nor even nearly clear, but somewhat clearer than any bare statement of figures can make them.

Doubtless our world is enormous. Compared with the largest of its creatures, and even with the space within which the greater part of such creatures move about, its size is indeed past comprehending. But so wonderful are the means of travel now at our disposal, that almost any part of the earth, even the most distant, can be reached in a very short time. In less than a day the modern traveler can be carried hundreds of miles. In a week, he can go from the Atlantic to the Pacific,

or from America to Europe. A little more than a month will take him to the ends of the earth. Thus, Mr. Kennan, who is now writing for "The Century" a series of articles on Siberia, reached the frontier of that distant land in about six weeks after he left New York, notwithstanding that he made several stoppages and traveled several hundred miles by wagon. Thus it will easily be seen that no single journey upon our earth, however long, can occupy more than a small part of the average human life. The time required for a few journeys more or less to China, Australia, or the Cape of Good Hope, would hardly be noticed in comparison with an ordinary lifetime.

Let us now contrast these distances with some few of the distances in space, choosing as our mode of comparison and illustration the time it would take to travel each given distance at a fixed rate of speed. We will suppose certain railways to be built: one round the world in a perfect circle, others to various points in the solar system. And we will further suppose that the trains on these railways could be kept going at the rate of sixty miles an hour for any required length of time; that their passengers could do without food or could be supplied with an abundance of it; that the bodies of such passengers could be made capable of enduring the various changes of air, temperature, and other climatic conditions, to which they would be exposed.

And on our world this kind of travel would be comparatively easy, and would take next to no time. In twenty-four hours the passenger could travel 1440 miles, or considerably farther than from New York to Chicago. In forty-eight hours he could travel as far as from Boston to Liverpool; and in less than seventeen days he could go round the world. But, as regards the journeys in space, a difficulty in most cases insuperable would stand in the way. In order to visit any but a very few of the nearest bodies in space, the travelers on our celestial railways would need to have their lives very greatly prolonged. Were they to set out for any distant part of the system, they all would die before they had fairly begun their journey. A voyage to the moon, to Venus, or to Mars would, under the above conditions, be possible; to any other body in the system it would be impossible.

The journey to the moon would be comparatively short. Our companion is distant about 240,000 miles; or, in round numbers, its distance contains ten times as many miles as are contained in the earth's circumference.

Traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and never stopping, it would take between 166 and 167 days to reach the journey's end. Compared with other heavenly distances, this is a mere nothing;

but compared with the distances actually traversed by the average man, it is very great indeed. Few ever travel at sixty miles an hour, and then only for short periods, and at considerable intervals. Many, probably the majority, of those who live to a good old age cover less than 240,000 miles during their whole lives. A great traveler might do it in, say, fifteen years. For even a conductor or engineer of an express train, it would require several years.

Let us now take a trip to the planet Venus, our next nearest neighbor. This will be a much more formidable undertaking. We have seen that a succession of the longest journeys over this earth would form but short and passing episodes in a lifetime. We have seen that, on one of our imaginary railways, the traveler could circle the world in less than three weeks. We have seen, not only that a journey to the moon is quite possible to the passengers by our celestial railway, but that equal and even greater distances are often traveled on earth. But a trip to Venus would be a very different matter. Venus, as already stated, is about 26,000,000 miles away; or, at sixty miles an hour, without stopping, she is distant a journey not of three weeks, or six months, but of some *fifty years*. On the imaginary railway, such a journey would be possible, for a great many persons live longer than fifty years. But in real life no one ever has traveled, and no one ever will travel, anything like so far. No human being ever has traveled 5,000,000 miles; and it is safe to say that no one ever will. To complete this measure of journeying would require an average of 100,000 miles a year for fifty years. Some few, perhaps, in all their lives, may have traveled 1,000,000 miles, but these are probably very rare exceptions. So we see that no one ever has lived who has traveled more than a small part of the distance to Venus. Yet, compared with other bodies in the system, this star may be said to be almost a next-door neighbor.

Much the same statement may be made of the trip to Mars, which would take over ninety years. To a few of the supposed passengers the trip would be possible, for some persons pass their ninetieth year. But on this earth the greatest travelers would probably have to stop at about one forty-eighth of the distance.

Henceforth, however, the circumstances are entirely changed. Even under the impossible conditions above assumed, the smallest of the remaining distances is too great to be traversed within the term of one human life, even were it to reach the extreme limit of one hundred years. Mercury and the sun are comparatively quite near us, yet to go to Mercury would take more than 100 years, or rather more than the time that has elapsed since

the beginning of the French Revolution; while the journey to the sun would last about 175 years, or as long a time as has gone by since the reign of Queen Anne.

But after this the distances increase at a much greater rate. Those already mentioned are trifles to them. Omitting the asteroids, we will at once proceed to Jupiter. To get there would take over 730 years. Were such a journey just ended, it would have begun about the time of Thomas à Becket, and would have been in progress more than 340 years when Columbus first set sail for the new world.

But this journey would be mere child's-play, compared with a voyage to Saturn. The traveler to the ringed planet would be no less than 1475 years on his way. Supposing his journey just over, he would have begun it at a time when the Roman Empire still ruled the world, and 450 years before the time of Alfred.

All the preceding journeys, vast though they are, could yet have been taken within a time less than the Christian era. The one we shall have to take next brings us back to an age far more remote. Uranus is three thousand years distant. Three thousand years ago, King David's life had not begun, and Greece had yet to make for herself a name in history, or even in fable.

We come at last to Neptune, the outermost of the planets. This planet is distant more than five thousand years. Could we imagine Abraham as living from his birth until now, and that with the planet Neptune as his destination he had traveled continuously at sixty miles an hour all that time, he would still be a long way from his goal.

One more illustration and we will leave the solar system. Neptune's path about the sun measures about 16,200,000,000 miles. If bodies as large as the world were placed side by side, like beads on a necklace, so as to fill the entire path, these great beads would number over 2,000,000; *i. e.*, there would be about three times as many of them as there are words in the Bible.

But, compared with even that portion of space which the naked eye can survey, the solar system is something like a small corner lot to a large city. As Mr. Proctor truly observed, "tremendous as are the dimensions of the solar system, the widest sweep of the planetary orbits sinks into insignificance compared with the distance which separates us from even the nearest of the fixed stars." We have seen that an express train, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, would take five thousand years to get to the planet Neptune. But to reach Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the fixed stars,—a distance of some 20,000,000,000,000 miles,—the same train would take, not thousands nor hundreds

of thousands, but millions of years; in round numbers, 35,000,000. No one, of course, can form the least idea of what such a time really is. No one can conceive what is really meant by 1,000,000 years. Few realize the great length of time expressed by the term 1,000,000 days. Think of the days that have passed since the founding of the "eternal city" of Rome; yet 1,000,000 days ago, Rome was a city of the future. One million days ago, Xerxes, Miltiades, and Leonidas were yet unborn; the beginning of the Christian era was farther in the future than the Crusades are in the past. What, then, shall we say of 35,000,000 years?

To take another example: Suppose one were to travel every day as far as from here to the sun; that is to say, a distance which an express train would cover in about 175 years. Then while the journey to Neptune would take about a month, it would require six hundred years to reach the star called Alpha Centauri.

But awful as is the distance of this star, it is as nothing compared with that of other heavenly bodies. Sirius, one of the nearest of the fixed stars, is at least four times as far away; while many, perhaps most, of the stars visible to the naked eye are quite four times as far away as Sirius. And when we come to some of the stars which only the telescope reveals, we find that whereas light, traveling at the rate of 10,000,000 miles a minute, comes to us from Alpha Centauri in considerably less than four years, it can not reach us from the telescopic stars in less than thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of years.

Another illustration may be taken from the motion of the heavenly bodies. Look, for instance, at the bright star Sirius. Year after year it appears the same; of the same size, the same brightness, the same distance. And so, no doubt, it has appeared for centuries past, and will continue to appear for centuries to come. And yet it is asserted that Sirius and the earth are shooting apart—at times over twenty miles a second. Let us stop a moment and see what this would mean. In one minute, Sirius recedes as far as from New York to Winnipeg; in sixteen minutes it travels a distance equal to the earth's circumference; and in less than three hours a space is covered equal to that between us and the moon. Yet, to double its present distance, it would have to go on thus receding for over 100,000 years; and to become invisible to the naked eye, that speed of separation would have to continue over 1,000,000 years.

These few general statements have been written with a hope of exciting the interest of young readers, and urging upon them the advantage of acquiring some knowledge, however slight, of astronomy—one of the noblest and most wonderful of

the sciences. To most of them, the acquisition of astronomical knowledge either deep or exact, will be impossible. But even the slight information which may be gained by the general reader, can

not but be a source of much pleasure and of no less profit. If properly studied and appreciated, Astronomy elevates the intellect as greatly as it interests the imagination.

Aztec Fragments.



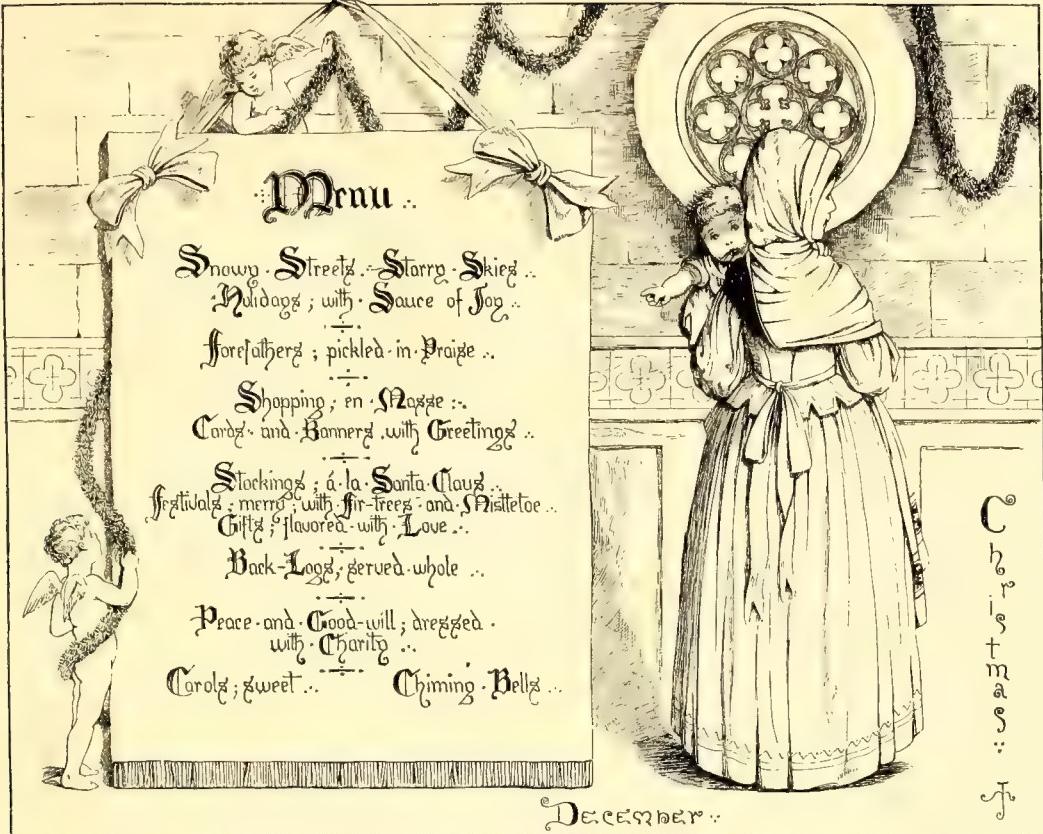
The Popular Poplar Tree.

A Song for Margaret and Harold.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

WHEN the great wind sets things whirling
And rattles the window-panes,
And blows the dust in giants
And dragons tossing their manes ;
When the willows have waves like water,
And children are shouting with glee ;
When the pines are alive and the larches,—
Then hurrah for you and me,
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of
the popular poplar tree !

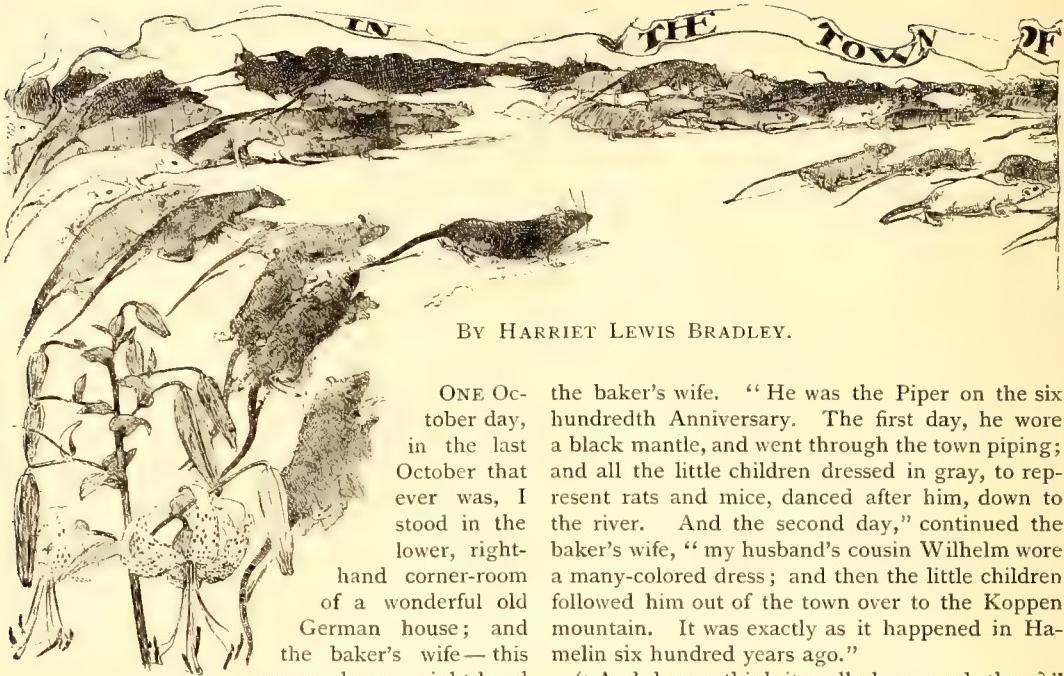
Don't talk about Jack and the Beanstalk —
He did not climb half so high !
And Alice in all her travels
Was never so near the sky !
Only the swallow, a-skimming
The storm-cloud over the lea,
Knows how it feels to be flying —
When the gusts come strong and free —
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of
the popular poplar tree !



NAUGHTY CLAUDE.

—
BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
—

WHEN little Claude was naughty once,
At luncheon-time, and said
He'd not say "Thank you" to Mamma,
She made him go to bed,
And cover up and stay two hours;—
So when the clock struck two,
Then Claude said "Thank you, Mr. Clock,
I'm much obliged to you!"



BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

ONE October day, in the last October that ever was, I stood in the lower, right-hand corner-room of a wonderful old German house; and the baker's wife — this same lower, right-hand corner-room being now used as a bake-shop — brought out the family photograph-album, and opened it upon the counter. Among the pictures there was one showing a young man in a fanciful dress, with a plume in his hat and a fife raised to his lips.

"That is my husband's cousin, Wilhelm," said

the baker's wife. "He was the Piper on the six hundredth Anniversary. The first day, he wore a black mantle, and went through the town piping; and all the little children dressed in gray, to represent rats and mice, danced after him, down to the river. And the second day," continued the baker's wife, "my husband's cousin Wilhelm wore a many-colored dress; and then the little children followed him out of the town over to the Koppen mountain. It was exactly as it happened in Hamelin six hundred years ago."

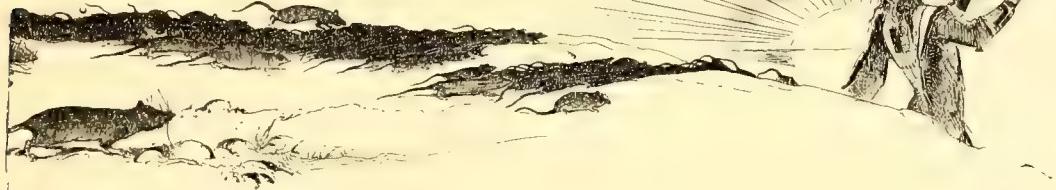
"And do you think it really happened, then?" I asked.

"They say it happened," answered the baker's wife wisely. "Of course there is no one to ask."

In the bake-shop were boxes of bonbons for sale, each box holding six sugar mice and a diminutive tin fife; and when, later, I wandered through the streets of Hamelin, I noticed that every shop-win-



THE PIED PIPER



dow contained rats and mice and merry-looking pipers, made in porcelain, paper, bread, or chocolate.

The narrow by-way, on one corner of which stands the wonderful old house, is called the "Drumless Street"; for (so the baker's wife told me) since that day of misfortune, six hundred years ago, when the children danced down this by-way to the music of their loved piper, neither the sound of drum nor fife nor any other instrument is allowed within its limits.

The old tradition of the Pied Piper has become widely famous through two well-known poems, one by an English, the other by a German poet.

How much of it is true one can not exactly say,

and, as the baker's wife remarked, there is no one to ask. But certain it is, that something curious must have happened once in "Hamelin town," for every traveler who strays to-day through the Drumless Street, and looks up at the old house on the corner, can read this inscription :

ANNO 1284.

On the day of St. John and St. Paul, on the 26 of June, 130 children born in Hamelin were led away by a piper dressed in divers colors, and lost on the Koppen.

Upon an old house in the market-place, called the Wedding-house, from being used formerly for wedding festivities, are these words :

After the birth of Christ, in 1284, 130 children born in Hamelin were led away by a piper and lost on the Koppen.





THE RAT-CATCHER'S HOUSE, HAMELIN.

Thus run the inscriptions, printed in old-fashioned German, above the second-story windows of these two curious houses.

Every school-child, except the exceptional one, knows the story of the "Pied Piper," and that

"Hamelin town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city."

For the exceptional one, who has yet to read these familiar lines, here is the story told in prose. It is a story of too many rats and mice. The pastor could not preach his sermon. The teacher could not hear his classes. The old dames could not enjoy even a comfortable gossip at their spinning-

wheels without being unpleasantly interrupted. There were rats who had a habit of rambling through the church during the service; there were mice who daily danced across the schoolroom floor; there were rats and mice who met together every evening, and held noisy festivities in the walls, and under the floor, and over the ceiling of the spinning-room. At this time of great need, when the Bürgermeister was worn thin with perplexity, a tall and handsome stranger appeared in Hamelin. No one knew whence he came, but the little children loved him at once, because of the sweet music he used to play to them upon his fife, and the older people were never tired of hear-

ing the songs he was always ready to sing. This stranger came to the Bürgermeister and promised that for a certain sum of money he would free the town of its plague, to which condition the Bürgermeister gave a joyful assent. When the next full moon shone upon Hamelin, the piper went through the streets playing a wonderful melody, and forth from every corner came all the old rats and young rats and middle-aged rats, and pretty gray mice, and the piper led them to their end in the River Weser. One rat alone remained in the town, a sad old creature, who, being deaf and blind and stiff with years, could not follow the piper's music. There was great rejoicing among the people as this deliverance became known. The preacher was able to preach his Sunday sermon, the school-children to repeat their week-day multiplication-tables, and the old dames to finish their evening gossip without a single interruption. Such a peaceful state of affairs had long been unknown in "Hamelin town." The City Council, however, having debated during several sittings the possibility of paying the piper a less sum than they had promised, finally decided not to pay him anything, and the piper, in his indignation, resolved to bring as much dismay among the people as he had already brought delight. So, on a bright, pleasant morning, when all the fathers and mothers were safely locked in the church (it being the custom to lock the church doors that no belated worshiper should disturb the devotions of those assembled in proper season), the Pied Piper went from house to house playing softly, and the little children ran out to meet him, crying, "Here is our dear piper again." And they followed him, dancing through the streets and out of the town to the Koppen mountain.

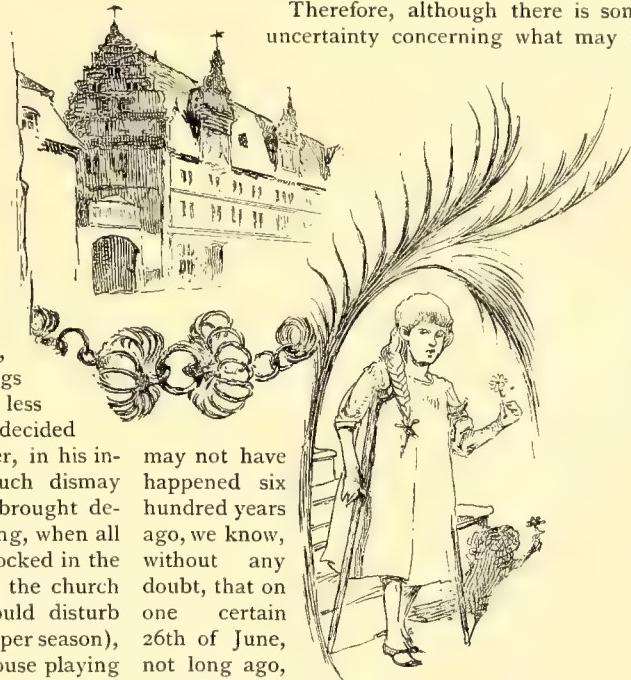
Of all that merry crowd, the only child who came back was a poor lame girl, left behind be-

cause she was unable by reason of her infirmity to keep up with the others.

—As I lingered in "Hamelin town," on this October afternoon in the last October that ever was, I met a bare-headed little girl with a band of flowers fastened sash-fashion over her shoulder, and from this wreath hung six heart-shaped cakes. I asked whether she knew the story of the Pied Piper.

"*Ach, ja!*!" said the little girl, smiling. "I was a mouse. I was the smallest mouse. To-day I am six years old!"

Therefore, although there is some uncertainty concerning what may or



may not have happened six hundred years ago, we know, without any doubt, that on one certain 26th of June, not long ago, this old tradition became a living thing — for did not the baker's wife say that her husband's cousin Wilhelm was the Pied Piper, and has not the birthday-child also told us that she herself, as the smallest among the mice, danced after him down to the river on that very day?



LITTLE SAINT ELIZABETH.

(Concluded.)

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

NEARLY all the day she sat — poor little girl! — by her window, looking out at the passers-by in the snowy street. But she scarcely saw the people at all. Her thoughts were far away, in the little village where she had always spent her Christmas before. Her Aunt Clotilde had allowed her at such times to do so much! There was not a house to which she did not carry some gift — no child who was forgotten. And the church on Christmas morning had been so beautiful with flowers from the hot-houses of the château. It was for the church indeed that the conservatories were chiefly kept up. Mademoiselle de Rochemont would scarcely have permitted herself such luxuries.

But there would be no flowers this year. The château was closed; there were no longer gardeners at work; the church would be bare and cold; the people would have no gifts; there would be no pleasure in the little peasants' faces.

Little Saint Elizabeth wrung her slight hands together in her lap.

"Oh," she cried, "what can I do? And then there are the poor here — so many. And I do nothing."

It was not alone the poor she had left in her village who were a grief to her. As she drove through the streets she now and then saw haggard faces; and when she had questioned a servant who one day came to her to ask alms for a poor child at the door, she had been told that in parts of this great, bright city which she had not seen, there was cruel want and suffering, as in all great cities.

"And it is so cold now," she thought, "with the snow on the ground."

The lamps in the street were just beginning to be lighted when her Uncle Bertrand returned. It appeared that he had brought back with him the gentleman with the kind face. They were to dine together, and Uncle Bertrand desired that Mademoiselle Elizabeth should join them. Evidently the journey out of town had been delayed for a day at least. There came also another message — Monsieur de Rochemont wished Mademoiselle to send to him by her maid a certain box of antique ornaments which had been given to her by her Aunt Clotilde. Elizabeth had known less of the

value of these jewels than of their beauty. She knew they were beautiful, and that they had belonged to Aunt Clotilde in the gay days of her triumphs as a beauty, and a brilliant young woman, but it seemed that they were also very curious, and Monsieur de Rochemont wished his friend to see them. When Elizabeth went downstairs she found the gentlemen examining them together.

"They must be put somewhere for safe keeping," Uncle Bertrand was saying. "It should have been done before. I will attend to it."

The gentleman with the kind eyes looked at Elizabeth with an interested expression as she came into the room. Her slender little figure in its black velvet dress, her delicate little face with its large, soft, sad eyes, the gentle gravity of her manner, made Elizabeth seem quite unlike other children.

He did not seem to find her simply amusing, as her Uncle Bertrand did. She was always conscious that behind Uncle Bertrand's most serious expression there was lurking a faint smile as he watched her — but this visitor looked at her in a different way. He was a doctor she discovered. Dr. Norris her uncle called him. And Elizabeth wondered if his profession had not perhaps made him quick of sight and mind.

She felt that it must be so when she heard him talk at dinner. She found that he did a great deal of work among the very poor; that he had a hospital where he received children who were ill, — or who had perhaps met with accidents and could not be taken care of in their wretched homes. He spoke frequently of terrible quarters where there was the greatest poverty and suffering. And he spoke of these things with so much eloquence and sympathy that even Uncle Bertrand began to listen with interest.

"Come," said the doctor, "you are a rich, idle fellow, de Rochemont, and we want rich, idle fellows to come and look into all this and do something for us. You must let me take you with me some day."

"It would pain me too much, my good Norris," said Uncle Bertrand, with a slight shudder. "I should not enjoy my dinner after it."

"Then go without your dinner," said Dr. Norris.

"These people do. You have too many dinners. Give up one."

Uncle Bertrand shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"It is Elizabeth who fasts," he said. "Myself, I prefer to dine. And yet some day I may take a fancy to visit these people with you."

Elizabeth could scarcely have been said to dine that evening. She could not eat. She sat with her large sad eyes fixed upon Dr. Norris's face as he talked. Every word he uttered sank deep into her heart. The want and suffering of which he spoke were more terrible than anything she had ever heard. It had been nothing like this in the village—Oh, no, no! As she thought of it, there was a look in her dark eyes that almost startled Dr. Norris several times when he glanced at her. But as he did not know the particulars of her life with her aunt and the strange training she had had, he could not possibly have guessed what was going on in her mind, and how much effect his stories were having. The beautiful little face touched him very much, and the pretty French accent with which the child spoke seemed very musical to him and added a great charm to the gentle, serious answers she made to the remarks he addressed to her. He could not help seeing that something had made this little Mademoiselle Elizabeth a singular and pathetic little creature, and he continually wondered what it was.

"Do you think she is a happy child?" he asked Monsieur de Rochemont when they were once more alone together.

"Happy," said Uncle Bertrand with his light smile. "She has been taught, my friend, that to be happy upon earth is a mere frivolity. I think I have told you that she,—this little one,—desires to give all her fortune to the poor. Having heard you this evening, she will wish to bestow it upon your pensioners."

When, having retired from the room with a grave and stately little obeisance to her uncle and his guest, Elizabeth had gone upstairs, it had not been with any intention of going to bed. She sent her maid away and sat thinking for a long time.

But just as she laid her head upon her pillow an idea came. The ornaments given to her by her Aunt Clotilde—somebody would buy them. They were her own—it would be right to sell them. To what better use could they be put? Was it not what Aunt Clotilde would have desired? Had she not told her stories of the good and charitable who had sold the clothes from their bodies that the miserable might be helped? Yes, it was right. These things must be done. All else was vain and useless and of the world.

But it would require courage—great courage. To go out alone, to find a place where the people would buy the jewels,—perhaps there might be some who would not want them. And then when they were sold, to find those poor and unhappy quarters of which her uncle's guest had spoken, and to give to those who needed,—all by herself. Ah! what courage it would require! And then, Uncle Bertrand! Some day he would ask about the ornaments and discover all, and his anger might be terrible. No one had ever been angry with her. How could she bear it. She thought of Saint Elizabeth and the cruel Landgrave. It could not ever be so bad as that; but, whatever the result might be, it must be borne.

So at last she slept; and there was upon her gentle little face so sweetly sad a look that when her maid came to waken her in the morning she stood by the bedside for some moments looking down upon her pityingly.

The day seemed very long and sorrowful to the poor child. It was full of anxious thoughts and plannings. She was so innocent and inexperienced—so ignorant of all practical things. She had decided that it would be best to wait until evening before going out, and then to take the jewels and try to sell them to some jeweler.

She did not understand the difficulties that would lie in her way, but she felt very timid.

Her maid had asked permission to go out for the evening, and Monsieur de Rochemont was to dine out, so she found it possible to leave the house without attracting attention.

As soon as the streets were lighted she took the case of ornaments, and, going downstairs very quietly, let herself out. The servants were dining, and she was seen by none of them.

When she found herself in the snowy street she felt strangely bewildered. She had never been out unattended before, and she knew nothing of the great busy city. When she turned into the more crowded thoroughfares, she saw several times that passers-by glanced at her curiously. Her timid look, her foreign air, and richly-furred dress, and the fact that she was a child and alone at such an hour, could not fail to attract attention; but, though she felt confused and troubled, she went bravely on. It was some time before she found a jeweler's shop, and when she entered it the men behind the counter looked at her in amazement. But she went to the one nearest to her and set the case of jewels on the counter before him.

"I wish," she said in her soft, low voice, and with the pretty accent, "I wish that you should buy these."

The man stared at her and at the ornaments, and then at her again.

"I beg pardon, miss," he said.

Elizabeth repeated her request.

"I will speak to Mr. Moetyler," he said, after a moment of hesitation.

He went to the other end of the shop to an elderly man who sat behind a desk. After he had spoken a few words, the elderly man looked up as if surprised — then he glanced at Elizabeth — then after speaking a few more words he came forward.

"You wish to sell these?" he said, looking at the case of jewels with a puzzled expression.

"Yes," Elizabeth answered.

He bent over the case and took up one ornament after the other and examined them closely. After he had done this he looked at the little girl's innocent trustful face, seeming more puzzled than before.

"Are they your own?" he inquired.

"Yes, they are mine," she replied timidly.

"Do you know how much they are worth?"

"I know that they are worth much money," said Elizabeth. "I have heard it said so."

"Do your friends know that you are going to sell them?"

"No," Elizabeth said, a faint color rising in her delicate face. "But it is right that I should do it."

The man again spent a few moments in examining them, and, having done so, spoke hesitatingly.

"I am afraid we must not buy them," he said. "It would be impossible, unless your friends first gave their permission."

"Impossible?" said Elizabeth, and tears rose in her eyes, making them look softer and more wistful than ever.

"We could not do it," said the jeweler. "It is out of the question — under the circumstances."

"Do you think —" faltered the disappointed child, "Do you think that nobody will buy them?"

"I am afraid not," was the reply. "No respectable firm who would pay their real value. If you'll take my advice, miss, you will take them home and consult your friends."

He spoke kindly, but Elizabeth was overwhelmed with disappointment. She did not know enough of the world to understand that a richly-dressed little girl who offered valuable jewels for sale at night must be a strange and unusual sight.

When she found herself on the street again, her long lashes were heavy with tears.

"If no one will buy them," she said, "what shall I do?"

She walked a long way — so long that she was very tired — and offered them at several places; but, as she chanced to enter only respectable shops, the same thing happened each time. She was

looked at curiously and questioned, but no one would buy.

"They are mine," she would say. "It is right that I should sell them." But every one stared and seemed puzzled, and in the end refused.

At last, after much wandering, she found herself in a poorer quarter of the city; the streets were narrower and dirtier, and the people began to look squalid and wretchedly dressed; there were smaller shops and dingier houses. She saw unkempt men and women and uncared-for little children. The poverty of the poor she had seen in her own village seemed comfort and luxury by contrast. She had never dreamed of anything like this. Now and then she felt faint with pain and horror. But she went on.

"They have no vineyards," she said to herself.

"No trees and flowers. It is all dreadful! There is nothing. They need help more than the others. To let them suffer so and not to give them charity would be a great crime."

She was so full of grief and excitement that she had ceased to notice how every one looked at her; she saw only the wretchedness and dirt and misery. She did not know, poor child, that she was surrounded by danger — that she was in the midst not only of misery, but of dishonesty and crime. She had even forgotten her timidity; that it was growing late, and that she was far from home and would not know how to return; she did not realize that she had walked so far, that she was almost exhausted with fatigue.

She had brought with her all the money she possessed. If she could not sell the jewels she could at least give something to some one in want. But she did not know to whom she must give first. When she had lived with her Aunt Clotilde it had been their habit to visit the peasants in their houses. Must she enter one of these houses — these dreadful places with the dark passages, from which she many times heard riotous voices and even cries.

"But those who do good must feel no fear," she thought. "It is only to have courage." At length something happened which caused her to pause before one of these places. She heard sounds of pitiful moans and sobbing from something crouched upon the broken steps. It seemed like a heap of rags, but as she drew near she saw by the light of the street lamp opposite that it was a woman with her head on her knees and a wretched child at each side of her. The children were shivering with cold and making low cries as if frightened.

Elizabeth stopped, and then ascended the steps.

"Why is it that you cry?" she asked gently. "Tell me."

The woman did not answer at first, but when

Elizabeth spoke again she lifted her head, and as soon as she saw the slender figure in its velvet and furs, and the pale, refined little face, she gave a great start.

"Mercy on us," she said in a hoarse voice, which sounded almost terrified. "Who are yez, an' what bes ye doin' in a place the loike o' this?"

"I came," said Elizabeth, "to see those who are poor. I wish to help them. I have great sorrow for them. It is right that the rich should help those who want. Tell me why you cry, and why your little children sit in the cold."

Everybody to whom Elizabeth had spoken that night had shown surprise, but no one had stared as this woman did.

"It's no place for the loike o' yez," she said, "an' it black noight, an' men and women not knowin' what they do — wid Pat Harrigan insode as bad as the worst of them, an' it's turned me an' the children out he has, to shlape in the snow — not for the furst toime, ayther. Shure, 't is starvin' we are — starvin', an' no other." She dropped her wretched head on her knees and began to moan again, and the children joined her.

"Don't let yer daddy hear yez," she said to them. "Whisht now! — it's come out an' bate yez he will."

Elizabeth began to feel tremulous and faint.

"Is it that they have hunger?" she asked.

"Nayther bite or sup have they had this day nor yesterday," was the answer. "The good saints have pity on us."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "the good saints have always pity. I will go and buy them food — poor little ones."

She had seen a shop only a few yards away — she remembered passing it. Before the woman could speak again she was gone.

"Yes," she said, "I was sent to them, — it is the answer to my prayer, — it was not in vain that I asked so long."

When she entered the shop the few people who were in it stopped what they were doing to stare at her as others had done — but she scarcely saw that it was so.

"Give to me a basket," she said to the owner of the place. "Put in it some bread and wine — some of the things which are ready to eat. It is for a poor woman and her little ones who starve."

There was in the shop among others a red-faced woman with a cunning look in her eyes. She sidled out of the place and was waiting for Elizabeth when she came out.

"I'm starvin', too, little lady," she said. "There's many of us that way, an' it's not often them with money care about it. Give me something, too," in a wheedling voice.

Elizabeth looked up at the woman — her pure ignorant eyes full of pity.

"I have great sorrows for you," she said. "Perhaps the poor woman will share her food with you —"

"It's money I need," said the woman.

"I have none left," answered Elizabeth. "I will come again."

"It's now I need it," the woman persisted. Then she looked covetously at Elizabeth's velvet cloak, lined and trimmed with fur. "That's a pretty cloak you've on," she said. "You've many another, I dare say."

Suddenly she gave the cloak a pull, but the fastening did not give way as she had expected.

"Is it because you are cold that you want it?" said Elizabeth in her gentle, innocent way. "I will give it to you. Take it."

Had not all the charitable ones in the legends given their garments to the poor? Why should she not give her cloak?

In an instant it was unclasped and snatched away, and the woman was gone. She did not even stay long enough to give thanks for the gift; and something in her haste and roughness made Elizabeth wonder, and gave her a moment of tremor.

She made her way back to the place where the other woman and her children had been sitting; the cold wind made her shiver and the basket was very heavy for her slender arm. Her strength seemed to be giving way.

As she turned the corner, a great fierce gust of wind swept round it and caught her breath and made her stagger. She thought she was going to fall — indeed she would have fallen, but that one of two tall men who were passing put out his arm and caught her. He was a well-dressed man in a heavy overcoat; he had gloves on. Elizabeth spoke in a faint tone.

"I thank you," she began, when the second man uttered a wild exclamation and sprang forward.

"Elizabeth!" he said. "Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth looked up and herself uttered a cry. It was her Uncle Bertrand who stood before her, and his companion, who had saved her from falling, was Dr. Norris.

For a moment it seemed as if they were almost struck dumb with horror. And then her Uncle Bertrand seized her by the arm in such agitation that he scarcely seemed himself at all — the light, satirical, jesting Uncle Bertrand she had known.

"What does it mean?" he cried. "What are you doing here, in this horrible place, alone? Do you know where it is you have come? What have you in the basket? Explain — explain."

The moment of trial had come, and it seemed even more terrible than the poor child had imag-

ined. The long strain and exertion had been too much for her delicate body; she felt that she could bear no more, the cold seemed to have struck to her very heart. She looked up at Monsieur de Rochemont's pale excited face, and trembled from head to foot. A strange thought flashed into her mind. Elizabeth of Thuringia, — the cruel Landgrave! Perhaps *she* would be helped, too, since she was trying to do good. Surely, surely it must be so!

"Speak!" repeated Monsieur de Rochemont. "Why is this? The basket, what have you in it?"

"Roses," said Elizabeth. "Roses." And then her strength deserted her, she fell upon her knees in the snow, the basket slipped from her arm, and the first thing which fell from it was — No, not roses. There had been no miracle wrought. Not roses; but the case of jewels which she had laid on the top of the other things, that it might be more easily carried.

"Roses!" cried Uncle Bertrand. "Is it that the child is mad? They are the jewels of my sister Clotilde."

Elizabeth clasped her hands and leaned toward Dr. Norris, the tears streaming from her uplifted eyes.

"Ah! Monsieur," she sobbed. "You will understand. It was for the poor; they suffer so much. If we do not help them — I did not mean to speak falsely — I thought that the good —" But her sobs filled her throat and she could not finish. Dr. Norris stooped and caught her up in his strong arms as if she had been a baby.

"Quick!" he said imperatively. "We must return to the carriage, de Rochemont. This may be a serious matter."

Elizabeth clung to him with trembling hands.

"But the poor woman who starves," she cried; "the little children. They sit upon the step quite near. The food was for them. I pray you to give it to them."

"Yes, they shall have it," said the Doctor. "Take the basket, de Rochemont — only a few doors below." And it appeared that there was something in his voice which seemed to render obedience necessary, for Monsieur de Rochemont actually did as he was told.

For a moment Dr. Norris put Elizabeth on her feet again, but it was only while he removed his overcoat and wrapped it about her slight, shivering body.

"You are chilled through, poor child," he said. "And you are not strong enough to walk just now. You must let me carry you."

It was true that a sudden faintness had come upon her, and she could not restrain the shudders which shook her. She had not recovered from them when she was placed in the carriage which

the two gentlemen had thought it wiser to leave in one of the more respectable streets when they went into the worse ones together.

"What might not have occurred if we had not arrived at that instant!" said Uncle Bertrand, when he got into the carriage.

"As it is, who knows what illness —"

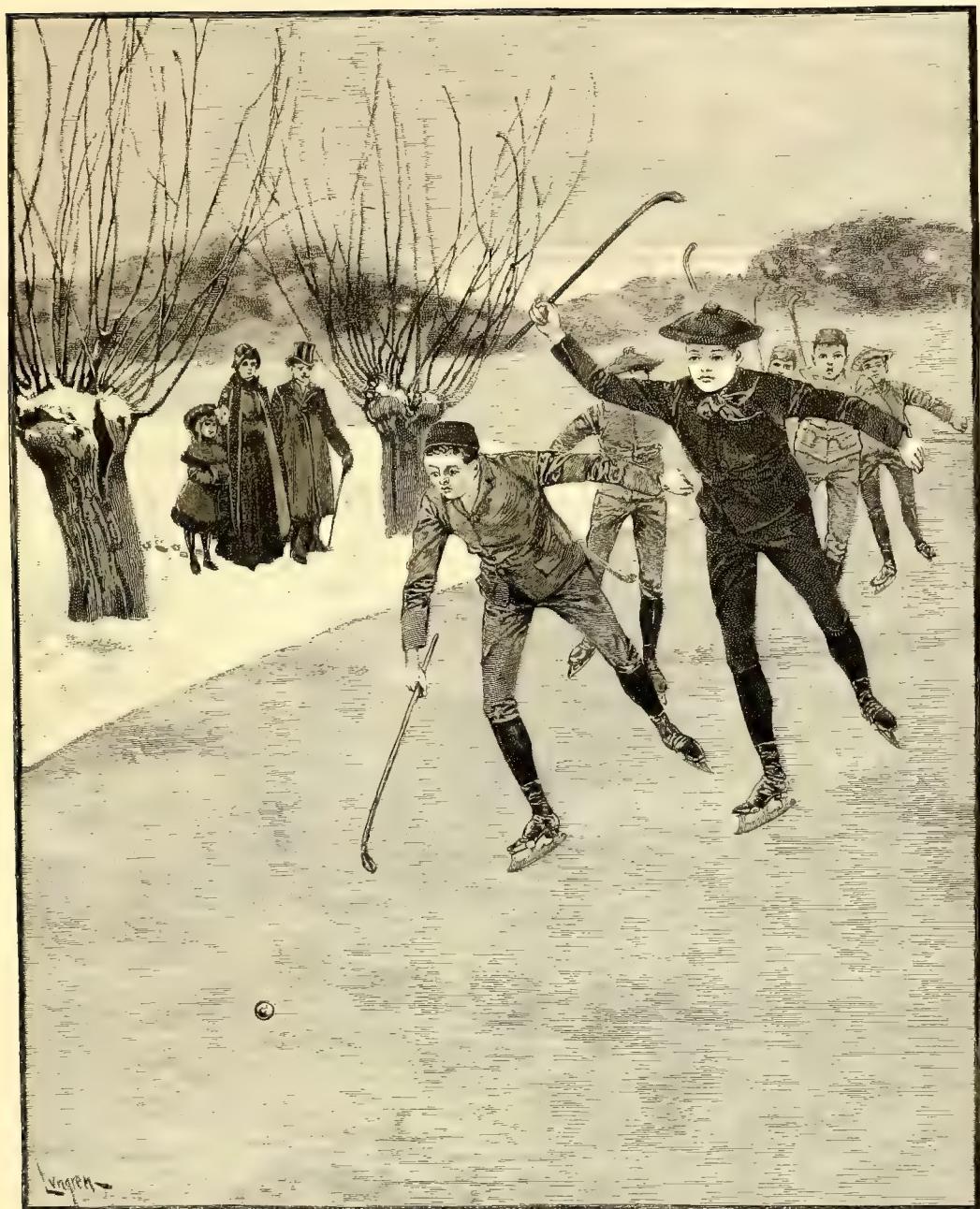
"It will be better to say as little as possible now," interrupted Dr. Norris.

"It was for the poor," said Elizabeth, trembling. "I thought I *must* go. I did not mean to do wrong. It was for the poor."

And while her Uncle Bertrand regarded her with a strangely agitated look, and Dr. Norris held her hand between his strong and warm ones, the tears rolled down her pure, pale little face.

She did not know until some time after what danger she had been in; that the part of the city into which she had wandered was one of the lowest and worst, and was, in some quarters, the home of many wicked people. As her Uncle Bertrand had said, it was impossible to say what terrible thing might have happened if they had not met her so soon. It was Dr. Norris who explained it all to her as gently and kindly as was possible. She had always been fragile, and she had caught a severe cold which caused her an illness of some weeks. It was Dr. Norris who took care of her, and it was not long before her timidity was forgotten in her tender and trusting affection for him. She learned to watch for his coming, and to feel that she was no longer lonely. It was through his care that her uncle permitted her to send to the Curé a sum of money large enough to do all that was necessary; it was through him that the poor woman and her children were clothed and fed and protected. When she was well enough, he had promised that she should help him among his own poor. And through him — though she lost none of her sweet sympathy for those who suffered — she learned to live a more natural and childlike life, and to find that there were in the world innocent, natural pleasures which should be enjoyed. In time she even ceased to be afraid of her Uncle Bertrand and to be quite happy in the great beautiful house. And as for Uncle Bertrand himself, he became very fond of her, and sometimes even helped her to dispense her charities. He had a light, gay nature, but he was kind at heart, and always disliked to see or think of suffering. Now and then he would give more lavishly than wisely. And then he would say, with his habitual graceful shrug of the shoulders:

"Yes, it appears I am not discreet. Finally, I think I must leave my charities to you, my good Doctor Norris — to you and Little Saint Elizabeth."



SHINNEY ON THE ICE.

THE GOLDEN CASQUE.

BY LUCY G. PAYNE.



NE rarely enters a gallery of modern paintings in Europe without seeing one or more views of Scheveningen upon the walls. Also in our own exhibitions, of late years, charming bits of the picturesque town are often seen.

It has become a favorite resort for artists of every country;

for this village, though but two miles from the Hague, the most beautiful city of Holland, seems set away back in the forenoon of history. Its people, though mixing with those around them, never mingle, and seem like foreigners in the midst of their own countrymen. They rarely marry out of their beloved village, and retain, with their primitive dress and ways, a gentleness of manner, and purity of life almost unique.

A person entering Scheveningen at about noon, on a bright January day not long ago, might have believed himself to be looking through a magnifying-glass at a picture by Gerard Dow.

The same women and children whom Dow painted two hundred years ago seemed threading the street, basket or dish in hand; or they could be seen through the polished windows sitting in the deep shadow of the rooms, bent over some bit of handiwork; or scouring their copper utensils at little side-entrances; or perhaps leaning over the half-door of the house, talking with a neighbor, the head and shoulders relieved with fine effect against the dark background of the interior.

On their heads were the same close white caps which the old Dutch painters have made familiar, and they wore the same bodices and the same short petticoats, ballooned by some mysterious structures underneath.

Scattered up and down the street were the fishermen, fathers, sons and brothers, standing in knots and talking, as they encountered one another while going from their dinners to their different occupations.

The bricks of the cottage yards had been recently scoured. By many doors stood frames of tent-like form, holding flannels and clothing hung

out to dry; not the general wash, but little dabs of casual washes, frequently interpolated throughout the week, by those who labor on small means.

Before the quaintest of the many-colored little houses of this quaint town stood, in every position of heel and toe, fourteen wooden shoes, looking at first glance more like a flock of ducks nestling against one another, than the shoes which are always put off on entering the house by every inhabitant of Scheveningen.

There was a world of character in these shoes. They were of all sizes; some were so large that one of them might almost be used for a baby's bath, and they dwindled down to wee shoes which seemed to seek shelter under the protection of those more grown up. But just beside the door stood two apart, resting with their toes on the ground, and their heels daintily posed against the house. There was an individuality about these which bespoke their owner. They might have been bought from the same lot as the others, but they showed selection; or had become so pervaded by the character of the one who wore them, as to have an air and fashion of their own. Also a poesy, for as the pedestrian approached nearer to the little house with its two green doors, one divided horizontally, the other with a tiny pent-roof, closed in on the north side to shut out the prevalent winter wind, he might have beheld in the toes of one pair of shoes a few fresh roses and hot-house flowers, evidently deposited there but a moment before—long enough, however, to give the donor time to escape observation.

It offered a pretty bit-of color to brighten up the white winter day, and indicated a delicate devotion on the part of some affectionate friend.

Presently the door of the cottage opened, and three stalwart men, a father and two sons, came forth in their stout brown stockings, every one stepping from the threshold into his own shoes, as if by intuition he knew his own from the others thus huddled promiscuously together.

As they turned to leave, the eyes of the elder son were attracted by the flowers, and he called back into the doorway, "Oh, Truitje, here are more roses in your shoes!" and in an instant a girl of

fifteen, erect in carriage and with carnation cheeks, came running to the door. Her old-time costume set off her beauty admirably, and her feet were slipped into the pattens, consisting of a sole with toe-piece, which the women wear about their work when indoors.

She stooped, and lifting the flowers caressingly, put them to her face, and inhaled their perfume. Then, with a warm flush on her cheek, she stood looking wonderingly up and down the street, and even up into the air, as if to discover whence they had appeared. It was not the second or third time that the coquettish little wooden shoes had been thus glorified. This was January. The bathing season at the watering-place outside the village had closed unusually early, and every two weeks since, the flowers had sprung in Truitje's shoes, planted there as by some invisible hand. It was a delicious mystery. Truitje had sacrificed many a dinner to solve it, but the flowers must have been in the secret, for they never came when she was on guard, notwithstanding she was so pretty a spy.

That Truitje Meeris was the pride of Scheveningen was beyond dispute. That all the Scheveningen girls acknowledged it, was proof. It was also proof that Truitje deserved the distinction, for it showed her to be high-minded as well as comely.

She was indeed full of a sweet charity which illumined her countenance and sent a warmth into the lives of all who came in contact with her.

Truitje took the nosegay into the house and showed it, with bright eyes, to her mother (who always sympathized with her children in their pleasures), and they commented, as they had many times before, upon the enigmatic sender.

We must leave the sweet roses to tell their secret later, while we go back a whole year, to a day as white and beautiful as this, and follow Truitje as she sets out on an errand for her mother, to the tiny shop which stands at the point where the long street curves, and takes itself out of view of the cottage.

You might fancy her mind would be considering how much flour, and potatoes, and groceries of different sorts her mother had told her to buy. You would never suppose that she was thinking of a golden coronet or anything of that sort,—our dear, little, simple-hearted Truitje. Yet something akin to this was really agitating her thoughts as she walked along in her stout stockings and strong wooden shoes.

The girls of Scheveningen have an absorbing ambition, made rightful by the sympathy and encouragement which their parents accord them in it. Indeed, in all Holland it is the same. It is to have, as early as possible after leaving childhood

behind them, a golden casque to wear beneath their lace or muslin caps. It serves to distinguish a family when its daughters can don this head-gear at an early age. It is purchased at great sacrifice by peasants who are not well-to-do, for it costs a hundred dollars of our money, and often more. This is a great sum for a poor peasant to lay by, when the daily wants of his family are hard to meet. Sometimes these head-dresses come to them from some childless widow or a spinster aunt, or in descent from generation to generation, but a woman or girl who wears a casque carries her title of distinction and consequence with her.

Naturally, then, parents having so pretty a daughter as Truitje, and one so sweet and tender withal, felt that she, above every girl, deserved a casque. It was a grief to see her on fête-days, among the maidens, without the gleam of the casque shining through her cap, or the pretty ornaments which keep it in place projecting in front of her ears. They had promised Truitje that a certain proportion of the fish she took to market should be hers, and that the proceeds should be laid by toward the purchase of the casque. Her brothers occasionally made extra money, after their return from the herring-fishery, and this they contributed to the store. The dear mother put by many a gulden in secret, denying herself a need, to swell the amount, and Truitje herself added to the sum by taking the summer visitors at the hotels to drive in her dog-cart.

Several times it had seemed as if Truitje were on the very eve of possession, when perhaps a fisherman of the village would be lost, and his family left destitute, and she would draw upon her store for the widow and helpless orphans; or old Mother Steen would be attacked with rheumatism and need flannels and remedies, and again Truitje would come to the front; or little Betje Kals would be taken down with the fever and her poor grandmother have no comforts for her, and the fund would be lessened once more.

And now as she walked toward the shoppie, a new anxiety oppressed her. Her two dogs which she drove before the cart that carried her and the fish to market at the Hague, two miles distant, were ailing. This had never happened before, and it was suggested that they had been tampered with by some envious person, as they were acknowledged to be the fleetest dogs in Scheveningen. They were large, rough-coated animals, driven without reins and guided by the touch of a stick and by the voice. Sometimes they outran the swiftest horses. There had been no way of taking her fish to town that day, and on the morrow, the great market-day, she had hoped to make up the sum for the casque. While pondering over it, and deciding what to do, she reached the shoppie,

a tiny box about eight feet square, filled with all sorts of trifles to meet the unexpected wants of a community which makes the bulk of its purchases at the Hague, bringing them back in the dog-carts in which the women and girls take their fish to market. For some time Truitje twisted upon her wooden shoe, waiting for some one to take her order. She finally stepped down into a cheery room, a foot below the level of the shop floor, the windows of which were filled with beautiful flowers, and called, "Vrouw Werff! Vrouw Werff!"

Then there came running from an inner room the mistress of the shop, with hands red from scrubbing, and with many apologies for her tardiness.

"Dear Vrouw Werff, I hope you are well," said Truitje; for it is always a proper thing to pass the compliments before making a purchase in Scheveningen. They then gossiped a little in a harmless way, and Truitje explained that her purchases were so numerous because she had not been able to drive her dogs to town. "But I shall go tomorrow," she said as she bade Vrouw Werff good-bye. "Gertje and I will carry the fish to my cousin Dirk's boat, which goes by early in the morning."

When Truitje next morning, with Gertje's aid, had boarded Dirk's tidy boat, she ran down into the cabin and found his wife Katrina and the two little boys, all of whom gave her a joyous welcome; for there was no home which she entered that was not brighter for her presence. They were very merry during the short distance which yet was so long in time, for Dirk pulled his own boat along the canal by a rope attached to a leathern belt passed about his waist.

On her arrival at the market, Truitje, aided by Dirk, removed her fish to the place which she always occupied. She was well known, and had a regular set of customers. A favorite in the market as in her village, her quickness to note if a fish were not what a customer would like, and her fairness in every particular, made the people feel safe in dealing with her.

When about half the fish were sold, she discovered that Katrina's knitting was crowded into her little knitting-basket with her own. "The darling little Hans must have done that," said she to herself, "he is such a mischief. But what a pity! Katrina was finishing off the thumb, and will need it to set up the other. She told me that she must finish both to-day, for the little Diedrich had lost his mittens overboard and his fingers and thumbs were freezing. I must take it back, if I lose all my fish; dear Katrina will be so disappointed. I will ask Vrouw Korn to look after my baskets while I am away." So Truitje, thinking always of the interests of others before her own, and conscientious in what many disregard as trifles, weighed not for a moment

the attainment of her casque against the completion of Diedrich's mittens, and ran to the boat with the knitting.

On her return she found Vrouw Korn bartering with a crowd gathered around her own fish, and every one of Truitje's had disappeared. "How delightful!" said she. "Some one must have come and taken the lot." And while waiting for her money till Vrouw Korn should dispose of her customers, she began to feed the storks, which, supported by the city, are allowed to wander through the market and pick up the refuse.

When she returned to her post, Vrouw Korn was finishing with her last customer. "Why, Truitje," said she, "you have sold all your fish, have n't you?"

"Yes, dear Vrouw Korn, with your help I have, and I thank you truly."

"My help?" said the astonished vrouw. "Why, I have been so muddled and put about by the crowd of people around me that it is a wonder I kept my senses. I have n't sold one!"

"Then what can have become of them?" said Truitje, in dismay. So she went about eagerly asking one and another if they knew what had become of her fish. Finally, a woman near her stand awoke to the recollection that she had seen several storks a long time about the spot, but concluded they were eating some stale fish that had been left for them. "You know you always sell them from your wagon, Truitje, and how could I think they were yours?"

It was a great blow. The small gains at the fisherman's cottage with the green doors were seriously affected by an amount which would seem a trifle to most persons. The thought of the casque, too, brought home to Truitje a sense of personal loss and of deep disappointment; but she put it away at once. "I shall make up the loss to the dear father and mother out of my store," said she as she took up her baskets to set out for the family purchases. "I can better wait than they can want," and this reflection comforted her. There was one beautiful trait in her character — she knew how to keep a smiling face, and knew also how to hope and wait. So she made up her mind at once to save her mother from the disappointment, and this gave her so beautiful an expression that those who met her as she flitted from shop to shop wondered what could give the brightness which lighted up her face.

On reaching home, she told her mother of the loss and of her resolution to replace the money from her hoard. "The casque will come in time," said she.

"And if the casque does not come, Truitje, a patient spirit will, and that is a better ornament,"

said the loving mother, pressing her daughter to her heart.

The winter days went swiftly by, spring came also and departed, and the bright summer made all gay in Scheveningen. All the way to the Hague the trees trailed their green branches over the beautiful drive-way. The forest was full of life again, with carriages and riders and pedes-

red sails, with yellow sails, with white sails went dipping down into the troughs of waves and lifting on their crests, making the gray North Sea look as if it were in carnival. One could not believe, in the midst of all this holiday aspect, that in a straight-away course lay the icy Arctic Sea, and that if one kept on he might find himself impaled upon the North Pole.



"SHE STOOD LOOKING WONDERINGLY UP AND DOWN THE STREET."

trians. As you turned your eyes to the right in leaving the Hague for the village, wonderful vistas cool and shadowy led away to grottoes and dim recesses. Kiosks and bowers and romantic bits of woodland scenery made "pictures in the eyes" of the beholder. Lakelets, and canals, and winding roadways, and rustic bridges made one dream of fairy-land.

The great hotel was open, and flags flying from the cupola told that the fluttering life within had begun again. All the lesser hotels and cottages had their blinds thrown back, and the muslin curtains and pots of flowers gave a gala-day look to the fashionable summer-resort. The beach was crowded with promenaders, and boats with

Scarcely a European nation but was represented there,—many Danes and Russians of distinction, Germans, French, English, Dutch, and some from the Mediterranean, who enjoyed contrasting the seas of the north and south. For there are times when this gray sea puts on wonderful coloring, and scintillates with prismatic hues, like some marine aurora. So there were comings and goings and "to-ings and fro-ings," and pleasure held the reins, or the helm, as the case might be.

In the little fishing village, with its few thousands of dwellers, life was sunnier than before, but quieter. Most of the fathers and brothers had departed early in the season for the neighborhood of the Scottish coast to pursue the herring-fisher-

ies, and the women and children were left almost alone. At the opening and closing of the schools the cries of children at play might be heard through the streets, but ordinarily only the chatting of the gossips disturbed the quiet. Many of the women might be seen on the sands, their dresses trussed up, carrying fish in baskets, and gathering shells and mussels; and the dog-carts were in great demand by foreigners from the other village who delighted in the novelty of driving in them, because of the phenomenal swiftness of the dogs.

The fleetest in the village were Truitje's. There might be some question of this on the part of others who owned dogs; but no one who was disinterested was ever heard to doubt it.

Sunday is the great holiday in Holland, as in all continental countries. Then the forest and the avenue between the Hague and Scheveningen are alive with the noble and the peasant alike. Every festivity is at its height on that day. The morning is devoted to church-going, but the afternoon to recreation.

It was on one of the brightest of these Sunday afternoons that Truitje drove up to the entrance of the great hotel in her dog-cart. It was spotless. So were the dogs; their rough coats were so clean that they threw off the sunbeams in sparkles of light. So was Truitje, with her odd but fascinating costume. Over the seat of the cart was thrown a light robe of soft gray cloth, having around it a trimming of the iridescent heads and necks of the eider-ducks, which her brothers had shot from time to time in their northern journeys.

Two boys of about eleven and thirteen came running down the steps and climbed into the cart. It was a little crowded on the one seat. Truitje preferred only one passenger generally, but neither of these inseparable brothers could enjoy a pleasure without the other, so she had consented to take both. Besides, it increased the price, and Truitje was not to weigh a preference against that argument.

When they were seated she touched the dogs with the light, wand-like rod she carried, and off they went at a good pace. When she wished it increased she talked to the dogs in an undertone, as if there were a secret language between them, and indeed there was, a language of a good understanding and reciprocal regard.

The afternoon passed happily. There was not one of the occupants of the gay equipages on the drive who had not a smile of approval for the cart and its pretty guardian.

The little party of three threaded the forest as well, and the boys treated themselves to the good things which were sold, and loaded Truitje with

them also, notwithstanding her many protests. "Our papa told us to," was their repeated answer, and Truitje was pleased to think how Gertje and the four-year-old would feast on her return. The boys made several efforts to drive the dogs by touching them as they saw Truitje do, but they knew their mistress, and would never stir except for her well-known signal.

The afternoon was beginning to wane, and a few carriages had left the forest, when Truitje found herself near the Forest House, belonging to the king, and filled with curiosities from the East, many of them gifts of emperors and great men with whom the Hollanders had mercantile intercourse in the days when they ruled the seas.

She drove very rapidly by it, but slackened her speed before emerging on the avenue leading to Scheveningen. As she turned into this, she heard a carriage behind her approaching very rapidly. Suddenly her dogs began to increase their speed, and she saw out of the corner of her eye the heads of a pair of horses, which seemed to be gaining on her. She touched her dogs, and talking to them in low, persuasive tones, they sped faster and faster along. Then she heard a voice rebuking the coachman and asking him if he intended to be outstripped by a pair of fisherman's dogs? Then she felt a new spur was given to the horses, for they gained upon her. Again she used her wand to guide her dogs, for she felt herself being crowded to the side of the road. "Give her room! give her room!" called the occupant of the carriage to the coachman. Then Truitje urged her dogs along, encouraging them by little ejaculations of tenderness, and by the time she reached the hotel she thought the race well over. Her passengers jumped to the ground, and were about to pay her, when she saw on glancing back that there was to be another spurt. So gayly calling out to the boys, "To-morrow!" she renewed the contest.

It was close, for the coachman was evidently on his mettle. There was but a half-mile to go. The broad avenue was lined with holiday-makers, and carriages drew up to one side to see the sport go on. Truitje sat erect in her wagon, her little hooded cloak hanging down her back, the ribbons which generally fastened it fluttering in the wind. Her snowy waist beneath her bodice was decorated with a beautiful nosegay bought for her in the forest by one of the little boys, and worn to please him. Her eyes sparkling, her rosy lips half open as she smiled and prattled to the dogs, she looked, as she moved her rod from one to the other, like a fairy with her enchanted wand. The dogs flew. Their feet seemed hardly to touch the earth, and the men took off their hats, and the women waved

their kerchiefs,—it was an exciting moment! All looked to see it end when Truitje entered the fishing village,—but no! On went the dogs, on went the horses, till Truitje drew up to the cottage with the pent roof over the door, jumped to the ground like a fay, and the dogs soberly took themselves and the cart around the cottage to the house where both were kept.

At this moment the carriage was still making its way at speed, and Truitje, her cheeks glowing with excitement, watched its approach. It stopped, and judge how tumultuously beat her heart, when she found that the one sitting within it, with a beautiful girl about her age beside him, was her king! Her impulses were, like her character, true. Seizing the nosegay from her bodice, she knelt upon the step of the carriage, and holding it up to him, said, in her artless way, "Dear King, I did not dream it was you; forgive my rudeness."

The King bent forward, and taking the flowers, said, "Thank you, dear child! You have done rightly, and I am better pleased that you should win than I, though I am a little ashamed of my boasted pair of horses. I know I can not be the first whom you have vanquished, and now I wish to know what above all other things you would like for yourself, because I must crown the victor, you know."

"How strange!" said Truitje, in her innocent way; "the very thing I wish for most is a golden casque. And, dear King, I have the price in my box—all but sixty gulden; would that be too much for you to give?"

"No, child," said the King, smiling.

"Then I will be very glad, and so will they all, for they so wish me to have a casque."

"What is your name, my child?" said the King.

"Truitje Meeris, dear King," said Truitje.

"And this is your home?"

"It is, dear King."

"Very well. Good-bye, Truitje; I will keep your flowers as a souvenir of our race, and you must wear the casque I shall send, for the same reason."

"But, dear King, it is too much; it costs four hundred gulden!"

"No matter; mine will be different, it will cost another sum."

So the Princess said, "Good-bye, Truitje," and when Truitje had kissed the King's hand, he drove away.

The cottage of Vrouw Meeris was besieged that afternoon. All Scheveningen was alive with the news. Truitje had to tell her story many times before she went to bed, to please all the people. The strangers at the other village heard it. The

father of the little boys, proud that his children should have a part in it, sent her twice the fare next morning. The journals at the Hague told it in a very pretty way, and Vrouw Werff, who kept the shoppie, and subscribed for the Hague journal, read it out to all the customers who called next day. "I always said," added she, to each reading, "that those dogs were the fleetest in Scheveningen, —and I say so now!"

The next Saturday afternoon, as the Meeris family were sitting about their supper-table covered with snowy linen, a quaint tea-pot steaming beside the good vrouw, a messenger came with a package from the court goldsmith, containing a golden casque beautifully engraved, and having the temple ornaments unusually fine, each one representing a little rose, such as Truitje had given the King. Just along the part which goes above the neck was this legend, "Truitje Meeris, from her King, July 30, 18—." It was a supreme moment in Truitje's life. It must have taken many times the sum she had laid by to purchase this. It fitted her perfectly. In fact, as these casques are made, of thinly laminated plates of gold, they adjust themselves to any head. It would have seemed a pity to us to see Truitje's hair disappear under a cap, and this again under the gold casque, because we admire beautiful hair; but in the eyes of the Scheveningen folk she became transformed into something exceptionally fine. Next morning when she went to church, her mother watched her with pride as she sat among the other maidens; and when in the afternoon she drove some stranger in the dog-cart to the forest, there were whisperings and noddings, and knowing looks thrown at her, and all seemed pleased at her good fortune because she wore it so innocently. She had only one more thing to wish, and that was to have her father and brothers return and know her great happiness.

From that day, every two weeks found a nosegay in her wooden shoes, but she never thought it could be the King who had it put there. One day, going into the shoppie, she noticed a new flower in Vrouw Werff's window. She had never seen the flower but once, and that was in her bouquet of the day before.

"Dear Vrouw Werff," said she, "I had a flower like that with those in my shoe yesterday. Can you tell me what it is?"

At this the vrouw became very much agitated, and said in her confusion that it grew only in the royal green-houses.

"Then how, dear Vrouw Werff, did you happen to be the only other one to have it?" said Truitje, in her unaffected way.

"Why, you see — Why, you see —"



THE RACE—"ON WENT THE DOGS, ON WENT THE HORSES."

"No, dear Vrouw Werff, I do not see," said Truitje laughingly.

"Well, Truitje, I can not tell you."

"Then, I suppose," said Truitje, "I never shall

see"; and with a "Good-morning, dear Vrouw Werff," she was off and away.

The truth is, it was the Princess who had sent the flowers to Vrouw Werff, at the suggestion of

the King, giving orders to the gardener to keep them constantly renewed, and the Vrouw promised for this to see that Truitje should every two weeks find a bunch of flowers secretly placed in her shoe. And so she does to this very day; for I saw those wooden shoes one soft mild January day, as

I walked down the street of Scheveningen, and the gentle wind murmured this story in my ear, and the waves of the gray North Sea, as they sounded on the shore, kept saying, in tones I could not misunderstand, "It is true— It is true— It is true!"

THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER III.

THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT.

PERHAPS no other feature of the Government has provoked such general criticism, or been so widely misrepresented and misunderstood, as has the office of President of the United States. Its creation was the subject of singular comments among those who framed the Constitution; it was violently denounced when that instrument was put before the people for their approval; it has been the target for savage and persistent assault from that time to the present. And in regard to no other feature of the Government, it may be added, have the dismal forebodings of skeptics been so strangely disappointed by the results of experience and practice.

In theory, it may be true that, as the making and enforcement of laws is the great function of government, the power that executes the laws should be in perfect harmony with the power that makes them and be directly under its control—the executive being thus simply the arm of the legislature, acting promptly and implicitly in obedience to its supreme will. This idea, though to-day observed in the workings of other governments, was not accepted by our forefathers. In lodging the executive power in the hands of one person, the Constitution aimed to secure energy and precision in the execution of the laws; but in establishing the Presidency as an independent branch of the Government, removed as far as possible from the meddlesome influence of Congress, and endowing it with important special powers, it suggested to many timid folk a vision of royalty in its most frightful shape. Nor were these thoughts quieted by events that followed in the history of the Government. Indeed, our third President has given it as his opinion that Washington himself believed

the Republic would end in something like a monarchy, and that in adopting his stately levees and other pompous ceremonies he sought, in a measure, to prepare the people gradually for the change that seemed possible, in order that it might come with less shock to the public mind. This remarkable statement we need not take without proof. Whatever may have been Washington's secret fears, certain it is that his devotion to the Republic shielded it from such a fate; and had some of his successors in office, or their advisers, been nearly as wise and as true to the spirit of the Constitution, they would have avoided acts which served to strengthen, rather than subdue, the popular distrust.

That the actual power of the President exceeds that of some of the crowned dignitaries of earth is universally conceded. The Constitution did not intend that he should be a mere figurehead, or "ornamental cupola," to the Government. It not only confided to him the execution of the laws, but it armed him with a power over the making of laws which he might deem improper. By this, we mean the provision that every measure passed by Congress shall be presented to him for his approval and signature, and that, if disapproved by him, he may return it with his objections, in which case it shall not become law unless again passed by the vote of two-thirds (instead of a majority, as in the first instance) of each House of Congress. Whether this power was given to him solely as a weapon to defend his own office or the integrity of the Constitution itself from attack by Congress, or whether the Constitution designed that he should in this way have a voice in the making of all laws, of whatever nature, is one of the questions still unsettled. The weight of opinion and the practice at the beginning of the Government seem to sustain the former view; the strict language of the Constitution is in favor

of the latter. The frequent exercise of the power in recent years, in marked contrast with its rare use by earlier Presidents, has aroused harsh feeling on the part of Congress and some very sober thinking on the part of philosophers; it is plain, however, that the present Executive has no doubt upon the subject. The power is certainly monarchical in its nature, and at first sight appears out of place in a Republic where the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives, should be the law. But here comes in the deliberate device of the Constitution. The executive branch of the Government was purposely so shaped as to act as a check against rash behavior by the legislative branch. The President is not the arm of Congress; he does not owe his office to that body, nor is he directly responsible to it for his actions. He is elected, as is Congress, by the people; and, like Congress, he is answerable to the people. Unlike a member of Congress, he is chosen not by the people of a particular State or district, but by the people of all the States.* He is, therefore, as an individual, the only representative of all the people, and if, in their Constitution, they saw fit to give to him, as their great national representative, this great influence over national legislation,—an influence equal to the votes of one-sixth of all the members of Congress,—there is nothing in it contrary to the principles of republican government. They hold him responsible for its exercise; they have it within their power to remove him in case of its abuse; they may take it entirely away from him should they so desire. As a matter of fact, there have been attempts in Congress to frame and submit to the people an amendment to the Constitution that shall deprive him of it; but such an amendment the people—or those who have noted how often the exercise of this power has prevented unwise legislation, or at least caused Congress to stop in its haste and reflect—are hardly ready to adopt. On the other hand, some people favor an amend-

ment to the Constitution increasing the power so that the President may single out and veto objectionable parts in a measure (as separate items in an appropriation bill) instead of being compelled to approve or disapprove every measure as a whole; but an increase of power, in that direction, might lead to evils compared to which the evil sought to be corrected would be trivial. With the veto power as it stands, however, even were the President inclined to be despotic, he can not balk the will of the people as declared by their representatives in Congress, if a sufficient number of those representatives insist on having that will enforced. †

Another prerogative given to the President is the power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States. This power is absolute (except in cases of impeachment and cases embraced within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution), and can be interfered with neither by Congress nor by the courts. It may be exercised at any time after the commission of an offense—whether before trial, during trial, or after conviction of the person accused; and the President may make a pardon either conditional or unconditional, partial or complete. He may set aside the sentence, lessen or modify the punishment, or grant leniency or full pardon on condition that the person accepting it shall do certain things. A full pardon restores the person to liberty and to all the rights and privileges of citizenship enjoyed by him before commission of the offense. By "offenses against the United States" is to be understood violations of Federal law; offenses against State law, such as murder, concern the peace and dignity of the State wherein committed, and over such cases the President's authority does not extend. The exception as to cases of impeachment is to prevent the President from using his "prerogative of mercy" to screen from punishment guilty officers of the Government with whom he himself may have conspired. ‡ The Fourteenth Amendment, formally declared ratified by

* This statement should be explained. While, in effect, the President is chosen by the people of the Union, he is chosen by them in an indirect and roundabout way—the people voting for electors who in turn vote for President. A direct election by the people would be in strict accordance with the theory of popular government; under the present system, it is possible for a President to be chosen by the votes of a majority of the electors, but against the wishes of a majority of the people. In the election of 1876, for example, Hayes was made President by an electoral vote of 185, as against 184 counted for Tilden; whereas, the "popular" vote—or vote of the people—cast for Hayes electors was 4,033,950, as against 4,284,885 cast for Tilden electors—a difference of more than a quarter of a million in favor of Tilden.

† A qualification may be remarked. The President might, at the close of a session of Congress, apply what is styled a "pocket veto," and thus temporarily impede that body. For the Constitution allows him ten days before action upon any measure presented to him for approval; and if, during those ten days and before action by him, Congress should adjourn, the measure would be defeated. Hence,

the President could "pocket" or hold back any or all bills presented to him within ten days of the end of a session, and prevent their becoming laws—at any rate, until Congress should reconvene and pass them again as entirely new measures. It is an open question whether the President can even approve a bill after the adjournment of Congress; still, it has been attempted. Other nice points have arisen in regard to his power within the "ten-day" limit.

‡ The power of impeachment is given to Congress, and reaches over the President, Vice-President, the Federal judges, and all other civil officers of the United States, guilty of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors. Members of Congress, not being civil officers of the Government, are, in the opinion of the Senate, exempt from impeachment. Judgment in cases of impeachment can not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States; an officer convicted of an impeachable offense being still liable to the ordinary trial and punishment prescribed by law, as in the case of a private citizen.

proclamation dated July 28, 1868, disqualifies from holding legislative or official station under the United States, or from holding office under any State, all persons concerned in rebellion or insurrection against the Government of the United States; and this disability can be removed only by a two-thirds vote of Congress. The Amendment, therefore, restricts the pardoning power of the President to that extent in cases of treason. During and after the War of the Rebellion, and upon the suggestion of Congress, national clemency was offered to political offenders by various Executive proclamations of amnesty; but those issued by the President prior to the adoption of the Amendment were lawful under his Constitutional pardoning power and did not need to be sustained by authority conferred upon him by Congress.

A third power given to the President is the qualified authority to make treaties. A treaty being law, as much so as is a statute of Congress, the granting of this legislative function to the President may seem another freak of the Constitution. The explanation is simple. The making of treaties often involves most delicate and cautious negotiations with foreign governments, and the President is better able to conduct them with secrecy and dispatch than a body of men, like Congress, in which the power might be vested. Here again, however, the authority of the President is restrained. After his negotiations are at an end, and the provisions of a proposed treaty drawn up in writing, he must submit the draft of the agreement to the Senate for its deliberative advice and consent, and without the approval of two-thirds of that body the treaty can not be made. The rejection by the Senate of international agreements submitted by the President is of quite common occurrence; yet some representatives of foreign powers, not familiar with our Constitution, have expressed surprise on hearing that the action of our President, in reducing the result of patient negotiations to the form of an agreement, has been brushed aside as worthless by another branch of the Government.

A fourth power of the President is that to convene the Houses of Congress, or either of them, on extraordinary occasions; and to adjourn them, in case of disagreement between them over the question of adjournment, to such time as he may think proper. This power, too, is beyond positive abuse. Congress does not sit in continuous session; it meets at a stated time each year, on the first Monday in December, and, when it has finished whatever work it may care to transact, it adjourns to re-assemble on its annual convening-day. If, during its recess, an emergency should arise calling for legislative action, Congress would be powerless to re-convene itself, and it is important

that there should be some officer to take notice of the public necessity and call the law-makers together before their regular time. But Congress has it within its own power to sit every day in the year, and it can not be forced to adjourn so long as it desires to continue in session; and history furnishes us with an illustration where Congress has prolonged its session day after day in order to keep watch over a refractory President and be ready to interfere should he attempt to do mischief—as he would have been very apt to do with Congress out of the way.

A fifth power reposed in the President is his war-power. This is in the strict line of executive duties. He is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States and of the Militia of the States when called into the Federal service. In time of war, this authority to direct all military operations is of enormous consequence. Yet there must be some head of affairs, and one man is better than four hundred when promptness and decision of action are required. Congress, realizing this fact, has, at particular times, given to the President even additional authority. Such, for instance, was the authority temporarily given to him by Congress during our troubles with France, toward the close of the last century, to seize or expel from our country any alien citizen of France or any other alien whom he might think dangerous to our peace. Such, again, is the general authority given to him by Congress, which still continues, to defend the rights of American citizenship abroad, by using any means, not amounting to acts of war, that he may think necessary and proper to obtain the release of any citizen unjustly deprived of his liberty by a foreign government. Such was the authority given to him by Congress, in 1887, to retaliate against the British North American dominions in case of any further interference with our fishermen, by closing our ports to vessels of that country and cutting off certain commercial communication with it. Such was the authority conferred upon him by Congress to issue to private armed-vessels of the United States commissions or letters of marque and general reprisal against the vessels or other property of an enemy, as against the British Government and its subjects in the War of 1812. And such was the authority delegated to him by Congress to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* during the late Civil War. Under discretionary or vindictive powers like these or others that might be cited it would be possible for a President to commit the most despotic acts. Even the Emancipation Proclamation, which gave freedom to the slaves, must be classed as an arbitrary deed. In its effects, it was one of the grandest acts in history; and yet it was

issued, and was so declared, as an act of "military necessity," under the authority of the President as Commander-in-Chief—he could scarcely have based it on any other ground. Tremendous as may be the war-power of the President, or the discretionary power temporarily delegated to him by Congress during time of danger, Congress may readily restrain its exercise. It may revoke all retaliatory or similar authority given to him for temporary use, and the power reposed in him by the Constitution may be made to dwindle to a mere memory or fiction. For, with Congress rests the exclusive right to raise armies and navies and to control the public funds; and without appropriations of money for supplies, or other legislative action by Congress, it would be impossible for the President to make use of any military forces, or, indeed, for any army or navy to exist. As Commander-in-Chief, he would thus be left with nothing to command.

A sixth power, which belongs to the President in his executive capacity, is that of appointing ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not otherwise provided for in the Constitution and which may be established by law.* As the President depends for the actual execution of the laws upon the officers and employés under him, those subordinates should be persons in whose ability and loyalty he can safely confide for the performance of the duties assigned to them either by statute or by his orders; and in case of dishonest or worthless subordinates he should have it within his power to secure in their stead, honest and competent men. But the Constitution does not give him unrestricted power to appoint, nor is it clear that he has absolute power to remove at his own pleasure. In the appointment of certain chief officers he must obtain the advice and consent of the Senate; and while Congress may allow the President, or heads of Departments, or the courts, to appoint inferior officers without consulting the Senate, and while Congress has actually given that permission, still that permission may be revoked and every appointment be made to undergo the criticism of the Senate. Were Congress to adopt this plan, the President could merely appoint temporarily under his power to fill vacancies happening during the recess of the Senate. As to how far Congress may interfere, if at all, with removals by the President, or how far the President may make removals, if at all, without the permis-

sion of Congress, the Constitution is silent; and the question is one of vital importance to the purity of the Government and the dignified administration of the laws. For years, appointments and removals have been made on partisan grounds, under what is known as the "spoils" system; until an election for President has come to be dreaded by many decent people as merely a contest to see who shall capture the thousands of offices—a disgraceful scramble for "place," rather than the calm and impressive selection of a Chief Magistrate to administer the Government for the good of the country, in accordance with some high rule of principle. A person who holds a public office holds a position of public trust and honor, and a person who enters the public service and faithfully performs the duties of his office is entitled to the confidence and esteem of the people whom he serves. Fidelity and merit should be the test of fitness, as well in public as in private positions of trust; and an effort to regulate appointments and removals on this basis has resulted in the establishment by Congress of a board of three men, known as the Civil Service Commission, whose duties and work we will notice later on. At present, its operations extend only to minor offices; the power of the President over the great bulk of lucrative offices remains unimpaired, and the vicious idea of "spoils" has not yet been banished from practical politics.

The provision of the Constitution, directing that the President shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers, clearly indicates him as the "organ of communication" with foreign governments, and as such he stands at the head of the Republic, equal in rank with monarchs or other chief magistrates of the world, whether at the head of Republics, Kingdoms, or Empires.

It can hardly be claimed that the powers of the President, thus briefly reviewed, are not sufficiently controlled by the Constitution, which assumes, of course, that the other branches of the Government and the people will do their duty. However wise or unwise may have been the plan by which the President is made to act as a check upon, or as a part of, the legislative power of the Government, by conferring upon him the power to veto legislation, it must be remembered that this power, like the power to make treaties, to appoint subordinates, and to do other important acts, is under Constitutional restraint; and Congress, as the repository of the supreme power of the Republic, may override vetoes and treaties, and establish laws by which

* With the simple appointment of Federal judges, the power of the President over them ceases; for, when appointed, they at once form part of the Judicial Department of the Government, holding their offices during good behavior under the protection of the Constitution, and are removable only by Congress by impeachment, or by being legislated out of office (in case of tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court), by the abolition of their courts.

the exercise of other powers may be kept within proper bounds. In his purely executive capacity the President is not formidable. He is required to take care that the laws be faithfully executed; and he is bound by oath to honestly execute his office, and, to the best of his ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. He is given power to resist, to a certain degree, by his veto, the making of objectionable laws, and he may urge by recommendation the repeal of such as he may not deem good; but such as the laws are, whether objectionable or not, he must see that they are unerringly carried out. Some of these laws confer upon him a certain discretion, giving him authority, rather than directing him, to do certain things or to act in a certain manner, as occasion may occur; but beyond these discretionary matters the laws are absolute commands. Under his oath, and as an honest officer, he must do one of two things—he must execute them without a murmur, or he must resign.* The same remark applies to every agent of administration under him. To allow the Executive Department to set up its own will in opposition to the express command of the Legislature, would subvert every principle of free government and lead to the iron despotism of autocracy or to the terrors of anarchy and chaos.

In its official intercourse with the President each House of Congress treats him with a deference or courtesy due to him as one of the three independent branches of the Government. For this reason, whenever either House of Congress calls upon him for information, the call is put in the form of a request, coupled with the discretionary words, "if not incompatible with the public interests." In this it differs noticeably from a call upon a head of department or subordinate officer. The latter is not a request; it is a positive direction—the emphatic order of a superior to an inferior. The various assistants who hold office under the President are not his servants or his henchmen, to obey him implicitly, and him alone. Their offices were created

* A law of Congress provides: "The only evidence of a refusal to accept, or of the resignation of the office of President or Vice President, shall be an instrument in writing, declaring the same, and subscribed by the person refusing to accept, or resigning, as the case may be, and delivered into the office of the Secretary of State."

† This is under the Sixth Article of the Constitution. The law of Congress requires that every person elected or appointed to any office of honor or trust, either in the civil, military, or naval service, except the President, shall, before entering upon the duties of such office, and before being entitled to any part of the salary, or other

by Congress as aids to the Executive; their duties are, or may be, prescribed by Congress; and they must obey the commands of Congress, so far as those commands are law, regardless of any orders to the contrary issued by the President. They are the servants of the people—being bound, like the President himself, by oath †—and it is the duty of the representatives of the people in Congress to see that they do not neglect their trusts. If they fail to perform a plain ministerial duty charged upon them by law, the courts, as the third independent branch of the Government, may order them to perform it. If they deliberately ignore or violate the law, they do so at their peril. Over the conduct of all civil officers of the Government, the President included, Congress is required to exercise a watch; and in case of any defiance or transgression of the law, it is its duty to call the offending officer before its bar, under the process of impeachment, and remove him from his trust, with odium and disgrace, in the name of the people of the United States.

And so, after all, the President, while directly responsible to the people for the wise exercise of his discretionary powers or prerogatives, is not above the law. There may be ways in which he can abuse his power; but the Constitution has provided ample means by which such abuse may be corrected and punished. One President has been impeached and narrowly escaped conviction; others have been vigorously rebuked by formal resolutions of censure; and if, in the many spirited tilts between the Executive and Congress, we find the President at times improperly in the ascendant, or usurping unconstitutional powers, we may fairly charge it to the personal incapacity or cowardice of the House or Senate. So long as Congress shall do its duty, the Government is safe from harm through the powers of the Executive; and so long as the people shall do their duty in the choice of able and patriotic representatives, Congress may be reasonably depended upon to do its own.

emoluments thereof, take and subscribe an oath of allegiance. This oath is in two forms. By the "iron-clad" oath the officer swears that he has never borne arms against the United States, etc., in addition to swearing that he will support and defend the Constitution, and bear true allegiance to the same, and well and faithfully discharge the duties of his office. The "modified" oath omits all reference to past loyalty, in order to adapt it to cases of participants in the late rebellion. Further and special oaths are provided for certain officers, the language of which varies with the duties of the office. The form of oath required of the President is prescribed by the Constitution.



Waiting for Santa Claus

(*A Dialogue to Introduce the Christmas-tree*)

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS. A man with long white hair and beard, coat and cap of fur.

1ST BOY.	Dressed in fancy uniforms, with plumed hats,	1ST GIRL.	Dressed as waiting-maids, in dark frocks
2D BOY.	sashes, and swords.	2D GIRL.	and stockings, white aprons and caps;
3D BOY.		3D GIRL.	carrying trays.

The third boy and the third girl should be the smallest of the company, and the boy should be trained to speak in a very deliberate and emphatic manner, with an air of great importance.

SCENE.—A small stage, with a Christmas-tree curtained off, L. Stage curtain rises, discovering the six children grouped in a semicircle, fronting audience. Third boy at right, and third girl at left of the others.

1ST BOY. This day has lasted 'most a week,
I honestly believe.

1ST GIRL. I think so too. But now, at last,
It's really Christmas Eve.

2D BOY. And we are here to guard the tree
Till good Kriss Kringle comes.

2D GIRL. And we are here to wait on him,
And pass the sugar-plums.

3D BOY. I 'spect by now the tree is full—
Every tiny shoot.

I wish that Santa Claus were here,—
We'd — pick — the fruit.

3D GIRL. What does make him stay so long?
It must be getting late.

Come, let's sing our Planting Song
While we have to wait.

(ALL SING. Air: "Johnny Comes Marching Home.")
 We've planted a beautiful Christmas-tree,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Its branches are strong as strong can be,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 But won't they bend with the fruitage fair
 That good St. Nicholas makes them bear,
 And we'll all be so glad that we planted the
 Christmas-tree.

Our fathers and mothers are here to-night,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 They've come to see the wonderful sight,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We hope St. Nicholas won't forget.
 Some fruit for them on the tree we've set;
 And we'll all be so glad that we planted the
 Christmas-tree!

There's lovely fruit in summer and fall,
 But the Christmas crop is the best of all;
 And we'll all be so glad that we planted the
 Christmas-tree!

1ST GIRL. There's the tree we planted,
 Curtained out of sight.
 1ST BOY. Let us take a peep and see
 If everything is right.

(All tip-toe L. and peep cautiously behind the curtain.)

2D GIRL. It's rather dark, but, seems to me,
 There's nothing to be seen.
 3D BOY. Nothing on the Christmas-tree?
 What — can it — mean?
 3D GIRL. Where are the nuts and candies?
 2D BOY. I can't see a crumb!

1ST GIRL.
 Where's Mr. Santa Claus?
 1ST BOY.
 Don't believe he'll come!

2D GIRL.
 What if he were frozen in,
 Away up there?
 3D BOY.
 Or what if he were eaten
 By a great — big — bear!

3D GIRL.
 Or what if all his helpers
 Were gone upon a strike?
 3D BOY.
 I tell you that's a prospect
 That I — don't — like!

1ST BOY.
 Come, let's go and find him.
 Don't you think we might?
 1ST GIRL.
 It's cold and dark outside, boys;
 Don't you know it's night?

2D BOY.
 I tell you, we are soldiers,
 Whom nothing ever scares.
 3D BOY.
 Wish we were with Santa Claus —
 We'd — kill — the bears!



We'll serve St. Nicholas all we can,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 And he shall be our nursery-man,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

2D GIRL. I wonder if his sleigh is caught
 With snow-drifts all about?
 3D BOY. I wish that we could find him;
 We'd — dig — him out!

3D GIRL. Perhaps he has some reindeers
That are not the fleetest sort.

1ST BOY. I wish we were behind 'em:
We'd have good sport.

3D BOY. I tell you, we are soldiers
Whom nothing ever scares;
If we could find our Santa Claus,
We'd — kill — the bears!

3D GIRL. I'm 'fraid you boys are braggarts.
But did you ever know
What happened at a Christmas-tree
A long time ago?

3D BOY. Oh, no! Let's have the story!

1ST GIRL. We'll all be very still.

1ST BOY. Tell us all about it, now.

3D GIRL. Well, then, I will.

Once there were three little boys.
They quarreled and they fought
Over all the pretty presents
That Santa Claus had brought.
And they never gave the smallest bit
Of anything they had
To any poorer little boy,
To try to make him glad.

At last they set a Christmas-tree,
For their three selves alone.
They meant that every speck of fruit
Should be their very own.
And when they lit the candles
They saw that great big tree
Was just as full of Christmas fruit
As ever it could be.

But just when they were ready
To gather all those things,
They heard the glass a-breaking
And a sudden rush of wings;
And right in through the window
Flew — what do you suppose?
You'd never guess in all the world —
'T was three black crows! —
Big, black crows!

They perched around the Christmas-tree
And there was no more joy —
With such a solemn, blaming look
They looked at every boy.

And those three boys just looked at them,
And did n't dare to stir,
Till all at once they flapped their wings —
Buzz! — Whizz! — Whir!
And right in sight of all those boys
They changed — as quick as scat!
In place of every solemn crow
Was a big black cat!
A fierce black cat!

They sat around the Christmas-tree
And there was no more joy;
With such a "scareful," hungry look
They gazed at every boy.
Those boys just shook and trembled,
And feared that they would fall,
For they knew they'd all be eaten
If the cats were not so small.
Then, all at once, so sly and still,
It happened unawares,
Those dreadful cats had changed their
shapes
To three black bears!
Big BLACK BEARS!

(All look horrified. Noise behind the curtain near Christmas-tree.)

ALL THE BOYS. What's that?
ALL THE GIRLS. Shoo! Scat!

(During next speeches all retreat slowly backward to farthest corner.)

1ST GIRL. What can be in there?
3D BOY. Oh, dear! I'm most afraid
It might be a bear!

2D GIRL. Look! look! There's something
moving!
I see some fur! It's gray!
1ST BOY. I'll watch this corner;
He sha'n't get away!

2D BOY. Just let him come out boldly,
And fight us, if he dare!
3D BOY (faintly, pressing close to the wall).
Don't be frightened, any one;
We'll — kill — the bear!

(Enter Santa Claus, L. Children gaze in astonishment till he speaks, then surround and cling to him.)

SANTA CLAUS.

Ho! Hullo! my little folks!
Looking out for bears?
'T is only one of Santa's jokes,
To catch you unawares.



Your love for what is true
and right;
Your tender heart and
smile so bright;
Your own dear self, with
us to-night;
Santa Claus, dear Santa
Claus.

We 'll think about you all
the year,
Santa Claus, dear Santa
Claus;
And often wish that you
were here,
Santa Claus, dear Santa
Claus.
We 'll try our best to be
like you,
In all our duties, kind and
true;
As glad to share with
others, too,
Santa Claus, dear Santa
Claus.

But now you 've turned
the joke on me;
You 've caught me, I 'll
be bound!
Well, you shall help me
strip the tree,
And passthefruitaround.

3D BOY.

But first we 'll sing a little
song,
And every word is true;
(Takes Santa Claus's hand
and lays his cheek against it.)
Dear Mr. Santa Claus,
We 'll—sing —for you.

(All sing. Air: "Maryland,
my Maryland.")
We love you more than
we can sing,
Santa Claus, dear Santa
Claus;
And not alone for what
you bring,
Santa Claus, dear Santa
Claus.

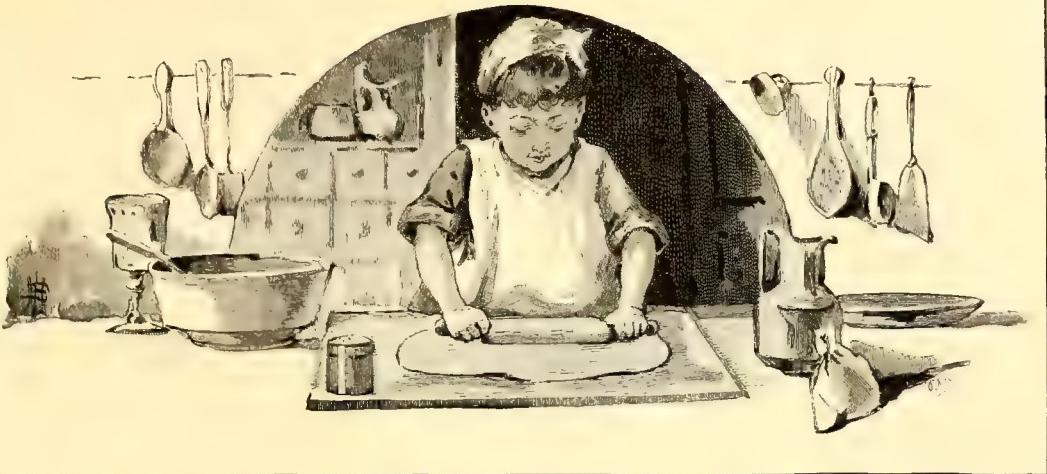


SANTA CLAUS.

Now may joy and love and cheer
Brighten all you see !
One good look, my children dear,
Here 's your Christmas-tree !

(Instrumental music. Santa Claus withdraws the curtain from before the tree. Allow sufficient time for all to enjoy the sight of the ornamented tree, and then let the six children distribute the gifts as Santa Claus takes them from the tree.)





HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. NO. IX.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

Con moto.

mf

THE ROLLING PIN.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

1. Ro - ley - po - ley, roll - ing pin, Dredge your board and then be - gin,

Round your crust and roll it thin, Ro - ley - po - ley, roll - ing pin!

Roley-poley, rolling pin,

Pumpkin pie-crust in a tin,

Edged with many an out and in,

Roley-poley, rolling pin !

Cresc.

Roley-poley, rolling pin,

Tarts and cookies minikin,

Turnovers your tooth to win,

Roley-poley, rolling pin !

II.

Roley-poley, rolling pin,
Pumpkin pie-crust in a tin,
Edged with many an out and in,
Roley-poley, rolling pin !

III.

Roley-poley, rolling pin,
Tarts and cookies minikin,
Turnovers your tooth to win,
Roley-poley, rolling pin !

IV.

Roley-poley, rolling pin,
Dumplings with a dimpled chin,
Crinkled crullers crisp within,
Roley-poley, rolling pin !



BUNNY STORIES.*

By John H. Jewett.

FOR LITTLE FOLK.

I. THE HOME OF THE BUNNYS.

THE home of the Bunny family was once a sunny hillside, overrun with wild-rose bushes and berry-vines, with a little grove of white birches, pines, and other trees, on the north side, to shelter it from the cold winds of winter.

The place had no name of its own until the Bunnys and their neighbors found it out, and came there to live.

After that, it became much like any other thickly settled neighborhood, where all the families had children and all the children ran wild, and so they called it "Runwild Terrace."

This was a long time ago, when all the wild creatures talked with each other, and behaved very much as people do nowadays, and were for

the most part kind and friendly to each other.

Their wisest and best teachers used to tell them, as ours tell us now, that they all belonged to one great family, and should live in peace like good brothers and sisters.

I am afraid, however, they sometimes forgot the relationship, just

as we do when we are proud or greedy or ill-natured, and were sorry for it afterward.

The Bunnys of Runwild Terrace were very much like all the rest—plain, sensible, and well-bred folks.

The father and mother tried to set a good example by being quiet and neighborly, and because they were always kind to the poor and sick, they were called "Deacon Bunny" and "Mother Bunny" by their friends and neighbors.

The Bunny children were named Bunnyboy, who was the eldest, Browny, his brother, and their sisters, Pinkeyes and Cuddledown; and their parents were anxious that the children should grow up to be healthy, honest, truthful, and good-natured.

They were a happy family, fond of each other, and of their cousin Jack, who lived with them.

One of Cousin Jack's legs was shorter than the other, and he had to use a pair of crutches to help him walk or hop about, but he was very nimble on his "wooden legs," as he called them, and could beat most of the bunnies in a race on level ground.

He had been lame so long, and almost every one was so kind to him because he was a cripple, that he had got used to limping



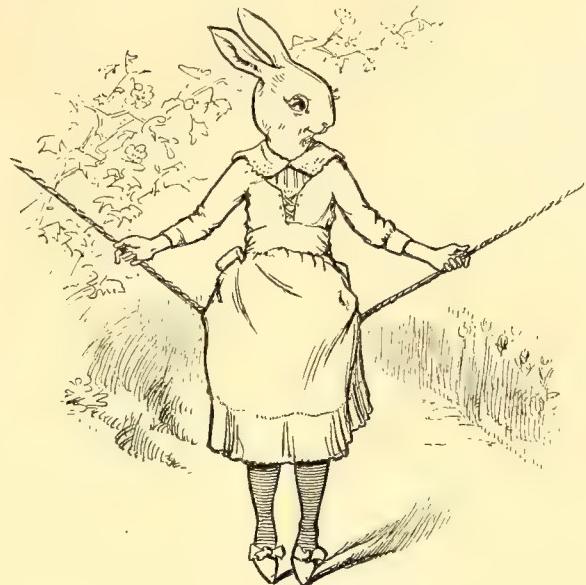
FATHER BUNNY.



MOTHER BUNNY.



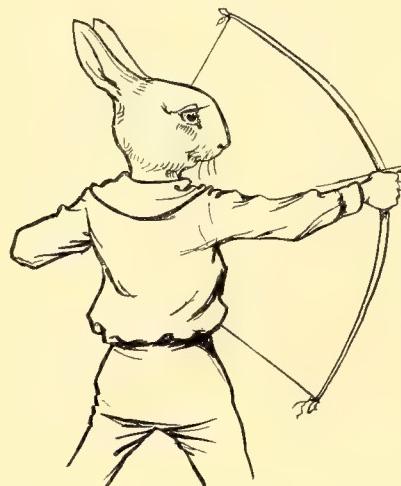
BUNNYBOY.



PINKEYES.



CUDDLEDOWN.



BROWNY.

about, and did not mind being called "Lame Jack," by some of the thoughtless neighbors.

The Bunny family, however, always called him "Cousin Jack," which was a great deal better and kinder, because no one really likes to be reminded of a misfortune, or to wear a nickname, like a label on a bottle of medicine.

Cousin Jack was a jolly, good-natured fellow, and the bunnies all liked him because he was so friendly and cheerful, and willing to make the best of everything that happened to go wrong.

If it rained and spoiled the croquet fun, or upset the plans for a picnic, Cousin Jack would say, "Well, well; I don't think it is going to be much of a flood; let us have a little home-made sunshine indoors until the shower is over."

Then he would help them make a boat, or a kite, and mend the broken toys, or tell them stories, until they would forget all about the disappointment, and say that a day with him was almost as good fun as a picnic.

Besides a pleasant home and many kind friends,

these fortunate bunnies had no end of beautiful books, pretty toys, and games, and best of all, a loving, patient mother, to watch over them and care for them as only a mother can.

With so many things in their lives to help them to be good, they had no excuse for not growing up to be a comfort to the family and a credit to the neighborhood, and I think they did.

of the freshly spaded earth, and one day she said she would like to have a flower-bed of her own.

It was almost winter, however, before she thought of it, and remembered that it takes time for plants to grow and blossom, and that the gardens in the north where she lived were covered with snow and ice in the winter.

When Pinkeyes wanted anything she wanted it in a hurry, and so she asked her father what flowers came earliest after the snow was gone.

He told her that of all the wild flowers, the fragrant pink and white arbutus was first to peep out from under the dead leaves and grass, to see if the spring had come.

Sometimes the buds were in such a hurry to get a breath of the mild spring air, and a glimpse of the sunshine, that a tardy snow-storm caught them with their little noses uncovered, and gave them a taste of snow-broth and ice, without cream, that made them chilly until the warm south winds and the sun had driven the snow away.

Pinkeyes said she wanted a whole garden of arbutus, but her father told her that this strange, shy wildling did not like gardens, but preferred to stay out in the fields, where it could have a whole hillside tangle or pasture to ramble in, and plenty of thick grass and leaves to hide under when winter came again.



COUSIN JACK AND THE CHILDREN.

At any rate, they had lots of fun, and these stories about them are told to show other little folks how the bunnies behaved, and what happened to them when they were good or naughty.

II. THE BUNNIES AT PLAY.

EVER since Bunnyboy and Browny were old enough to dig in the dirt, they had made a little flower-garden every year, in a sunny spot on the south side of the house.

Pinkeyes used to watch her brothers taking care of the flower-beds, and soon learned to love the pretty grasses and leaves and buds and the smell

When her father saw how disappointed she was, he told her if she would try to be good-natured and patient when things went wrong, they would get some crocus bulbs and put them in the ground before the frosts came, and in the spring she would have a whole bed of white and yellow and purple crocuses, which were earlier even than the arbutus, if properly cared for.

Ever so many times in the winter, when the children were enjoying the snow and ice, Pinkeyes wondered what her crocus bulbs were doing down under the ground, and if they would know when it was spring and time to come up.

After the snow was gone she watched every day

for their coming, and sure enough, one morning there were little rough places on the crocus bed, and the next day she found a row of delicate green shoots and tiny buds trying to push themselves up out of the ground.

Every day they grew bigger and prettier, and

more of them came up, until there were enough to spare some of each color for a bouquet, without spoiling the pretty picture they made out of doors, where everybody who came that way could see and enjoy the flowers, and be sure that spring had really come.

The very first handful she picked was put into a bowl of water, and looked very fresh and dainty on the breakfast-table.

Pinkeyes felt quite proud of her first crocus blossoms, and almost cried when her mother said that it would be a kind thing to do, to take them over to neighbor Woodchuck, whose children were sick, and who had no crocus bed on their lawn to look at while they had to stay in the house to get well.

Pinkeyes thought it would be a good excuse for not doing so, to say she did not know the way; for she had never been so far away from home alone; but her father said he was going over that way and would take her with him, if she wished to carry the flowers to the tired mother and the sick children; and so they started off with the crocuses carefully wrapped in soft damp cotton to keep them fresh.

When Pinkeyes handed the flowers to Mrs. Woodchuck, she said: "Here is the first bunch of blossoms we have picked from my crocus bed, and my mother thought that you would like to have some to brighten the room while the children are sick, and we have plenty more at home."

The family were all delighted with the flowers and the kind attention, for they had not seen anything so bright and cheery for a long time, and they all thanked Pinkeyes so heartily that she felt ashamed to remember how unwilling she had been at first to give the crocuses away.



When she came home she told her mother about the call, and how pleased they were with the simple gift; and her mother asked her how many crocuses she had left in the bed, and she said, "More than twenty." Then her mother asked how many she had given away, and she said, "Only six," and Pinkeyes began to see what her mother meant, and that a little given away made one happier than a great deal kept all to one's self.

Then Pinkeyes went out and looked at those left growing in the bed, and whispered softly to them. "Now I know what flowers are made for." And all the little buds looked up at her as if to say, "Tell us, if you know"; and so she whispered again the answer, "To teach selfish folks to be kind and generous, and to make sick folks glad."

Every day new buds opened, and Pinkeyes had a fresh bouquet each morning, and also enough to give away, until the other flower beds which her brothers had planted began to bear blossoms for the summer.

BROWNY took more interest in the flower garden than Bunnyboy, who was older and liked to play circus, and croquet, and to watch base-ball games; and so Browny began to take care of the flower-beds alone.

He liked to plant new seeds and watch them come up, and wait for the buds to open, but the hardest part of the work was to keep the neighbor's hens away from the lawn.



These hens seemed to think there was no place like a freshly made flower bed to scratch holes to roll in; and when no one was looking they would walk right out of a large open corn-field, where there was more loose earth than they could

possibly use, and begin to tear that flower garden to pieces.

One old yellow hen, that was lazy and clumsy about everything else, would work herself tired,



every time she could get in there, trying to bury herself in the soft loam of the garden.

Browny's father, Deacon Bunny, told Browny he might scare the hens away as often as they came, but must not hurt them with clubs or stones, because they belonged to their good neighbor Coon.

Browny thought it was strange that a good neighbor should keep such a mischievous hen as Old Yellow; but the Deacon said that people who kept hens in a crowded neighborhood, and let them run at large, usually cared more about fresh eggs and other things to eat than for flowers, and as a rule, such people did not lie awake at night thinking about the trouble their hens gave other folks.

One day, when Browny was complaining about the yellow hen, Bunnyboy came rushing in to ask his father to get a croquet set, and said their lawn was just the place for a good croquet ground.

The Deacon said at once that he thought it would be a good place, and if the neighbors' children would all turn out and enjoy the game with them, the plan Bunnyboy suggested might help to rid them of the daily hen-convention on the lawn, and save the flower beds. The next day he brought the croquet set.

When the bunnies opened their new croquet box, they found four mallets and four balls, and nine arches and two stakes, all painted and striped with red, white, blue and yellow, to match each other.

The first thing they did was to begin quarreling lustily about who should have the first choice, for each of the players chanced to prefer the blue ball and mallet.

When the Deacon heard the loud talking on the lawn, he came out, shut up the box and said the croquet exercises would not begin until they could behave themselves, and settle the question of the first choice like well-bred children, without any more wrangling.



Bunnyboy happened to remember that he was the oldest, and said the best way was to give the youngest the first choice and so on. The Deacon said that was all right, and that they were all old

refused to go and get it. Then another dispute began.

Bunnyboy thought Chivy ought to get the ball, and Chivy said Bunnyboy ought to get it himself; and so, instead of keeping good natured, they stood sulking and scolding until the other children came back.

When Cuddledown heard the talking, she went and picked up the muddy ball, wiped it on her dress, and brought it back to the lawn, just as the Deacon came out to see what the new quarrel was about.

Bunnyboy and Chivy were so ashamed of having made such a fuss about doing a little thing that the youngest bunny could do in a minute without being asked, that they begged each other's pardon, and went on with the game.

Deacon Bunny told Cuddledown that she was a good child to get the ball and stop the dispute, and that she had begun early to be a little peacemaker; but the next time she had a muddy ball to clean she should wipe it on the grass instead of her dress, because it was easier for the rain to wash the grass than for busy mothers to keep their children clean and tidy.

All the summer they had jolly times with the croquet, but the old yellow hen did not like



enough to learn how much happier it makes every one feel to be yielding and generous, even in little things, than to be selfish and try to get your own way in everything.

So they all agreed, and each bunny took a mallet and began a game, and they had rare fun knocking the balls about, trying to drive them through the arches without pushing them through, which was not fair play.

By and by Chivy Woodchuck and his brother Chub heard the clatter, and came over to see the fun, and wanted to play with them.

Then came the question, who should play, and who should not, for all six could not play with but four mallets. Of course the visitors should have first place, and two of the Bunnys must give up their mallets and balls.

Bunnyboy tried to settle it by asking Pinkeyes and Cuddledown to go into the kitchen and tease the cook for some ginger cakes, while the others played a game. They liked this plan, and so the boys each had a mallet and the game went on nicely, until Chivy Woodchuck knocked the red ball into the muddy gutter and the other side



having so many little folk around, and had to hunt up a new place to scratch holes to roll herself in.

But Browny had both a flower and a vegetable garden next year, and the old yellow hen never troubled him any more.

(To be continued.)



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, my friends! And it *will* be a Happy New Year if we all can keep our resolve to make and keep good resolutions. But the trouble is, good resolutions are like nine-pins. They too often are set up in impressive moments only to be knocked down when the fun begins.

Now, by way of precaution, let us slowly repeat together these lines:

Suppose we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt any one "just for the joke";
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
How sure we shall be of a Happy New Year!

A WEIGHTY MATTER.

OUR friend A. R. Wells tells me he has had a bad dream, and it all came from reading a life of Sir Isaac Newton after eating a hearty supper of cream and baked apples. How can people do such things! Hear him:

I dreamt the whole thing out as I was sleeping;
May I confide in you?
I spend my days in wailing and in weeping
For fear my dream come true.
I thought that with no kindly word of warning,
No hint of coming trouble,
Some cause mysterious one awful morning
Made gravitation double.
The branches snapped from all the trees around me,
A fierce, terrific sound.
I fain would run away. Alas! I found me
Fast fixed upon the ground.
The birds fell down like feathered stones from
heaven;

The sky was all bereft,
Ten houses were before; behind me, seven;
And not a house was left.
It rained, and every little drop down rushing
Cut like a leaden ball.
The air grew denser; pressing, strangling, crushing.
I tottered to my fall,
And then awoke from out my fearful sleeping.
And now, what shall we do?
I spend my days in wailing and in weeping.
Might not my dream come true?

THAT SPINNING EGG.

SEVERAL bright boys and girls have sent me good answers to J. L.'s question about the egg, which was put to you in September last. But I hardly think it is worth while to tell you, my hundred thousand other hearers, what Harry L. D., A. E. Orr, George S., Mary D. F., and the rest say. You all may think the matter out for yourselves, you know.

MONEY FINDINGS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You ask us if we can add some words to the dear Little School-ma'am's list of interesting derivations of popular words, so I have found a few for you.

Money is from the temple of Juno Moneta, in which money was first coined by the ancients.

Pecuniary is from pecus, a flock; flocks and herds of animals being originally equivalent to money or things constituting wealth.

Cash, in commerce, signifies ready money, or actual coin paid on the instant, and it comes from the French word caisse, a coffer or chest in which money is kept.

Groat was a name given to silver pieces equal to four pennies in value, coined by Edward III. The word (groat) is a corruption of grosses, or great pieces, in contradistinction to the small coin or pennies.

Dollar has a curious derivation. The first step back makes it thaler, then "thal," a valley; but that originally meant a deal or division; so the gold or silver was dealt or divided into pieces worth a thaler, the German form, or dollar, the American.

Of course our word cent is from centum, a hundred, for the cent is a hundredth part of a dollar.

But I must close this very monetary letter.

Your admiring reader, LAURA G. L.—.

PET HUMMING-BIRDS IN WINTER.

I HAVE just heard a pretty newspaper story of a young lady of New York who delights in pet humming-birds. They build their nests, the story says, in the lace curtains, and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a basket of flowers, from which the pretty pets may extract the honey. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom.

This reminds me of a true account that has been sent to my pulpit by a young girl who surely has a gentle heart. You shall have the story in her own words. She calls it

MY BIRD DOT.

HIS name was "Dot," and he was the tiniest mite, not larger than a good-sized bumble-bee. I found him one morning last summer after a

severe windstorm, lying helpless, with one of his gauzy wings injured in such a way that he could not use it for flying. He was not at all frightened when I approached and picked him up, but looked appealingly at me out of his very small, black eyes. I could not but admire the elegance of his dress, showing green and gold with a glowing patch of red on his breast, while his feathers were perfumed with the scent of many flowers.

Naturally, so small a bird did not require a mansion to live in. Indeed, "Dot" tried to tell me, in the way birds have of talking, that a cozy abode would meet with his approval. I found that a paste-board box would answer the purpose, and when I had strewn the bottom with sweet-smelling leaves, and put a twig across it, in the way of furniture, "Dot" was installed in his new home.

He would rest quietly on his perch, dreaming, as I imagined, of the days that were gone, of the blue sky, the sweet June breeze, until, recollection proving too strong, he would try to use his wings. Then, alas! instead of bearing him up as they were wont to do, they could give him no support, but left him to fall to the floor of his house, there to lie patiently waiting for some one to replace him in an upright position. Every morning "Dot" and I made a tour of the garden, his specks of feet resting confidently on my enormous finger. We visited every blossom in turn, and he took a little honey from each. Many a time I thought I had lost him, he went so deep down into the huge morning-glories. When the season of flowers was over, I made a mixture of sugar and water to take the place of his natural food. He

did not appear to distinguish any lack in the flavor of this make-believe honey; and when I let a drop of it form on the end of my finger, he was always ready to run out his long tongue (which looked like a thread of silver) and sip it off. He seemed to thrive on this artificial diet, and would no doubt be living now had I not one fatal day placed the dish containing it too near him. I left him musing in his quiet way over past delights, but returned to find his body floating on this sticky sea, with his dear little feathers in sad disarray.

Poor "Dot!" His trials were over, and I consoled myself by fancying that he was away in the humming-birds' heaven, happy in a garden of flowers, of which we have never seen the like.

So much for dear, bright, little Dot. Now, while we are on the subject of birds, you may hear this:

TRUE STORY OF A BROWN THRUSH.

"SUNSET HEIGHT," MADISON, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I remember reading in ST. NICHOLAS, not long ago, of a robin stealing lace for its nest. Here is something which I think surpasses that story as an instance of bird-cleverness.

We were marking our tennis-court, and left the ball of cord, partly unwound, out on the grass.

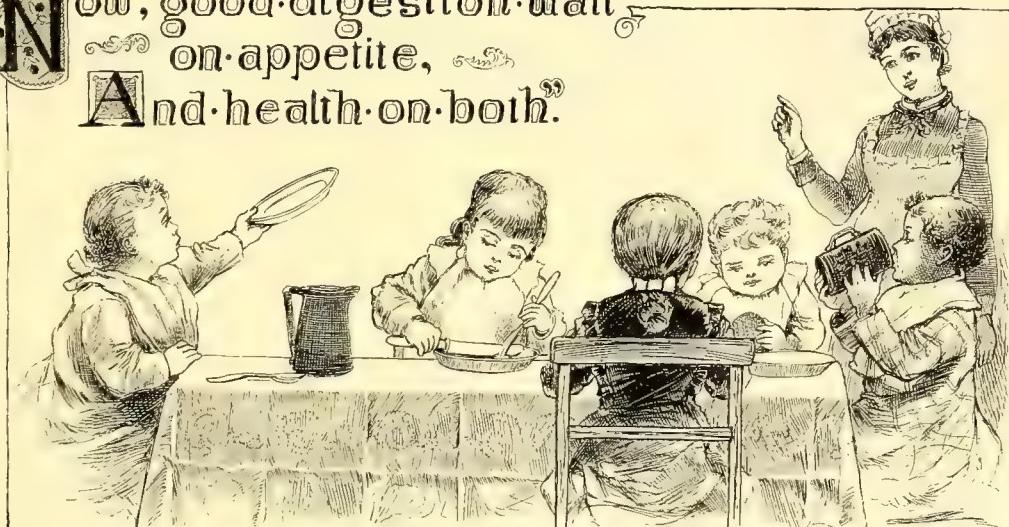
The next morning I observed one of our maple-trees gracefully festooned with white cord, the whole ball being unwound and twined in and out among the branches, while only a very little helped to build the nest of a brown thrush. The birds could not break the cord, so they had carried the entire ball quite a distance, to their nest, just for the sake of about a yard.

They must have worked very hard, for the cord was wet, making it much heavier, and I think they displayed a great deal of patience and perseverance. Your wise, instructive sermons must have reached them, and been regarded with faithful attention.

With love to your excellent congregation, I am, yours, very sincerely,

JOSEPHINE MULFORD.

"Now, good digestion wait
on appetite, And health on both."



THE FIRST BREAKFAST OF THE NEW YEAR.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We reproduce on this page a copy of the fine portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland which, purely by accident, was described in the paper on Wood-Carving in our November number as having been carved in wood by Miss Allegra Eggleston "after a relief by Mr. St. Gaudens." The phrase quoted was an error, and one for which the author of that paper is in no way responsible. In a letter calling attention to the mistake, Dr. Edward Eggleston says: "The panel

of Dr. Holland is truly and originally my daughter's work from the drawing to the end. Her kind friend, Mr. St. Gaudens, never once touched the clay, I believe."

This letter was received too late for us to make the required correction in our December number, but we gladly make it now, adding our earnest expression of regret for the mistake, and our sincere apologies to the gifted young artist.



THE LETTER-BOX.

LONDON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eleven years old, and live in Utica, N. Y. We have been in Europe more than a year, but I have not been alone, for I have found my dear friend, the St. NICHOLAS in all the cities we have visited—in Rome, Florence, Geneva, Paris, and the other principal cities we have been in. I meant to have written to you from Holland in July, but saw in the St. NICHOLAS, that you did not receive letters until October, so I postponed it until now. I am very much interested in Holland, because, my papa says, our forefathers came from the north of Holland. We visited Hoorn, Alkmar, and Egmont, the locality from which our ancestors came. We saw the ruins of the old castle of Egmont, which used to rule over all the country about there, and which was burned by the Spaniards, in the fifteenth century. The

only thing now left is a chimney, on which the storks always build their nests. In a house near by, there is a picture of this castle, as it used to be. Holland is a very flat country, and they do not have fences, as we do, to divide one field from another, but have ditches with water in them; and when they put their cattle in a field, to prevent the horses and cows from jumping over the ditch, they load their forward feet with weights, and they jump into the ditch instead of over it, and do not try it again. These ditches are supplied with water by immense windmills, whose great arms are seen turning around nearly all the time, and in all parts of Holland. Some of them are very old, having dates on them of two hundred years ago. They are very useful, for they not only pump water, but grind grain and saw logs. Many of the peasants about Hoorn are rich. It is here that they make the Edam cheese. I attended one of their fairs

for the sale of it. The farmers brought the cheese into Hoorn, the day before the sale, in nicely carved and ornamented wagons. They do not have thills to prevent the wagon running on the horse, but they have a short tongue curled upward; the driver sits near this, and when the wagon would run against the horse, he keeps it back with his foot by pressing upon the horse's flank. At the sale, which took place in one of the public squares of Hoorn, each piled his cheeses in square piles, as cannon-balls are piled at the Navy Yard, and when the merchant made the farmer an offer, they began to slap hands with one another, both naming prices nearer and nearer alike until they agreed. At Scheveningen, once a poor fishing village, but now the most fashionable watering-place in Holland, with large beautiful hotels, like those at Manhattan Beach, there is fine bathing. They do not have bathing-houses here, as we do, but large wagons which they draw to the water's edge. The fisherwomen of Scheveningen are peculiar; they wear a very odd head-dress made of gold, silver, or copper. It covers the entire back and sides of the head, and in front of the ears a curled wire sticks out, upon which they hang ear-rings. Another peculiarity of their dress is the number of skirts they wear. It is said to be a mark of their prosperity: the richer they are the more skirts they wear. They are generally tall and straight, and when they move along with their noisy sabots, they look like the penny wooden dolls every child has in the Noah's Arks. They are kind-hearted but very poor, because the fishing, upon which they depend, is not good now.

Yours sincerely,

VEDDIE B.—

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Among the many curious things I brought with me from Europe last year, was something which has given my child-friends here not a little amusement. It was a pair of baby shoes. I bought them in that city in Holland with the unpronounceable name—Scheveningen.

Poor little Dutch babies! Instead of having their little toes tucked away in soft woolly shoes or in slippers made of fine leather, these little children begin to walk in wooden shoes. The pair I have is one of the smallest sizes, yet they measure eight inches from the heel to the toe!

We passed a house in Scheveningen, outside the door of which six or seven pairs of these shoes were peacefully reposing. They were of all sizes, from Grandpa's to Baby's; for in many places, you must know, the Dutch wear these shoes only out of doors, and drop them on entering the house. We wanted to buy several pairs, and didn't know where to go for them. So we stopped some little children, and by pointing to their shoes, made them understand that we wanted to know where they bought them.

They led us to—a grocery store! Here, on one side, were piled stacks upon stacks of wooden shoes. Some of them were very large.

The Dutchmen make them in their idle hours, by scooping out the middle of soft wood, and bringing the front up to a sharp ridge. Some of them are even carved and decorated.

One would think these shoes would not wear out as soon as ours, but they do, and much more quickly. A boy can kick his heels and toes out in less than no time. But then they cost very little.

A small pair can be bought for ten Dutch cents, or about six cents of our money, while a large pair costs from fifteen cents up. Think of buying a pair of shoes for fifteen cents!

After buying our shoes, or *kloppen*, as the Dutch call them, we were obliged to carry them around with us, hanging from our arms by a string. The children of Scheveningen stopped to look at us, pointed to the shoes, and thought it a great joke.

On returning to the Hague, we got into a coupé with several Dutch women. We soon found out that they, too, were laughing at us. They were very much amused when we told them we were going to take the shoes to America with us.

I sometimes watched the boys and girls in Rotterdam, to see if their heavy, awkward-looking shoes never fell off, especially when they went up and down stairs; but I never once saw such a thing happen.

ELIZABETH JARRETT.

ANDOVER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read "Little Lord Fauntleroy" three times, and like it very much. I live near Boston, and went to see the play with my papa. I did not like it so well as the story. They left out the dinner party, and Little Lord Fauntleroy did n't sit on a cracker-barrel, and did n't ride on the pony, and there was n't any dog. Mr. Hobbs was all right.

I am ten years old and never saw a play before.

Yours truly, ROBERT MORRILL MCC.—

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in Japan. I was born here, and though I have never been anywhere else, I think Japan is the most beautiful land on earth. I have read a great deal about other countries, but none seem so nice as my own country.

I want to tell you about a visit I made to the beautiful temples at Nikko. We were staying at Nikko for a month, and one morning some friends came and we went to the temples together.

First we went through a granite *torii*, or large gate: on the left is a graceful five-storied pagoda, with animals and birds painted and

carved in wood under the eaves. A little farther on we came to a little house, where we got our tickets. Then we went up a flight of stone steps, and through another large gate; and on each side was a hideous red and blue and green thing, which, we were told by our guide, was a lion. Passing through the gate, we saw on our right three buildings which were store-houses: the third is the house where Iyeyasu, an old Shogun (to whom the temples are dedicated), is said to have kept his white elephant. There is a carving on the house of it, but the joints of the hind legs turn the wrong way. On the left is a tree which Iyeyasu himself planted, and a little farther on is a little house where a policeman stays all the time; and still farther on is a beautiful water-cistern of granite, and over it is a roof supported by four pillars of the same.

We then went up another flight of stone stairs and came into another court. At the top of the steps are two stone lions in the act of leaping down. They were presented by Iyemitsu, another of the Shoguns, or Tycoons, as they are called in America. On the right stand a beautiful bell-tower, a bronze candelabrum presented by the King of Loochoo, and a bell given by the King of Korea, called the moth-eaten bell, because there is a hole at the top, just under the ring by which it is suspended. On the left stand a revolving bronze lantern from Korea, and a candelabrum from Holland, and a drum-tower,—no unworthy companion to the bell-tower opposite,—and a lantern made of stone. Then, ascending still another flight of steps, we came to the temple. Here we had to take off our shoes, as the temple is holy. I wish I could describe it to you, for it is so lovely. The first room we entered was covered with mats, the doors were all of the finest old black lacquer, and above are pictures of all the Tokugawa family, and beyond is a room in which there is a beautiful shrine. On the right of this room is a beautiful servants' corridor, which leads to their part of the house. I did not go there, for we were told there was nothing to see. We then went to Iyeyasu's room, which has four large doors with inlaid Chinese wood. His wife's room is very much like it. Even the outside is carved and lacquered in a beautiful manner, and as it is exposed so, it is a wonder it is not spoilt; but the eaves are very deep. We then went out of the temple and went on to the right. We soon came to another little house where we were taken in, shown some of the hero's relics, one of which was a *kago*, or sort of basket-palanquin in which he had been to war; and in the top is a hole which we were told was made by a bullet, but as bullets were not in those days in Japan, we did not believe that story. Then there were ever so many other things,—suits of armor, suits of clothes, masks, swords, and helmets, and many more. We then went through another gate and up to a most beautiful place, where the tomb is. The way was all paved with stones and had a stone balustrade all the way up. There are two hundred steps up to the top of the hill. The tomb is of bronze, and in front of it is a low stone table bearing an immense bronze stork with a brass candle in its mouth, an incense-burner of bronze, and a vase with artificial lotus-flowers and leaves in brass. The entrance is through a beautiful gate which is all carved and is quite solid. Outside sit bronze "Koma inn" and "Ama inn," the queer things called lions, of which I told you. At the foot of the way leading to the tomb-stone is a house in which an old woman sits. If she is given money she will dance very gracefully.

The carvings are all done by Hidari Jingoro. Hidari means left-handed: Jingoro is a name.

I hope my letter is not too long. I want to tell you that I like your magazine very much. I find only one fault with it, and that is, there is not, and never will be, enough. I like "Sara Crewe" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" best of all.

Good-bye, now. With much love, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

EDITH H.—

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you. I have taken you for two years, and have one year bound. I am twelve years old and my little brother is four. I like your stories very much, especially "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Drill." My little brother is delighted with the "Brownies."

I hope you will put this in, for it is the first I have written, and because I have never seen any from the "Soo." Would you like to hear something about the "Soo"? All right. The "Soo," three years ago, was but a village of two thousand; it is now a young city of ten thousand. About one year ago there were no railroads; now there are three. A company is building a great water-power canal, to cost one million dollars. It will have twenty-five thousand horsepower. The "Soo" Ship Canal is the finest and largest in the world. From fifty to one hundred vessels pass through it every day.

Your faithful reader,

ARTHUR R. W.—

"BEN AYR," BENNINGTON CENTRE, VERMONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy seven years old. My aunt has twice given me the St. Nicholas for Christmas, and I am very fond of it.

We spend our summer up here, and live in Troy for the winter. Our barn was struck by lightning this summer, and we lost four kittens, and a little red setter puppy, named "Con." I felt very sorry; but Thomas, our coachman, saved our donkeys. They belonged to my mamma when she was a little girl. I have a little brother four and a half years old, and one donkey belongs to him, and one to me. Their names are "Jack" and "Jill."

I hope to see my letter in the "Letter-box." Good-bye.

Your little friend, A. C. S.—

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the fourth year we have taken you. "We" means my only sister, Dora, aged ten and a half, and my brothers, Edgar, nine; Gerald, seven; Rupert, four and a half; Justin, two and a half; and Baby Neville, one and a half. At least, I think, you can hardly say that Justin and Neville "take you." I am twelve this month, and I enjoy you very much. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is simply splendid, I think, and Dora and I went to a London theater and saw it acted; it was very nice.

There were two different plays: one was made up by a man called Seebohm, which was not at all nice, for it was not a bit like Mrs. Burnett's pretty story; for instance, in this play, Mrs. Errol dresses up as a nurse, and goes to the Castle to see her boy in disguise. Is n't it horrid? Besides, the man didn't ask Mrs. Burnett's permission to write it, and so Mrs. Burnett was very angry, and she wrote another play, a real, proper one, and with the help of Mrs. Kendal it was put on the stage at Terry's theater, where Dora and I saw it. Mrs. Burnett called it "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy"!

I like Mr. Birch's illustrations so much. "Sara Crewe" is a very pretty tale; I think she is so real and true.

My father was in America last spring, and I have an American friend called Edith H.—

I am your loving and interested

MARGARET A. B.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never written to you, I thought I would write now. Let me tell you first about some young chickens. The rats ate all of them except one, and the cook took the little orphan and raised it in her pocket. After it was large enough it would fly on her shoulder and head. At night she would put it on a chair and it would roost there. Another hen hatched out some chickens, and before this little pullet had ever laid an egg, it would take these little chickens and scratch for them, call them, and cover them with its wings, just like an old hen. It now takes care of twenty little chicks hatched by four different hens.

I have a Maltese cat, with four dear little ones. One night I missed one of them, and we all looked in vain for it. My twin brother told us he saw the mother cat taking them to the barn; so we gave up looking for them. The next morning we went to the barn and she found all four, and they had better beds in the barn than they had in the bath-room, where I had made a bed for them. One of them died, and we made it a nice coffin, and placed flowers on its grave.

My sister takes the ST. NICHOLAS, and we all like it better than anything else to read.

I remain your little friend,

M. Z. M.—

BRANCHVILLE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Nine miles north of Washington, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, is my father's home. On his place my little brothers, sisters, and myself find beautiful Indian arrows by the hundred, and some hatchets made of white flint rock. They must have been lying where we found them over a century and a half, as history tells us that the aborigines ceded all the territory, in what is now the State of Maryland, to one of the Lords Baltimore about 1740, for the small sum of three hundred pounds. Soon after all the Indians disappeared, never to return. And now the little children of the sixth generation of pale-faces find many relics of the extinct red-faces.

Now I must tell you an extraordinary cat and snake story. Over in the mountains of Pennsylvania I have a friend who had two small Maltese kittens named in honor of rival candidates for the governorship of that State — Pattison and Beaver. Beaver, the kitten, died and was buried in the cemetery near the house. Each day Pattison would visit his grave, and there in his loneliness he formed the acquaintance of snakes. For a week or so he was observed each day climbing the picket fence back of the house, having in his mouth a black snake. He would put the snake on the ground and play with it until he was tired, then it would crawl away. The family were afraid the snakes would hurt the cat, so they let the dog kill them each day.

Ever since I was a subscriber of the ST. NICHOLAS, I have been unable to read it, owing to weak eyes; but I have had every word read to me, and have listened with a great deal of interest, and enjoyed it very much.

I remain your friend and admirer,

H. W. M.—

FORT SNELLING, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do like your magazine so much. People have asked me often if I would not rather take some other book, but I always say the ST. NICHOLAS suits me the best. I am a little army girl. I live at Fort Snelling. My father is the Colonel of the Third Infantry. Every night, when it does not rain, all the troops parade, and the band plays. We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for fourteen years. I have two older sisters, and they think that it is beautiful.

Yours forever,

FRANCES M.—

GLOUCESTER, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you almost a year, and I think you are just lovely. My cousins gave you to me for a Christmas present.

I have never seen anything very wonderful to tell you about, but I have been down in a coal mine, seventy-five feet underground. It is laid out in rooms, and there is a long entry, leading into each room.

Horses work in there, drawing the coal from each room to the foot of the shaft, where it is drawn up by pulleys, weighed, dumped into a vat, and sorted. Then it is put in cars and sent away to different parts of the States. About two hundred men are employed in this mine. Hoping this will not be too long to print, I remain,

Your devoted reader, MARY C.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and although I have had but three numbers of your magazine, I am so much interested in it that I wonder how I have gotten on so long without it. I am always ready with my money several days before it comes out. The most interesting stories to me are "Two Little Confederates" and "Little Ike Templin." I have just come home from the country, where I have had a jolly good time. Now I am glad that I have something jolly and good here, which you know is your ST. NICHOLAS.

Looking forward to your next number,

Your little friend,

WILLIE P.—

LANDOUR, N. W. P. INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My grandmother has been sending you to us for three years. I have four brothers and a sister. We have a pretty sorrel pony, and my father has a bay horse. I live in India. In the summer it gets so hot in the plains that we have to come up to the hills. We come up in May and go down in October, generally. We live about 7700 feet above the sea-level. In June the rainy season begins and lasts three months. In the plains we live in Lodiana. In the summer out in the shade the thermometer rises to 112° or 115°, and on rare occasions up to 120°. By having thick walls and ventilating the house at night, and by large punkahs, or fans, pulled by men, we generally keep the temperature of the house below 100°.

When we first come up here, we start by getting into the train and go a certain distance; then we get into a four-wheeled vehicle. We change horses every five or six miles, then the last part of the journey we go in "dandies," a sort of sedan-chair, or on ponies. The valley below us and the lower hills are fine hunting regions. There are tigers, wild elephants, deer, leopards, panthers, and a great many other wild animals. There are bears and leopards in the higher hills also.

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK JANVIER N.—

P. S.—I am an American although I was born here, and I have been to America.

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been in the mountains in Harland County, Kentucky.

The women and girls work in the corn-field, planting and hoeing, same as the men and boys.

Nearly every family has a small mill on a branch. At night they fill up the hopper with corn, and the next morning they have a bushel of nice, sweet meal.

We have been taking you in the family since 1870. I like the story about West Point, and am glad the "Bilged Midshipman" was taken back into the Academy again.

Yours truly, OLIVER EDWIN F.—

SPENCER, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you are like us, you don't like to be praised to your face, so we won't tell you that you are the best magazine going, though we do think so. We think "Davy and the Goblin," "Juan and Juanita," and "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" are the best serial stories we have ever read.

We have two of the dearest little white rabbits that we got this

summer while we were east on a visit. They are so tame that we let them run all about the yard, and they never go away; but when they see anything that scares them, they always run in the house. We both have horses to ride, and a little carriage together, but we like to ride horse-back best. Mamma has just called us to supper, so I guess we will stop.

We have agreed to take the ST. NICHOLAS as long as we live. Good-bye.

Your diligent readers,

BESSIE AND ALICE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother has given me ST. NICHOLAS for a birthday gift. I like the "Two Little Confederates" so much.

I know Mr. Tom Page. He lives here. I am only eight years old. I like the stories about birds and everything else.

Your little friend,

GASTON OTEY W.—

RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother has given me ST. NICHOLAS for a birthday gift. I like the "Two Little Confederates" so much.

I know Mr. Tom Page. He lives here. I am only eight years old. I like the stories about birds and everything else.

Your little friend,

GASTON OTEY W.—

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For a long time I have intended to write to you and tell you how much I love you, and how eagerly I look forward every month to your coming.

I live in one of the fat Western States, and although I was born in Vermont, I came from there when I was so little that I can not remember much about it. I think I like the West better than I should the East, but doubtless it would seem strange to many of your Eastern readers to live—as I do—under the shade of a fig-tree twenty or thirty feet high.

Your loving reader,

L. GERTRUDE W.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the house I built. It is two stories high, and I made it all myself. It has a shingled roof, and I can get up in the second story; and besides that I can get up on the roof. I have a little brother three years old; his name is Kenelm, and he plays in my house day after day. He gets up in the second story too.

I want to tell you about the robins. For a long time I did not see a robin, but all at once so many were on the woodbine I could not think what was the matter. Up on the roof of a little house where some of the vines grow I had put some nuts, and one day I went up to see whether they were ripe. When I got there I saw berry-seeds and skins. I thought at first the birds had been eating grapes, but I found that they had been eating the woodbine berries, and that was why the robins had come back.

I am eight years old. I like to have Mamma read to me from your magazine very much. I liked the story of the naughty little Knix.

MARGARET W.—

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: May E. W., Eleanor Morrison, Grafton Knerr, L. N., Elinor Seymour R., Nina Louise Winn, Lilla Scobell, Kenneth S., M. L. H., Mary B. Jenkins, Nellie, Lulu Grimm, L. June Brewster, Hattie P., Sylvester Van Dyke, Bertha P., Edith D., Grace F. Eldredge, Emma L., Mattie F. Gorton, Josie W. Russell, Telza Hirsch, Maud Miller, H. R., Frankie, J. Butler, Edith S., G. F., Norman E. Weldon, F. A. Waring, Ida H., Lillie Shields, M. M. Buchanan, Ellen D. B., Edith Bingham, W. Bowen and E. W. Baldwin, Kate Guthrie, A. W., Alice T. W., Champe Eubank, Miriam B. P., Elsie Leach and Clarice Loweree, E. M. J., Gertie Beach, E. V. J.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

INSERTIONS. Baltimore. 1. ca-B-in. 2. he-A-rs. 3. sa-L-ve. 4. al-T-ar. 5. pa-I-nt. 6. to-M-es. 7. al-O-es. 8. ca-R-ts. 9. cr-E-am.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, St. Nicholas; from 11 to 20, Advent Days. Cross-words: 1. Scarabee. 2. Stranded. 3. Conserve. 4. Digitate. 5. Recreat. 6. Phonetic. 7. Ophidian. 8. Plantain. 9. Playdays. 10. Consorts.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Regiments. 2. Bayonet. 3. Triangle. 4. Transubstantiation. 5. Disappointment. 6. Olive. 7. Breakfast. 8. Espousal. 9. Orchestra.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Penny-royal. 1. P. 2. Pea. 3. Penny. 4. Ant. 5. Y. II. 1. R. 2. Cot. 3. Royal. 4. Tap. 5. L.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Paul Reese—Russell Davis—M. J. S.—C. B. Denny—May L. Gerrish—I. F. Gerrish and E. A. Daniell—"Two Cousins"—"Mohawk Valley"—"Sam Anselmo Valley"—Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley—D. L. O. and M. O. C.—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—Fred and Blanche—Annie H. R.—K. G. S.—Auntie, Mamma, and Jamie—Lehte—De Long—"My Wife and I"—Nellie L. Howes—Ida and Alice—F. L. Coit—"Blithedale."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Katie V. Z., 2—E. T. H. and M. C., 1—McKean," 2—"The Family," 2—A. C. Lyon, 4—A. Young, 1—G. R. Sutherland, 2—B. K. Hobbs, 1—H. Appleton, 1—W. A. Jurgens, 1—"Miss Ouri," 3—Will C. Potter, 2—E. W. Sheldon and B. S. Owen, 5—R. Packard, 1—"May and 79," 9—M. A. Root, 2—Clara O., 7—Jo and I, 8—M. Ewing, 1—Clara and Emma, 1—B. Cameron, 1—"Pandora," 1—"No Name, New York," 5—"Grandma," 1—L. H. F. and "Mistic," 7—Willoughby, 9—Anna and Hattie, 3—Nell R., 3—A. P. Gilbert, 1—J. B. Harris, 3—Alice W. Tallant, 7—M. D., 1—Edith E. Allen, 9—Ward Brothers, 1—S. K. Hait, 1—Adrienne Forrester, 4—"Infantry," 8—Lilie, 5—Mary W. Stone, 8—Ida C. Thallon, 9—"Hypatia," 1—Walker Otis, 2—Joslyn Z. and Julian C. Smith, 5—Etta R., 2—Ebbets, 1.

SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS. PRIZE PUZZLE.

The one hundred squares in the illustration on page 240 contain the names of a number of characters in Shakespeare's plays. They may be spelled out by what is known in chess as the "king's move." This, as all chess-players know, is one square at a time in any direction: thus, from the square numbered 68 a move can be made to 58, 59, 69, 79, 78, 77, 67, or 57. The same square is not to be used twice in any one name. In sending answers, indicate the squares by their numbers, thus: Romeo, 22-33-34-44-45.

Answers should be addressed to the ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City. In preparing answers, let the name and address of the solver be plainly written in the upper, right-hand corner of the first page, and also state the number of characters discovered. Let the names follow. No solutions will be returned to the senders. For the longest list received, a prize of five dollars will be given. If more than one person should discover all the names which may be found in the squares, the one who sends the neatest of these long lists shall receive the prize. The twenty senders of the twenty next best solutions shall each receive a crisp, new one-dollar bill.

The competition is open to all. Answers will be received until January 15, excepting those sent from abroad, which will be received until January 20.

Shakespearean Characters

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
D	M	T	C	B	I	S	E	C	I
A	R	I	H	A	E	T	A	R	P
D	A	O	M	L	R	H	O	F	A
L	N	G	E	O	L	D	R	N	T
A	E	N	A	P	B	E	I	G	I
R	U	S	S	C	I	A	N	O	Y
S	I	L	I	N	U	S	A	T	N
T	O	V	A	D	E	L	S	T	I
R	E	S	C	F	M	R	C	U	O

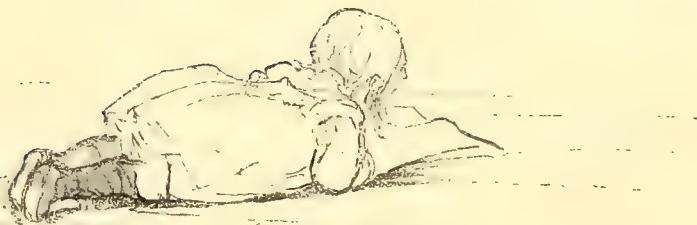
C McCormack Rogers



FOR explanation of the above puzzle, together with the offer of prizes for its correct solution, see the preceding page — 239.



"IF YOU 'RE WAKING, CALL ME EARLY."



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 4.

THE GOLD THAT GREW BY SHASTA TOWN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

FROM Shasta town to Redding town
The ground is torn by miners, dead ;
The manzanita, rank and red,
Drops dusty berries up and down
Their grass-grown trails. Their silent mines
Are wrapped in chapparal and vines ;
Yet one gray miner still sits down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

The quail pipes pleasantly. The hare
Leaps careless o'er the golden oat
That grows below the water moat ;
The lizard basks in sunlight there.
The brown hawk swims the perfumed air
Unfrightened through the livelong day ;
And now and then a curious bear
Comes shuffling down the ditch by night,
And leaves some wide, long tracks in clay
So human-like, so stealthy light,
Where one lone cabin still stoops down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

That great graveyard of hopes ! of men
Who sought for hidden veins of gold ;
Of young men suddenly grown old —
Of old men dead, despairing when
The gold was just within their hold !
That storied land, whereon the light
Of other days gleams faintly still ;

Somelike the halo of a hill
That lifts above the falling night ;
That warm, red, rich, and human land,
That flesh-red soil, that warm red sand,
Where one gray miner still sits down !
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town !

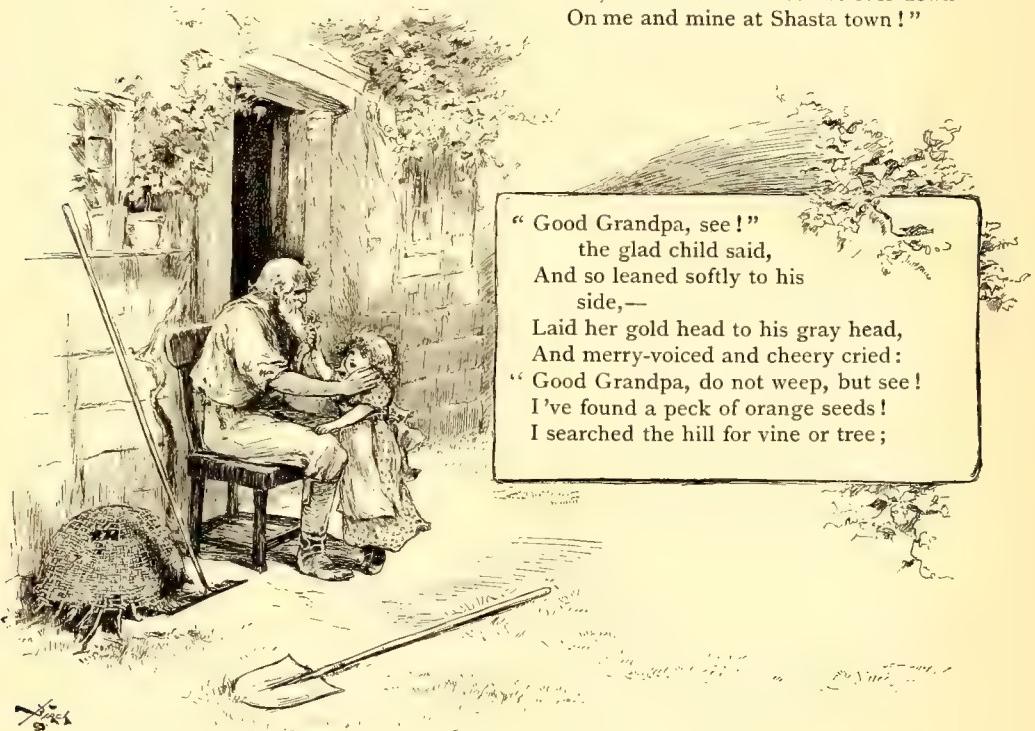
"I know the vein is here !" he said ;
For twenty years, for thirty years !
While far away fell tears on tears
From wife and babe who mourned him dead.

No gold ! no gold ! And he grew old
And crept to toil with bended head,
Amid a graveyard of his dead,
Still seeking for that vein of gold.

Then lo, came laughing down the years
A sweet grandchild ! Between his tears
He laughed. He set her by the door
The while he toiled his day's toil o'er,
He held her chubby cheeks between
His hard palms, laughed ; and laughing
cried.
You should have seen, have heard and seen
His boyish joy, his stout old pride,

When toil was done and he sat down
At night, below sweet Shasta town !

At last his strength was gone. "No more !
I mine no more. I plant me now
A vine and fig-tree ; worn and old,
I seek no more my vein of gold.
But, oh, I sigh to give it o'er;
These thirty years of toil ! somehow
It seems so hard; but now, no more."
And so the old man set him down
To plant, by pleasant Shasta town.



And it was pleasant: piped the quail
The full year through. The chipmunk stole,
His whiskered nose and tossy tail
Full buried in the sugar-bowl.

And purple grapes and grapes of gold
Swung sweet as milk. White orange-trees
Grew brown with laden honey-bees.
Oh ! it was pleasant up and down
That vine-set hill of Shasta town !

* * * * *
And then that cloud-burst came ! Ah, me !
That torn ditch there ! The mellow land
Rolled seaward like a rope of sand,

Nor left one leafy vine or tree
Of all that Eden nestling down
Below that moat by Shasta town !

* * * * *
The old man sat his cabin's sill,
His gray head bowed upon his knee.
The child went forth, sang pleasantly,
Where burst the ditch the day before,
And picked some pebbles from the hill.
The old man moaned, moaned o'er and o'er :
" My babe is dowerless, and I
Must fold my helpless hands and die !
Ah, me ! what curse comes ever down
On me and mine at Shasta town ! "

" Good Grandpa, see !" said
the glad child, And so leaned softly to his
side,— Laid her gold head to his gray head,
And merry-voiced and cheery cried :
" Good Grandpa, do not weep, but see !
I've found a peck of orange seeds !
I searched the hill for vine or tree ;

Not one ! — not even oats or weeds ;
But, oh, such heaps of orange seeds !

" Come, good Grandpa ! Now, once you said
That God is good. So this may teach
That we must plant each seed, and each
May grow to be an orange-tree.
Now, good Grandpa, please raise your head,
And please come plant the seeds with me."

And prattling thus, or like to this,
The child thrust her full hands in his.

He sprang, sprang upright as of old.
" 'T is gold ! 't is gold ! my hidden vein !

'T is gold for you, sweet babe, 't is gold !
Yea, God is good ; we plant again !'

So one old miner still sits down
By pleasant, sunlit Shasta town.



THE SNOW FLOWERS.

—
BY ARLO BATES.
—

WHEN birds to sun-lands southward wing,
And chilly winds begin to blow,
The babies that were born in spring
Think all delights are ended so.
But Jack Frost laughs aloud, " Ho, ho !
There 's joy ahead they little know.
They have not seen the snow ! "

Then he begins to call his sprites
From the bleak, trackless north afar,
Where each one in the frozen nights
Has made from ice a crystal star.
And Jack Frost laughs in glee, " Ha, ha !
These shine like bits of glittering spar.
What flowers fairer are ? "

And from the clouds he rains them down
Upon the cheerless earth below ;
So thick they cover field and town,
So fair the brooks forget to flow.
And Jack Frost laughs, well pleased, " Ho, ho !
Could summer whiter blossoms show ?
What think you of my snow ? "

THE WHITE PASHA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.



STANLEY'S LETTER CREST.

DURING the past twelvemonth, or so, there have been coming from the heart of Africa — that mysterious and little-known land — sundry rumors concerning a personage whom the natives call the White Pasha. In African countries a Pasha is a military officer whose rank corresponds to that of general in European usage. A Bey is a colonel; but neither Bey nor Pasha need always be in command of troops. A Pasha usually has an authority of some sort, however. The White Pasha, in this case, is known to have with him a large force of armed men; for the natives, of a warlike race, have made many attacks on the White Pasha and have always been beaten off. So this mysterious personage, whoever he is, must be well provided with means of defense and have with him many warriors. Who can he be? There are not many white men traveling about in the midst of the Dark Continent, as Africa is sometimes called. Some have thought the White Pasha may be General Gordon, the wonderful and famous man who was besieged in Khartoum, a year or two ago, by the Mahdi, or Prophet, when that person rebelled and fought against the Egyptian Government, took Khartoum, and cruelly put its defenders to death. It sounds like a fairy tale to be told that Gordon escaped far to the south of Khartoum and organized a force of fighting natives and is making his way out of the Dark Continent. But the story is improbable. Many people have begun to think the White Pasha is Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer.

Everybody will hope that this unknown armed white traveler is Stanley; otherwise, there is reason to believe that that remarkable man has perished. But, as Stanley is one man in the heart of Africa, who is not only white, but well provided with arms, ammunition, and men, this is likely to be he. We Americans claim Stanley as an American; but he was not born in this country, although he has lived here — when he has not been wandering in savage lands — and it is fair to call him one of us.

Stanley was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that when he was about three years old he was sent to

the poorhouse of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old, he was turned loose to take care of himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well-informed. As a lad, he taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liverpool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British-born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name; for our young hero's real name was John Rowlands, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again left to shift for himself.

Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great Civil War broke out, and Stanley went into the Confederate Army. He was taken prisoner by the Federal forces, and, being allowed his liberty, he volunteered in the Federal Navy, being already fond of seafaring and adventure. He did his work well, and in course of time was promoted to be Acting Ensign on the iron-clad "Ticonderoga." He seems to have made friends wherever he went, for he was brave, modest, and of a generous disposition.

The war being over, he was discharged from the naval service, and his love of adventure led him to travel. He went to Asia Minor, saw many strange countries, wrote letters to the American newspapers, and, in 1866, visited his native village in Wales. At St. Asaph he gave a handsome dinner to the children of the poorhouse where he had been cared for as a child; and, in a little speech to the youngsters, he told them that he was grateful that he had been so well nurtured there, and that the education given him at St. Asaph's was the foundation of all the success he had had in life, or might have hereafter. Even then Stanley might say that he was a successful man; for he was beloved and respected, had made his own way in the world, had traveled far and wide, and was making for himself a name and fame.

Returning to the United States, he was sent by

Mr. Bennett, of *The New York Herald*, to Abyssinia in 1868, a war having broken out between the British and the king of that country. Here Stanley got his first taste of African adventure. It was not a long war; for the British soon shut up King Theodore in his fortress of Magdala, where he perished miserably, by his own hand, amidst the flames of the burning citadel. It was a strange campaign, and Stanley wrote an account of the war, with its cruelties and its wild adventure, that reads like a romance, true though it all was.

The very next year a great rebellion broke out in Spain, and a war, long and cruel, followed. Cities were sacked, sieges were undertaken, and the land was filled with trouble. Thither went Stanley, again in the service of *The New York Herald*, for which he had done so much satisfactory work. He saw the battles and the sieges, studied the art of war, and wrote letters describing very vividly all that passed before his eyes.

When the war in Spain was over, in the autumn of 1869, the world was beginning to wonder whether Dr. Livingstone, the devoted Christian missionary and African explorer, were alive or dead. Dr. Livingstone was a Scotchman who studied medicine and divinity for the purpose of going to pagan nations to preach Christianity and minister to the needs of the heathen. He offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and was sent to South Africa, a country which we then knew very little about, except for a short distance from the coast. And what little was known of the interior of the Dark Continent was told by slave-catchers who brought to the coast the poor black people they had captured and driven out to sell, like so many cattle, to the slave-traders. Dr. Livingstone, a kind and gentle man, determined to do what he could to hinder the work of these cruel slavers, break up their trade, and spread the light of the Christian religion throughout the unknown land.

He arrived at Cape Town, Africa, in 1840, and from that time to his death, more than thirty-three years, he spent his life in the work to perform which he had consecrated himself. As he went away from the few settlements of the white people, he soon began to explore regions that were indeed dark and "full of the habitations of cruelty." His mind was kindled by a love for exploration as well as by a desire to take the light of the Gospel to pagan tribes. So, in 1858, he returned to England and published a book giving an account of his missionary labors and his discoveries. That book created much interest throughout the civilized world. It was a message from the Dark Continent, as Stanley afterwards called Africa. Money was liberally subscribed to enable Livingstone to

carry on his explorations. He went back accompanied by his wife, and, starting from the mouth of the Zambesi river, he explored that stream and its tributaries, discovered a great lake in the interior, rumors of which had reached the coast; and he traversed all the region around the head-waters of the northeast branch of the Zambesi. His wife died in the interior of Africa in 1862, and in 1863 he returned to England, and published another book giving a history of his explorations.

Again he returned to his task, in 1865, and when nothing had been heard of him for a year there came a report that he had been killed by the savages. An expedition under Mr. E. D. Young was sent in search of Livingstone, and, although he was not found, tidings of his being alive were gathered from the natives, and early in 1869 letters from the missionary explorer, written a year before, were received, showing that he was alive and well. He had traversed many thousands of miles, the first white man that had ever penetrated those untraveled regions, accompanied only by his faithful and affectionate blacks, recording in his little journals what he saw and heard, and gathering a store of novel and most fascinating information. But now, in the autumn of 1869, more than twenty months had passed since his last letter was written. No word of his came out of the darkness, only saddening rumors, and the world began to believe that the faithful missionary and explorer had died in the heart of the Dark Continent.

It was at this time that Stanley, resting after a long and weary campaign in Spain, received from Paris a telegram from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, summoning him to that city. With his usual soldierly promptness, Stanley packed his baggage instantly, and, without an hour's delay, was off for Paris as fast as steam could carry him. Arriving at the French capital early in the morning, he went straightway to Mr. Bennett's hotel before that gentleman was out of bed. In answer to his knock on the door, a voice called to him to enter. The two men had not met in years; Stanley was bronzed and aged by sun and storm, and Bennett asked, abruptly, "Who are you?"

"I am Stanley, and I have come in answer to your message," was the reply.

Bennett invited Stanley to a seat, and, drawing a wrapper over his shoulders, asked, "Will you go to Africa and find Livingstone?"

We may well imagine that Stanley was startled. He reflected for a moment. Then he answered, "I will." The agreement was actually concluded. But, before he left the room, some of the smaller details were agreed upon and Stanley went out, clothed with a commission to find Livingstone, and promised ample funds for all expenses and for the

relief of the great explorer, in case he should be found in need, as undoubtedly would be the case, if he were found at all.

This was in November, 1869; and Stanley was told to go to Africa by a devious route, in order to visit sundry places of interest on his way. He went first to the Suez Canal opening, that great work being just ready for commerce. Then he visited Constantinople, the battle-fields of the Crimea, Bombay, and thence to Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, where he arrived early in 1871. Some time was spent in organizing the expedition, several caravans, or trains, being dispatched, one after the other, loaded with ammunition, arms, provisions and other necessities, and with a large supply of goods with which to purchase his right of way through hostile or unfriendly kingdoms and chieftaincies ; for it is the custom of the rulers of interior Africa to levy tribute on all who pass through their territories. Glass beads, fine brass and copper wire, cloths of divers colors, and trinkets of European make are as good in that country as money is in civilized regions.

Last of all, and bringing up the rear, was Stanley himself. His force, leaving the coast March 21, 1871, consisted of one hundred and ninety-two persons, negroes and Arabs. The daring adventurer launched out into the untraveled spaces of Central Africa, with these words ringing in his ears, "Find Livingstone ! "

Enduring many hardships, now fighting and anon coaxing the natives, Stanley pressed on, his general course being in a north-westerly direction, certain signs and certain rumors, perhaps instincts, leading him to believe that Livingstone would be found, if alive, in the region of Lake Tanganyika. He heard stories, reasonable and incredible, of the white man who had gone into the heart of the continent years before and had been lost to view. After a little these rumors grew more distinct and hopeful, and he made up his mind that Livingstone was alive and that he should find him, provided the missionary explorer did not elude him ; for some had said that Livingstone did not wish to be found. So Stanley pressed on and, to his great joy, found traces of the lost man. His first intimation of being near Livingstone was when a black, coming from the village where an unknown white man was said to be, spoke to him in excellent English. This man was one of Dr. Livingstone's servants ; and soon the two white men met for the first time, in the midst of the Dark Continent, at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, November 10, 1871.

Stanley had found Livingstone.

Any but men of the cool and self-contained Saxon race would have rushed into each other's

arms. Not so with these. Stanley, lifting his cap, said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume ?" The doctor nodded a reply, and Stanley said, "I am Stanley."

Stanley found that Livingstone was destitute of goods or other means of barter, and was now at a standstill. Look on the map of Africa (p. 254). Due west from Cape Delgado (which is below Zanzibar and on the northern line of Mozambique), you will find Lake Nyassa, the great lake discovered by Livingstone in 1859. North-westerly from that body of water, and about one-third of the way across the continent, is Lake Tanganyika, and near its upper end, on the eastern shore, is Ujiji, where Stanley found Livingstone. Stanley, fresh from the outer world, and fired with the spirit of adventure, proposed that he and Livingstone should together explore the great lake of Tanganyika at its northern end to find, if possible, whether this was one of the sources of the Nile for which so many men have vainly searched for centuries past. The expedition was carried out successfully, and the explorers satisfied themselves that the Nile had no affluent drawing from the lake ; no outlet could be found.

Stanley remained with Livingstone until March 14, 1872, busied with explorations of the region. He supplied Livingstone with all the goods and commodities that he could spare, and on his return to Zanzibar he sent him men, supplies, and such articles as he needed, fulfilling the orders of Mr. Bennett. Stanley never saw Livingstone again in life. A strong friendship grew up between the two white men who met in the interior of Africa under such strange circumstances, and when Stanley, in 1874, learned that Livingstone had died on the shores of Lake Bemba, at the very threshold of the dark region he desired to explore, he was smitten with grief.

Livingstone died of malarial fever contracted in the pestilential marshes of Africa, as many Europeans have died before and since. His faithful blacks embalmed his body and carried it to the coast, hundreds of miles, bringing with them every article belonging to the doctor, even to the smallest scraps of paper, on which were written the notes of the explorer's last work. Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, that grand resting-place for the great ones of England. Stanley was one of those who bore him to his grave. It was then, he tells us, that he vowed that he would clear up the mystery of the Dark Continent, find the real course of the Great River, or, if God should so will, be the next martyr to the cause of geographical science.

When Stanley returned to Europe, after his discovery of Livingstone, in July, 1872, many peo-

ple refused to believe his story. Some said it was the idle tale of "a mere newspaper correspondent"; but the evidence he brought with him, letters from Livingstone, and other things, was too strong. The Queen believed him, for she sent him a beautiful box of gold set with jewels; and the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, a very high and mighty body, believed him, for it showed him high honor. But it does seem a great shame that after a Christian and a noble-hearted man, as Stanley is, had done so much and suffered so many privations in a good cause he should have been stigmatized as a pretender. No wonder he was angry.

Stanley tells us that he saw in London, one day soon after the burial of his great friend Livingstone, in the window of an old book-shop, a queer little book with the title, "How to Observe." He bought it, took it home, and speedily mastered its contents. It was a modest manual for the observer, telling him what to observe and how to observe, laying down very general rules for this purpose. It was just such a book as a keen-witted traveler like Stanley would find quickening. As his thoughts were already turned toward the Dark Continent and its mysterious depths, he bought books of African travels, books of botany, natural history, geography, geology, and ethnology, and hungrily mastered all that they had to give him. He was preparing his mind for observing and understanding all he might see and hear, in case he should ever go into the heart of Africa. For him the opportunity came, as it usually does to those who are ready and willing.

The outlet of the great Lake Tanganyika was as yet undiscovered; nobody knew much about the great river that reaches from the Congo coast into the interior, losing itself in the foam of the cataracts; and the secret sources of the Nile were yet undiscovered. Even the then famous lake known as Victoria Nyanza was only imperfectly sketched on the maps; and people familiar with African exploration were uncertain whether that vast body of water was one lake or a chain of lakes. These things Livingstone hoped to clear up; but he died without the sight.

Discussing such matters with the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph* one day, Stanley was asked whether he could settle these questions if he were commissioned to go to Africa.

He said: "While I live, there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done." This was well said, and equally to the point was the answer that James Gordon Bennett telegraphed under the sea from New York to London, when the proprietor of the *Telegraph* asked him, by the cable, if he

would join the new expedition. "Yes. Bennett." was the answer speedily flashed back. The mighty work was determined upon.

Of course, there were a great many details to be arranged, and many things, large and small, to be looked after. Six weeks were allowed for preparations. When it was noised abroad that Stanley was to make another expedition into the heart of Africa, he and the people associated with him were overrun with applications from men to go with him and with all sorts of strange contrivances and absurd inventions to help him out. But when he finally left England, August 15, 1874, he had engaged only three white men, Frank and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker. These, with the goods and other needed articles, were sent on before, and, twenty months after his last departure from Zanzibar, Stanley was once more at that place, ready to begin his final preparations.

This work required much time and skill, to say nothing of experience and patience. Everything must be carried by porters, for the journey must be made on foot. The trails in many places are not more than eighteen inches wide, leading through jungles and tangled thickets, and in many places even these must be cut by the travelers. Each porter carries, usually on his head, a burden of sixty pounds; and as the total weight of the entire "outfit," as we would say in America, was a little more than eight tons in weight, a carrying force of some three hundred men was required. The burdens consisted of cloths, beads, brass and copper wire, and other articles for trading purposes, stores, medicines, bedding, ammunition, tents, a boat built in sections (the "Lady Alice"), oars, instruments, photographic apparatus, and other articles too numerous to mention, but absolutely necessary to the expedition.

Stanley found some of the men who had been with him on his previous journey when he searched for Livingstone; and it spoke well for his treatment of them that they all wished to go with him again. When he was ready to depart, he had two hundred and twenty-four persons, some of the men taking their wives with them. He had also with him three native young men from the English mission near Zanzibar. With him, too, was the faithful Kalulu, an African boy, originally a slave, given to Stanley when he was in the Tanganyika country, on the Livingstone search. This lad had been in America, and all of Stanley's friends will remember the bright, handsome, bronze-colored lad, who accompanied his beloved master everywhere in this country, dressed in a picturesque suit of garments like a page's costume.

Leaving Zanzibar, with many conflicting emotions, the company landed at Bergamoyo, on the

mainland, November 13. Five days later, having secured six asses for the use of the sick, and made their final preparations, the column boldly advanced into the heart of the Dark Continent.

By looking at the map of Central Africa shown on page 254, you will see that the general direction of the expedition was at first nearly westerly, then, curving to the north, it was aimed for Victoria Nyanza, at the most northerly point of that stage of the journey. The march was hindered by heavy rains, damp and poisonous exhalations arose from the ground, and the first month of the expedition was a gloomy one. Stanley's own weight, in thirty-eight days, fell from one hundred and eighty pounds to one hundred and thirty; and the three young Englishmen were reduced in like manner. Very soon, one of these, Edward Pocock, was taken ill, and, although he was carried back to the high table-land nearer the coast, he died and was buried in that lonely region, Stanley reading the Church service over his African grave.

By the 21st of January, fatigued by toilsome marches, or smitten with disease, twenty of the men had died, many were sick and disabled, and, to crown their misfortunes, eighty-nine men had deserted. They were now in a hostile region and were attacked by the natives two days in succession; but after hard fighting they got away and left the inhospitable tribes behind them, and new men were engaged at the friendly villages they entered. In this way, the expedition fought and labored onward to the Victoria Nyanza.

There was great excitement and hilarity in the Stanley company when, on the 27th of February, the shores of Victoria Nyanza were reached at its extreme southern verge. The natives celebrated the event with an extemporeaneous song of victory and triumph. The word "Nyanza," Stanley explains, means "water," whether in a cup or in a great lake. We should translate the title of this great lake as Victoria Water, but usage will probably adopt Victoria Lake as the fittest name for this great sheet of water. Stanley circumnavigated the lake, passing entirely around it, and settling all dispute as to the draining of the waters of this lake into Albert Nyanza, a smaller body of water connected by the Victoria Nile with Victoria Nyanza. As the White Nile draws from Albert Nyanza, it may be said that Victoria Nyanza is one of the sources of the Nile, if not *the* source of that historic river.

In their voyage around the Lake Victoria, which consumed six weeks, the explorers had a taste of the sort of warfare that they might expect on all such water expeditions. They were repeatedly attacked from the shore and from canoes. But the fire-arms of the white men usually dispersed the

enemy. During the absence of the exploring party from the camp on the lake, Frederick Barker died of fever, leaving Frank Pocock and Stanley the only white men in the party.

It was here that Stanley met good King Mtesa, the ruler of the country of Uganda, and who, under the teaching of Stanley, was converted to Christianity. Mtesa had been a mild-mannered and benevolent pagan; then he embraced Mohammedanism, and now he accepted Christianity as the true faith. When Stanley went away, after a long and pleasant tarry with the king, Mtesa said to him: "Stamlee, say to the white people, when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall be continue a Christian while I live." This message was safely delivered and, although King Mtesa did not live to see his kingdom Christianized, missionaries were sent to Uganda and the religion of Christ was there preached, as he had desired. Mtesa will long be known as a generous and kindly African king.

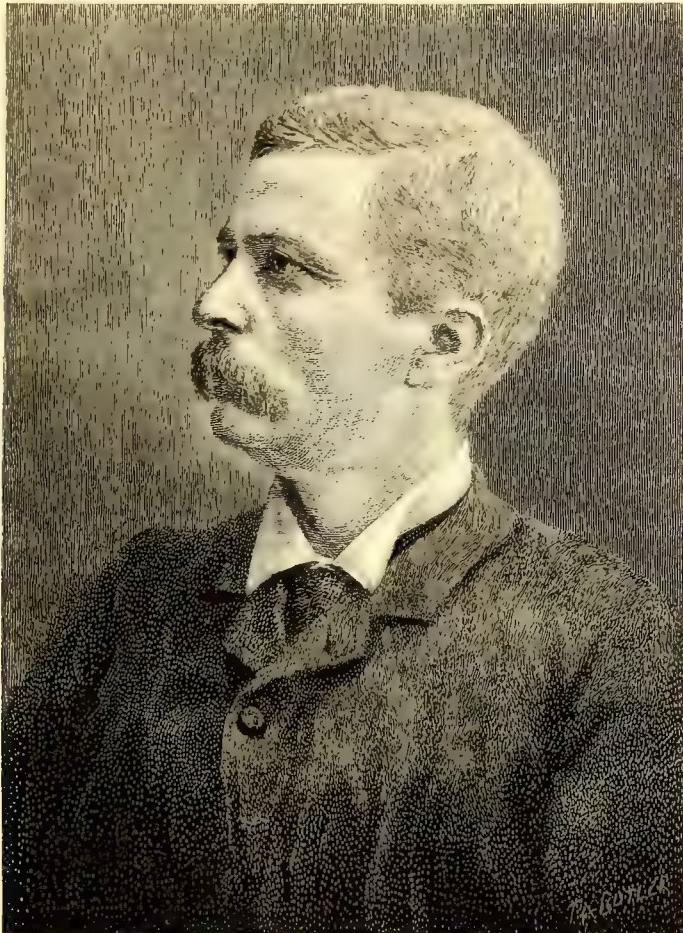
On his way to a lake lying westward of Victoria Lake, and known as Muta Nzege, Stanley passed through the regions of another African king, Rumanika, who was an odd character, but, on the whole, very friendly to the white man. At the court of Rumanika Stanley heard many strange stories of the unknown regions in the heart of the continent. One told of a race of dwarfs; another of a tribe of little men with tails like those of a buffalo. In those far-off lands, he was gravely told, were people with ears so long that they descended to their feet; one ear was used as a blanket to sleep on, while the other was a cover to the sleeper. Later on, Stanley met men who told him that on Lake Tanganyika were to be found ships sailing, manned by white Africans. Is it any wonder that we have been for centuries beguiled with ridiculous tales about these foreign lands?

King Rumanika had an inquiring mind. Observing that Stanley's nose was not flat like an African's, and that the nose of Stanley's bull-dog was a pug, he asked why the white man's nose was so long and the nose of his dog so short. The king was satisfied when he was told that the white man's nose was made long by smelling of the quantity of good food that he had in his country, and that the dog's nose was made short by pushing open the house doors.

From Muta Nzege, Stanley went south to explore that part of Lake Tanganyika that he and Livingstone had not had time to sail around, in 1871-72. He went entirely around the southern part of the lake, which he found to be three hundred and twenty-nine miles long, averaging a

width of twenty-eight miles. It has no known outlet, and a lead-line of two hundred and eighty feet found no bottom. Stanley tells an interesting native story, that in ancient times an old woman and her husband dwelt here in a hut, in the middle of which

disaster. In a moment of thoughtlessness, the woman let a stranger see the well and attempt to catch one of the fish. Then the earth groaned and heaved, the well sank, and its place was covered by the sheet of water, bottomless and



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES REUTLINGER, PARIS.

*yours very sincerely
Henry M. Stanley*

was a marvelous well full of crystal-clear water, and with many fish upon which the aged couple lived. The gods had told them that so long as they never divulged the secret the well should be theirs alone. To show it to a stranger would be a great

vast, that is now known as Tanganyika, a name signifying a plain of water.

Stanley's march from Tanganyika to the river Lualaba was very toilsome and perilous. The route lay through jungles well-nigh impassable,

while the ground was so covered with tropical growths and the forests were so dense as to be almost impenetrable. But worse obstacles than these afterwards encountered him. At Nyangwe, the most distant point in Central Africa ever reached by those who had gone before him, Stanley had the good fortune to meet with Tippoo Tib, a famous Arab trader; otherwise he might have had to turn back to Ujiji, as Cameron and Livingstone had done before him. For a consideration of five thousand dollars, Tippoo Tib agreed to accompany Stanley on the exploration of the Lualaba, or Great River. If this agreement had not been made it is likely that the expedition would have failed, and we should never know, as we know now, that the Congo and the Lualaba are one river, the second largest in the world, extending from its mouth on the western coast of Africa more than halfway across the continent, and having its rise near the great lakes of the interior. Hereafter, this one vast stream may be known as the Livingstone, a name given to it by its explorer and discoverer.

Tippoo Tib agreed to go with Stanley sixty marches, taking with him one hundred and fifty of his own followers. As we shall hear of Tippoo Tib many times, in our news from Africa, we may as well explain that he is a man well known through the interior of the Dark Continent as a person of great wealth and influence, able to assemble a thousand men at very short notice, and on the best of terms with the petty kings who vex the souls of all white explorers, robbing them at times, and exacting oppressive tribute at others. Stanley got on better with the natives than did any of those who had gone before him. He was wise, patient, gentle, and yet so firm and decided that he was held in great awe and respect wherever he was known. It would appear that no man ever had so complete sway over the minds of savages and semi-savages as had Stanley on this and other journeys.

The object of the journey was to shed light on the western half of the continent, then represented on the map by a blank, through which meandered a few uncertain lines representing rivers—guessed at, but not known.

Leaving the river and deflecting to the westward, Stanley struggled on through a forest matted and interlaced with vines, swarming with creeping things, damp and reeking with vapors, and dripping with moisture. It was a most intolerable stage of the journey. When again he struck the river, he resolved to go by land no farther. Here he was finally abandoned by Tippoo Tib, who resolutely turned back. Stanley, as resolutely, set himself to work building and buying canoes, and led by his own section-built English boat, the

"Lady Alice," the expedition started down the great river, which here flows due north. The fleet was twenty-three in number, loaded with stores, goods, and supplies.

Of the adventures of that famous voyage we have not here space to tell. The explorers were sore beset, at times, by hostile tribes who attacked the strangers from the shore, or from canoes, in pure wantonness, as they paddled or drifted down the stream. Sickness and hunger were often their lot; they were pursued by cannibals who boasted that they would eat the flesh of the strangers. And not seldom they were overtaken by tropical storms. In places, too, they encountered rapids and cataracts around which their fleet had to be dragged through paths cut in the virgin forest, while savages hovered about. The forests were alive with African beasts; chimpanzees and gorillas chattered and roared from the thickets, and monkeys swung in the climbing vines that festooned the trees. A hippopotamus once attacked them, and elephants and rhinoceroses were never far away. It was a journey the like of which man has never before undertaken.

At a point below where the great river turns from its northerly course and deflects to the westward, just above the equator, were found a series of cataracts, seven in number, the first of which was named Livingstone Falls and the seventh Stanley Falls. In years to come we shall hear much of Stanley Falls, as a supply station has since been established there. The natives from this point downward to the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, have lost something of their natural ferocity. They have been tamed by trade. Great was the rejoicing of Stanley's Zanzibar men when they saw, not far from this point, fire-arms in the hands of the native warriors. This showed them that they had reached a people supplied by traders from the west coast of Africa.

The passing of the last group of cataracts was attended by many dangers. In spite of all their efforts, canoes were sometimes carried over the falls and wrecked. In one afternoon, nine men were lost in this way, and among them was Kalulu, Stanley's favorite native boy, who had faithfully accompanied and waited on him for years, and who came to New York with his master several years ago. His name will be found on the maps now, for Stanley named the cataract where he met his death, Kalulu Falls. A still greater grief was in store for the harassed explorer; for, on the 3d of June, Frank Pocock, the last of Stanley's white companions, was drowned in the Congo by the upsetting of a boat. This was a heavy and most lamentable disaster. Frank was a brave, faithful, and devoted follower of Stanley, who has paid a touching trib-

ute to the manliness, affection, and courage of this lovable young Englishman who lies buried in the savage wilderness of the Congo.

Very soon, as they drew near the coast, in the latter part of the summer of 1877, sickness and famine pressed hard upon the weary travelers. They were destitute of nearly everything that could sustain nature. They could not buy of the churlish natives, and starvation stared them in the face. Knowing that a trading-post was established at Embomma, two days' journey down the river, Stanley wrote a letter on an old piece of drilling, and sent it by his swiftest runners. This was the letter : *

VILLAGE OF NSANDA, August 4, 1877.

TO ANY GENTLEMAN WHO SPEAKS ENGLISH AT EMBOMMA:

Dear Sir: I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people can not afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to dispatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and, as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in the state of the greatest distress; but, if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving people can not wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course, I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief, and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

Yours sincerely,

H. M. STANLEY,

Commanding Anglo-American Expedition
for Exploration of Africa.

P. S.—You may not know me by name; I, therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S.

Another letter was written in French, and another in Spanish. Most European merchants understand French and Spanish. In the anxiety of his despair, Stanley left no means untried to reach the unknown white traders whom he heard were at Embomma.

We can not imagine the amazement of the white men at Embomma when this cry of starving men came out of the trackless wilds of the Congo country where it could not have been supposed that any civilized man was wandering. The gentlemen into whose hands this threefold message fell were Mr. John W. Harrison and Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, the former from Liverpool and the latter a Portu-

guese. Their response was prompt, generous, and most thoughtful.

Stanley's messengers joyfully returned to the camp and were closely followed by a small caravan laden with ample supplies of food and other necessities, even luxuries, for the relief of the famishing people, who, when this timely succor arrived, were on the brink of starvation, having had nothing to eat for thirty hours. Words can not describe the joy and exultation of the distressed followers of Stanley at the sight of this welcome relief. Murabo, a boat-boy, who seems to have been something of a minstrel and a bard, struck up an impromptu hymn of praise celebrating the kindness and liberality of "the white men of the second sea," and loud and clear, says Stanley, rose the chorus at the end of each stanza :

"Then sing, O friends; sing, the journey is ended;
Sing aloud. O friends, sing to this great sea."

As for Stanley, the devoted leader, the "great master," as they called him, he tells us that he rushed to the privacy of his tent to hide the tears of gratitude and joy that welled from his eyes. The journey was ended. Privations were over. Stanley sent back to the coast a touching letter of thanks, in which thankfulness to the God who had delivered them out of all their perils, and to the kindly gentlemen who had succored them, were written out of a full heart.

There is little left to tell of this wonderful expedition. On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of their departure from Zanzibar, the company, now numbering one hundred and fourteen blacks and one white man, met the advance guard of civilization, the generous traders and merchants of Embomma. How pale these looked to Stanley, who had so long seen only the bronze faces and dark skins of the natives! How well-dressed and gay they seemed in comparison with the tattered and dirty voyagers from the heart of the Dark Continent.

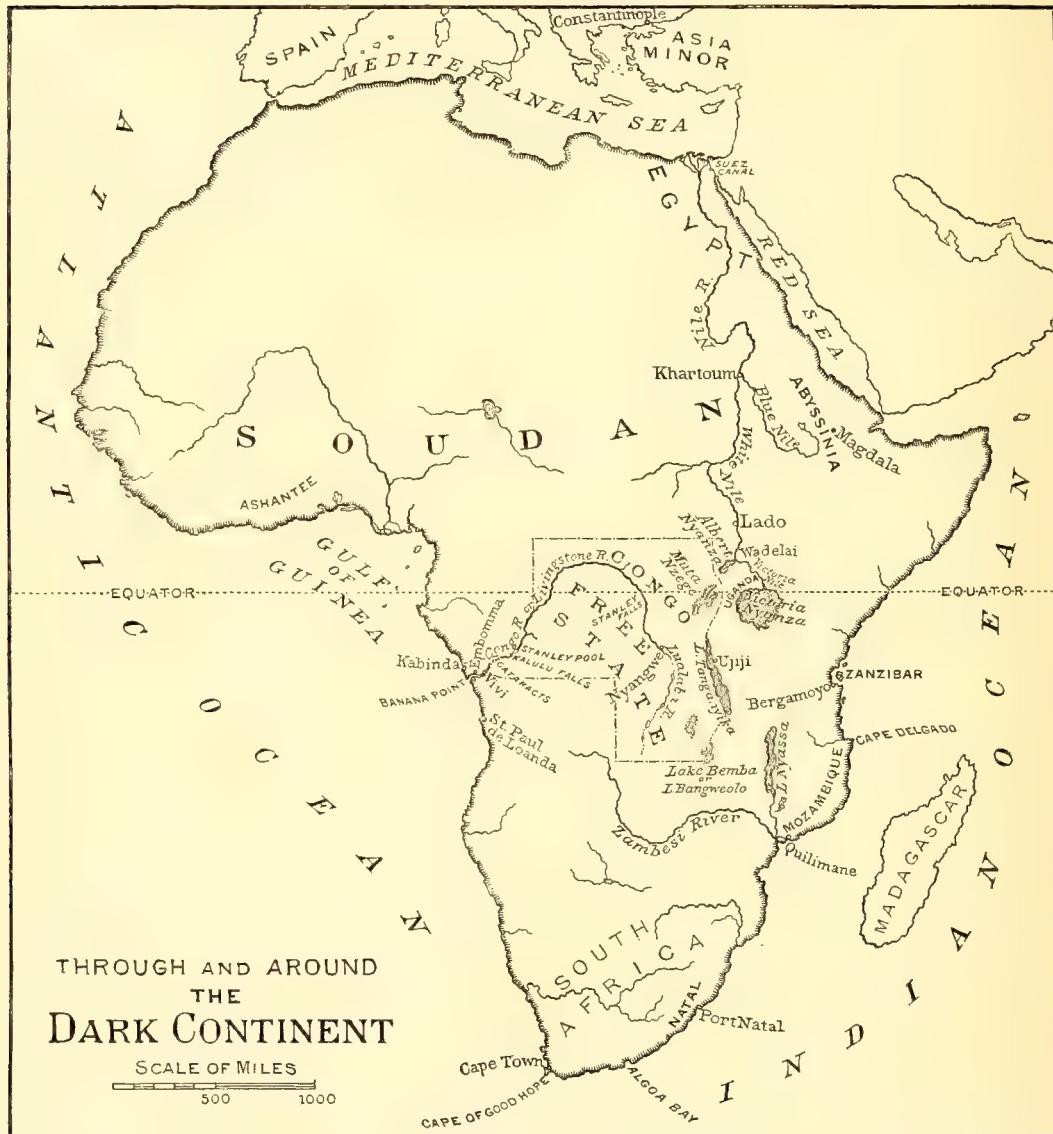
From the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, the expedition was carried by steamer to Kabinda, a seaport only a short distance up the coast, where the blacks supposed that Stanley would leave them and go home; but, true to his word, he told them that he would never leave them until they were once more in their own home. Carried thence to the port San Paolo de Loanda, they were embarked on board a British man-of-war and then taken to Cape Town. Thence, touching at Port Natal, they steamed to Zanzibar, where they arrived on the 20th of November. Long since given up for dead, the blacks were greeted by their kindred with songs and tears, with thanksgivings, wonder, and cries of joy. They had

* Reprinted from Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

pierced the heart of the continent, doubled the great Cape, and were at home.

Stanley returned to England from Zanzibar, December 13th, 1877. Immediately on his arrival, he found an embassy from the King of the Belgians,

the new organization was called, and he returned to Africa in 1879, where he remained nearly six years, hard at work on the Congo, or Livingstone, making roads, establishing stations, and opening the way for commerce. His exploits in building



who had been planning an expedition to open up the Congo country to trade and who wanted Stanley to take command. With great reluctance, for the explorer now desired to enjoy the sweets of civilized life for a season, Stanley undertook the management of the International Association, as

roads, some of which were over mountains and across rocky chains, won for him from the natives the title of "Rock Breaker." At the head of the cataracts nearest the west coast the river widens into a broad lake, studded with islands, and known as Stanley Pool. At the foot of the cataracts is a

trading-post, called Vivi; and large steamers can ascend the river to Vivi, while above that point, as far as Stanley Falls, steamboats of lighter draft are now running in considerable numbers. When we remember that the distance from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls is nearly one thousand miles of savage river, we can understand why the great explorer should say, "We found the Congo having only canoes; to-day there are eight steamers." But since then the number of steamers has been multiplied many times.

A railroad has been planned to carry freight around the cataracts. Soon, trading-stations will be scattered along the five thousand miles of navigable waters of the great river. Stanley found a vast country that had no owner. The river drains a region containing more than a million square miles, much of which is well peopled. The Congo Free State, founded by Stanley's friend, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, lies chiefly south of the great bend of the river, and contains an area of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles; its population is more than forty-two millions. The articles collected from the African trade are ivory, palm-oil, gum-copal, rubber, beeswax, cabinet-woods, hippopotamus teeth and hides, monkey-skins, and divers other things. These are bought with goods, such as colored beads, brass and copper wire, cotton cloth, cutlery, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of articles known as "notions" or "trade-goods." The basis of all buying and selling in the Congo Free State is free trade; all nations that participated in the Berlin Congo Conference have right to trade and barter and establish posts within the boundaries of that territory, vast and rich, made accessible through the labors of Stanley.

During his six years' service in Africa, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, Stanley made brief visits to Europe and the United States. It was while he was in this country, in the winter of 1886-87, that he was summoned back to Europe to take command once more of an African expedition; this time to rescue another white man lost in the heart of the Dark Continent. This was Emin Pasha, governor of the Province of Equatorial Africa. Emin is the Egyptian name of Dr. Schnitzler; Pasha, as we have said, is the title of a civil or military officer. The province, over which Emin Pasha or Schnitzler is governor, is one of the outlying possessions of the Egyptian Government. When the revolt in the Soudan took place and Gen. Gordon was besieged in Khartoum, the Province of Emin Pasha was cut off from the rest of Egypt, and there he has been ever since, shut up in the region due north of the Albert Nyanza. Its capital is Lado, on the

affluent leading from the Albert Nyanza to the White Nile. Here Emin Pasha has been closed in by hostile tribes, without sufficient ammunition or other supplies to enable him to cut his way out, or to traverse the routes that may be open through regions not hostile.

Finally, to rescue Emin Pasha, subscriptions were started in Europe. The largest subscriber to the Emin Pasha relief fund is Mr. William Mackinnon, a wealthy Scotchman, who is president of a great line of steamers, the Peninsular and Oriental. The Burdett-Coutts family are also large contributors. The fact that Mr. Mackinnon, a private citizen, gave so much money to the fund has moved some people to think that the British Government, and not Mr. Mackinnon, is really backing up this new expedition; and that the real object is to come in the rear of Khartoum, as we have already said, and retake it from the rebels who have held it ever since it fell into the hands of the victorious false prophet (El Mahdi) in 1884.

Stanley sailed once more for Africa in January, 1887, making his headquarters for the organizing of his expedition at Zanzibar, where he has so many true friends among the Arabs and the blacks. The supplies for the expedition were shipped directly to the Congo and carried up-stream by steamers. At Zanzibar, Stanley did his recruiting only. At Zanzibar, too, Stanley's old friend, Tippoo Tib, was met, and Stanley signed an agreement with him making him governor of Stanley Falls, to defend that point against all comers, Arabs or natives, a salary being guaranteed him then and there.

Accompanied by Tippoo Tib, the great explorer went to the mouth of the Congo, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, reaching Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, March 18, 1887, and soon after ascending the river on which he had encountered so many hardships and endured so much suffering. His force consisted of nearly one thousand men, and his supplies, arms, and ammunition, intended for the relief of Emin Pasha, were enormous in quantity. One of the arms provided for his own use was a revolving many-chambered gun, of the Mitrailleuse pattern. This terrible engine would be so great a novelty among the savages who annoyed Stanley on his first voyage down the great river that it was thought they might be subdued into good behavior when they beheld its working.

The exact line of travel to be pursued by Stanley in his search for Emin Pasha is not known. The explorer, for reasons of his own, chose to keep that a secret. But it was generally supposed that he would strike for Wadelai, on the White Nile, just above Albert Nyanza. At any rate, he dis-

appeared somewhere into the vague unknown of the region lying between the Upper Congo and that lake. More than a year has now passed since we heard any tidings of the White Pasha, except such wild rumors as have come out of the darkness of the continent. It seems strange that a captain, at the head of more than a thousand men, can so completely disappear in the interior of a continent that he should be lost and never heard of for so long a time. Where is he, if alive? And if Stanley has perished, where are the many men that were with him? Where the goods and munitions of war? No wonder people are asking these questions.

But bad news came from one of Stanley's aiding expeditions not long ago. This expedition, commanded by Major Barttelot, one of Stanley's trusty lieutenants, left the Upper Congo, last April, with supplies for Emin Pasha, which Stanley had left behind for that purpose. On the 19th of July, it appears, Major Barttelot was attacked and killed by his own carriers. The expedition being thus broken up, one source of supplies for Stanley and Emin Pasha was cut off.

Probably no man has ever excelled Stanley in his wise treatment of the Africans. He seems to have a natural instinct of the best way to manage these people, who combine great childishness with natural ferocity. Stanley is firm, but kind, considerate, and generous. The natives know that he is strong, and they have faith in his honesty and truth. He has managed the savages with wonderful skill. The slave-traders hate and fear him, and many people have thought that if he were ever surprised and cut off in Africa it would be by the malice of these bad men, who fear for their trade. Stanley, like Livingstone, saw enough

of the horrors of the slave-trade to be in deadly earnest to do all that lay in his power to stop it. Tippoo Tib, the Arab trader, has long been a slave-dealer, though he has pretended to give up that horrible traffic since he has been associated with Stanley. Very likely, if he ever got a chance to go into the slave-trade again, without being found out, he would do it. And, if Stanley stood in his way, some men think Tippoo Tib would not hesitate even to kill Stanley, and so be rid of him. Tippoo Tib is now a very great man in Central Africa. He is enormously rich, and he can raise a force of many thousands of men whenever he has occasion to call for them.

It is singular that it should now be thought necessary to send a search expedition for Stanley, after all that he has done in that direction himself. But Leopold, King of the Belgians, and others, devoted friends of Stanley, propose to do this very thing, unless news of the White Pasha's safety comes to us.

When Stanley was in this country, soon after his discovery of Livingstone, he was full-cheeked, rosy in color, and his hair was dark and handsome. When next he came, after his memorable trip through the heart of the Dark Continent, the ruddy hue of his face was gone, and his beautiful hair was nearly white. But the brightness of his eyes was not dimmed, and the alert and sinewy limbs were as agile as of old. He has borne privations and great hardships well, but they have left their mark on his face; and countenance and head are old long before their time.

It would be a great loss to the world of commerce and of Christian endeavor and human activity if the White Pasha should return no more.



THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

PETIT-PÈRE.

THOUGH a French-Canadian never hurries, and may accomplish no more in a week than the nervous, driving American in half a day, he keeps pace with nature by rising with the sun. The cackle of French voices begins at early cock-crowing.

Alvine waked in the dawn. Her ankle was by this time quite painful, but she crept off the feather bed and put on her dried and crumpled clothes.

Mother Ursule could be heard disturbing the dewy mountain-silence outside, filling her oven with sticks. By the time Alvine limped outdoors, and sat down near the pig-pen, which was under the same roof as the oven, the housewife had left this task and was cooking breakfast.

Two bristle-backed swine stared at Alvine, and returned a grunt for her polite good-morning. The pig of the French-Canadian seldom gets fat. He has, in many cases, the freedom of the roads, but his development runs to hair and ears, and he looks sharply able to take care of himself.

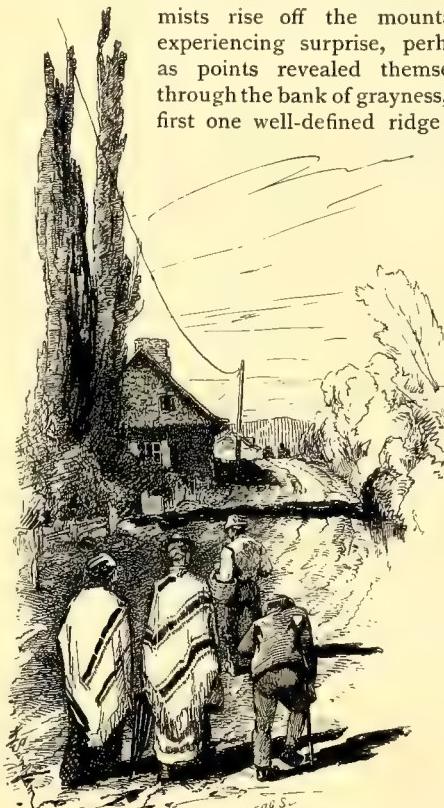
The outdoor oven was built on supports, high off the ground, of stone covered with plaster. Its dome top was sheltered by a roof of boards, and it had a large iron door fastened by a latch. When the wood within it burned out it would be heated to such a degree that tall loaves of bread could crust themselves in its slowly lowering even temperature.

Pelletier descended the gallery steps to open his blacksmith shop, and paused beside the oven to ask how his guest had slept, and if the bite of a sweet-tempered dog like Gervas was working her damage. The shop was built with the hill for a rear wall; so its roof was below them and the blacksmith could have walked out upon it as upon a balcony. But, instead, he opened a door under the eaves and entered his smithy by a stairway of planks inside. He then set wide a door through which a pony might squeeze, and looked out on the Beaupré road, on glistening flats stretching riverward behind his opposite neighbor's house, and on St. Lawrence itself, delightful to the eyes in morning freshness.

Pelletier's forge was a fireplace scooped high in the side of the wall. So stained with ancient

smoke was the interior of the shop that when the noon sky arched its bluest, and plenteous light penetrated everywhere else, a handful of fire half-way between ground and rafters made there the single spot of positive color in a dense negation of blackness. In front of the shop hung its sign: "E. Pelletier, Forgeron."

Had Alvine been in a boat on the St. Lawrence she could now have seen the mists rise off the mountains, experiencing surprise, perhaps, as points revealed themselves through the bank of grayness, and first one well-defined ridge and



A BIT OF THE BEAUPRÉ ROAD.

then another over it appeared — stable lines in the midst of changing vapor. But she could only look at the eastern spread of the river flushing with sun-rise, and uphill as high as Mother Blanchet's overhanging residence, for there the sky-line abruptly presented itself to her eye. Rows of potato plants stretched up and down the incline.

It seemed probable that the potatoes, as they ripened, would swell out of their earthen pockets and obligingly roll down to the Pelletiers' door. There was a high ledge behind the house, a waterfall coming down it in continuous short leaps, clear as dew where it trickled, its course intensely marked with green.

Above the potato slope, and just under Mother Blanchet's fence, some logs were built to form a terrace where growing things could sit nursed on a level lap in the sun. Here flourished Mother Ursule's garden: onions, lettuces, cabbages, and melons also, for their vines dripped down the logs.

Gervas came awkwardly to Alvine as she sat by the pig-pen, and snuffed politely at her skirts; to which she replied that the ankle did hurt, but she comprehended it was a mistake on his part. Gervas's wagon stood in its own stable above the blacksmith shop; a half-excavated shed well thatched with pine boughs, but with the front open.

Mother Ursule brought cross-barred and striped woolen blankets from all the beds in the house, and hung them over the gallery to air. Then her array of loaves came out in her arms to the oven. She nodded kindly to Alvine all the way down the path, and was pleased when her guest lifted the oven latch for her, and showed its glowing heart ready to render utmost service.

While Mother Ursule was raking out coals and putting in bread, a tiny old man dressed in gray appeared on the gallery. He wore moccasin shoes, laced high around the leg, and a girdle which held his blouse in at the waist. But the striking points of his apparel, and the points which gave it character, were a red cotton handkerchief tied around his head and breeches cut short off at the knee. Thick gray stockings ascended and covered him well, yet without taking away a juvenile air which made this little old man seem rejoicing in his first trousers. They were not fitted to the slope of the limbs, but gave these a wide and generous outlet, apparently promising that the little old man should not soon outgrow their width.

As soon as he saw Mother Ursule he showed his gums in a smile. He had no teeth left. His face was like the face of an angel, if angels' faces are ever tanned to the color of a hickory-nut and inclosed in snow-white strands of thin hair. It held the eagerness of childhood tempered by that knowledge of sorrow which leaves its stamp after the sorrow is long outlived. His entire person expressed lightness, and his stature was so small that altogether the queer little ground-colored man became one's type of a fairy man.

"Good-morning, good-morning," cried Mother Ursule. "It is a fine day, Petit-Père."

He answered without lisp or mumble, for long use had readjusted his vocal organs so that no parts were missed.

"Good-morning, my daughter Ursule. All the world is sweet."

"It is your father, madame?" inquired Alvine, surprised by an inmate whose presence she had not suspected.

"It is my husband's grandfather, mademoiselle. He is eighty years old. He is," said Mother Ursule, putting her knuckles on her sides and standing straight, to give her entire attention to the subject, "as swift on foot as any young man along the Beaupré road. Willingly, like a little son, he does my errands. Monsieur Pelletier, indeed, is much more like the grandfather. We call him Petit-Père instead of Grandpère, because he is so small and has long seemed to be growing young, and more like our child than our venerable father. It is fifteen years since our calamity, and he had then made a beginning *en enfance*.* No one yet calls him childish; for truly, even Mother Blanchet will tell you, he has been as far back as our memories go never other than a sweet child. Mademoiselle, you will see this tiny creature sit down on the floor and lean his head against my knee when he is tired. About our calamity we do not speak. But you should know we lost all our family in one winter. Nine children, mademoiselle, and my husband's father and mother, and seven brothers and sisters. We also had it, but three of us survive."

"P'tite vérhole?" † whispered Alvine.

Mother Ursule nodded several times.

"But Petit-Père, he never sorrowed over the loss of them like we sorrow for the dead. Mademoiselle, every day he goes up the hill to call them. Sometimes he comes back crying because they stay away so long. On a fine morning, like this, he is sure of bringing them all home, and thou wilt hear him tell me to kill the pig and have black puddings ready."

"All this makes him charming, madame," pronounced Alvine.

"So now we will go to breakfast," said Mother Ursule, in a gratified tone. "And then will I look at the foot which I have so neglected this morning."

"It is nothing, madame. I can go slowly on with it to-day."

"Not an inch from the house of Monsieur Pelletier will you move, my child, until the pits made by Gervas's teeth are healed. That

* Childishness. No English word so well expresses it. † The Canadian-French have strong aversion to being vaccinated. They will not submit to it. Small-pox has consequently been a scourge among them, at times epidemic in Montreal and other places.

reminds me I have not beaten him with the oven-stick."

Gervas sat down by Alvine and looked discouraged.

"Oh, madame, do not touch him," begged the girl. "He did but his duty. If it had not been for Gervas, indeed, should I have had a taste of thy good cream?"

Benevolent vanity overspread Madame Pelletier's face.

"It is good cream," she affirmed, with the air of a righteous person who will not be so foolish as to deny her own virtues. "And Gervas did us no bad service when he dragged thee to our house, poor, trembling rabbit. But this to thee, monsieur," she added, shaking her finger at the dog, who snapped in embarrassed fashion at a fly, and then fixed his gaze on a gnarled, wind-stunted apple-tree which grew behind the oven. "Keep thy meddlesome teeth out of pilgrims henceforth. And call now thy master to his breakfast."

Gervas got up, relieved as a boy who has escaped a whipping, trotted to the roof of the blacksmith shop and uttered three yelps.

Up came Pelletier promptly, and they went in to their first meal, of strong tea, dark bread, and coarse beefsteak dressed in a sour gravy.

Pelletier put his arm affectionately across the shoulder of his diminutive grandfather and led him to his usual place at the table, while explaining the custom of the house to their guest in English.

"E go preach, Petit-Père. Have the binnydiction."

Accordingly, Petit-Père pushed his red handkerchief back from his temples and said the consecrating word over the meal with his dark palms standing upright.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO OF HIS CHILDREN.

LAVENDER daisies, shading almost to the thought of crimson, with gold-colored centers, were thick upon the hills. In damp places, though distant from the pools made by shut-in glens, grew plenty of buttercups, their humid yellow shining always freshly polished.

Alvine could see this enameled robe lying around the feet of the mountain, knobbed with rocks, ornamented with clusters of trees and seamed with gullies, as she washed her clothes. For Mother Ursule had declared she must be well laundered before she went farther on her pilgrimage, so crumpled and mud-stained had the rain left her. She put on a petticoat and sack of Mother Ursule's which wrapped her around twice. The housewife

dressed her ankle in fresh cloths and fresh grease after washing it with cold water.

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed Alvine, as a door was opened in the plank wall at the end of the kitchen. For through this square hole one could see the mountain-spring descending from rock to rock, from fern nook to moss nest, between overhanging bushes on which elderberries, scarlet as a smear of blood among green leaves, startled the eye. They seemed no kin to the elder-bush which fills western fence-angles with white-lace balloons during early summer and brown-red, wild juiced fruit in August weather. The sight that startled Alvine was a wooden spout conducting the water to Madame Pelletier's hand, and pouring away into some unseen channel with ceaseless music.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Mother Ursule, as she received her basin of cold hill-water, "it is very good to have it so, and all winter long doth it pour thus without asking, until the heart of the earth becomes solid with cold. Even then the least kind shining will bring a trickle down, and when spring loosens all ice, how it doth crack and clatter!"

Petit-Père stood about the broad-boarded floors and watched Alvine from the moment she was put before his twinkling eyes. He went obediently down to the oven and took note of the bread's progress when asked to do this by his daughter; but presently he was back, lifted by the door-sill between rooms as by a pair of skates. Wherever there is any door-sill in a French-Canadian cottage, it is three or four inches high.

Madame Pelletier and Alvine went uphill to the washing-shed, and Petit-Père, still clinging to the unusual presence of a young person, said he would take his knitting and go along.

The washing-shed was set near a sandy basin in the descending rivulet, scarcely as large as the iron kettle in which Mother Ursule heated water. But it was a basin always filling itself as soon as emptied. The kettle stood on a four-legged iron support much like a toy bedstead. Mother Ursule took a gourd to dip water into it, and lighted the fire.

"Gracia!" she shouted as the slippery border of the rivulet half betrayed her, and her great bulk slid downhill several inches.

"Glissant," she admonished Alvine, pointing to this sleek track after escaping from it, and wagging a face red with the exertion of catching herself. "Pre' garde, pre' garde."*

The washing-shed covered a large stationary tub beside which there was a railed place for the cake of soap and the clothes-beater — a broad, flat, wooden tool having a short handle.

Alvine was able to stand by the tub and scour her garments, but this the house-mother would not

* Contraction of *prenez garde*, "take care."

allow. She took the labor into her own hands from first wetting the coarse cotton to the final hanging out her drying-pole.

Two interruptions drew her downhill: her

They examined goods at their leisure, children spreading out gay cotton prints to covet, their elders scolding down prices, and the peddler—a Frenchman who thus distributed Quebec merchan-



PETIT-PÈRE.

baked loaves had to be carried in from the oven, and a peddler stopped his wagon below the gate. Her neighbors across the road came out, Pelletier left his shop, Mother Blanchet waddled downhill, a picturesque sight in white cap, her cotton sack girdled into a homespun petticoat by a long brown cord; and three families swarmed like bees at the cart's end, nearly filling up the narrow road.

dise through the valley—declaring with face, hands, and nimble legs the ruinous cheapness of his wares. He carried tempting stuff besides wearing fabrics, and when the blacksmith had pried into one oblong box he took a ten-cent piece from his pocket and exchanged it for a very small paper of bits carefully picked from that box.

Alvine washed in the tub during Mother Ursule's

engagement with the peddler. It was like being in the gallery of a great amphitheater and looking down and away at wonderful sights. Faintly blue vapor trailed along the island of Orleans, and she could see fishing-boats at patient anchor in the river, and a steamer rushing down-stream filled with people to its guards. Eastward could be heard at intervals the softened far-pealing of bells, which she knew were the chimes of Ste. Anne.

Petit-Père sat on a rock shaded by a dwarf tree, busy with his knitting-needles. A long stocking hung down from them between his knees, and though he worked slowly, zealous intention kept his tongue sticking out. A gray woolen cap was drawn over his head-kerchief for outdoor wear, its bagging end and tassel drooping over one ear. He cast his thread over and looked up smiling at Alvine; and she as often put her hand to her temple, carried it downward in a curve, and made him a bow full of young grace.

Pelletier was in the habit of speaking English when he had any secret from his grandfather, or wished to explain his grandfather's ways to any outsider. The aged Frenchman could not understand a word of even such English as the blacksmith talked. Uphill came Pelletier, his whiskers expanding in a smile, and slyly showed his paper packet to Alvine while the old man knitted tranquilly. It held a few pieces of candy, some shaped like strawberries and others like slices of lemon.

"Freet,"* said Pelletier, "confiture, and sugar. For make some bread to Petit-Père; eat."

"Does he like it?" inquired the girl, pleased to be in the secret.

"Yes, yes, yes; ve'y much. See you," said Pelletier, pointing with delight at the busy little man who pulled a long thread off his ball of yarn. "E don't know what might be happen now!"

The middle-aged grandson slipped up behind his pet sire and laid his paper of sweets suddenly upon one of the broad-trousered knees.

Petit-Père, letting his knitting fall to the ground, took hold of them.

"À bon marché, à bon marché!" † he cried, his chuckles tumbling over each other. "My son Elzear, that pleases me! It is enough," he calculated, "to fill the mouths of all my children. Now they will come back to father, and sit in the evening around my knees and let me count them and pat their heads, my sons and my daughters."

"Eat it thyself, my Petit-Père," urged the blacksmith; but his grandfather, denying himself, sat plainly tempted by the coarse sweets spread on his knee. He looked at Alvine and weighed in his mind her right to a share and the wisdom of giving it to her or keeping it back.

"But she has come home. She stays in my sight, and the others are yet scattered. She should, therefore, have a bit, my good girl. But no, she may stay for a kind word—I will try that. And my chicks straying through woods and mountains, I need the confiture to coax them back. My son Elzear, this is bait for one of my boys that I saw on the hill yesterday. He would not come nigh then, but now will he come nigh me!" The little father chuckled and shook his paper of candy.

"Perhaps he saw my brother Bruno," exclaimed Alvine.

"It was surely thy brother," nodded Petit-Père; "and all the other children would be thereabouts. I have waked in winter nights and cried about them because they must then be so cold. But these fine days they frolic, the rascals, they kick up their heels and are out of the old father's sight. There is a time to gather the hay," his treble voice proclaimed, "and there is a time to gather my children into the house. I must be about it while the sun shines. A girl to-day; a boy to-morrow; I shall soon have them."

"Eat some confiture," still urged the blacksmith, in a coaxing attitude with his hands on his knees. "Do you wish to drive me away, also—to eat none of my gift?"

"No, no, no," cried the father in alarm. "What would I do if they all left me? But see you, my son Elzear, this piece is for Luce, and this for Flavie, and this for Louis, and this for Narcisse ——"

"And this one for Petit-Père," said the blacksmith, picking up a lemon slice and holding it under his nose. The old face, which was no more shrunken and wrinkled than a winter-kept russet, began to outline its cheek with smiling creases, the mouth opened and accepted its bite of candy; but Petit-Père got up and carried his knitting and the rest of the sugared stuff downhill with him.

Pelletier and Alvine watched him stand at the gate until his daughter Ursule could leave the peddler.

"My daughter Ursule," he said to her as she approached, "will you put my confiture on the highest shelf until I go out to look for the children? And here, my daughter Ursule, my stocking, is it not ready for the heel?"

Madame Pelletier took the candy packet and stood still to examine the stocking, her little grandfather, whose head did not tower to her shoulder, waiting by, with the ball in his docile hands.

"This is a fine long stocking," she observed.

"Is it not?" he cried, showing his gums.

"Yes, it is time to set the heel. But thou hast dropped two stitches, my Petit-Père."

* Fruit. †A French-Canadian may use this exclamation when he means a pretty thing, and without any reference to its cheapness.

"Have I done so, indeed? That might make holes to let the frost through to my Hermengilde's legs."

"I will pick them up for thee," promised his daughter.

"A long time have I been at this one, and it makes only three. How many legs have all my children, my daughter Ursule?"

"Fret not thy precious heart about that. Am I not also knitting and ever knitting to help thee keep the family covered?"

"Yes, yes," said Petit-Père, his anxieties quieted. The small Canadian father trotted by her side into the house.

CHAPTER IX.

A LAKE ENCAMPMENT.

OUT of the dimness and uncertainty which lay far off on Megantic, Marcelline Charland and her rescuers saw some object coming toward them. The sinking splendor of burning woods reflected upon the lake, made another forest seem to glow under water. If a tree toppled down in showers of coals on the land, a similar tree shook out its sparks under the ripples. And it was a strange sight to see a boat push across this submerged picture of fire, its oarsman riding toward a burning world upon a sea of flame.

Monsieur Lavoie and both girls kept calling to him, though there was no chance of his passing them by unseen, so tall and dark were their figures, thrown out by the red glow behind them.

"How many people are there in the boat, my Aurèle?" inquired Monsieur Lavoie.

"Papa, I can see but one man, and he is a very ugly fellow."

"But the splash of his oars is a beautiful sound."

"He is an Indian," whispered Marcelline, as the boat came across the gravel, and the next moment it crunched in sand.

Monsieur Lavoie, hearing it thus grounded, said:

"Have you come to help us out of this trouble, my man?"

"Yes, monsieur," he replied in guttural French, holding the prow of his boat while he waited for them to get in. "Hot here, very hot."

"It has been hotter. Are you from Agnes?"

"No, monsieur. I from camp."

"If the other fugitives reached the town, I thought they would perhaps miss us and send a boat for us."

"Agnes all on fire, monsieur. Folks fighting fire there, yet."

"Where, then, shall we go?" exclaimed Monsieur Lavoie. "These children are a mass of

blisters. My face is so burned that I have no use of my eyes. We ought all to have medical help at once."

"Doctor over there," said the Indian, pointing across the lake. "Doctor in camp with families over there."

"Who are you?" inquired Monsieur Lavoie, before intrusting the children and his own blind helplessness to their rescuer. "What is your name?"

"Name François. I am Algonquin, monsieur. My mother was Algonquin chief's daughter," explained the son of that poor, overburdened Princess Sally, whose latest labors he had already rubbed badly on the elbows and soiled to dirtiness over sleeves and front.

"And is your doctor an Algonquin, also?" continued Monsieur Lavoie.

"No, monsieur," replied this poor descendant of a once great and gentle tribe. "Doctor Englishman from Sharebrooke town. Families from Sharebrooke town camping on lake shore."

"Do you belong to the camp?"

"Yes, monsieur. I fish and tend to boats. I go to these woods and hunt before woods burn down."

"Take us to the camp, then. They will surely take pity on such castaways as we are."

"Yes, monsieur," said François. He helped the girls to a seat and guided Monsieur Lavoie into the stern. "It only three miles across to camp. It five miles to Agnes."

As he took his oars and shot his party out over the reflected fire, Aurèle and Marcelline on a bench together gazed at what they left behind. Though oases of grayness marked where the flames had done their work and left their ashes, this milky way was by no means a continuous track. The great roaring force was stalking eastward and southward, seeming to crumble the world as it moved, and its hot breath quivered almost like the aurora at the zenith, stars dancing tipsily through such a medium.

The farther their boat receded, the vaster did this sight of fire become.

Aurèle, opposite Monsieur Lavoie on her bench,—for she and Marcelline sat with their backs toward the Indian,—gazed a long time; then she left it and crept to tell her father.

"Can't you see one little bit, poor papa? The burning of Rome must have been a chip afire, compared to this sight."

"Would I look at it if I could—for very spite—Aurèle?"

"Yes, you would, papa. Oh, how I want you to see it! It would live forever in your mind. That seems to me very cruel: that this monster

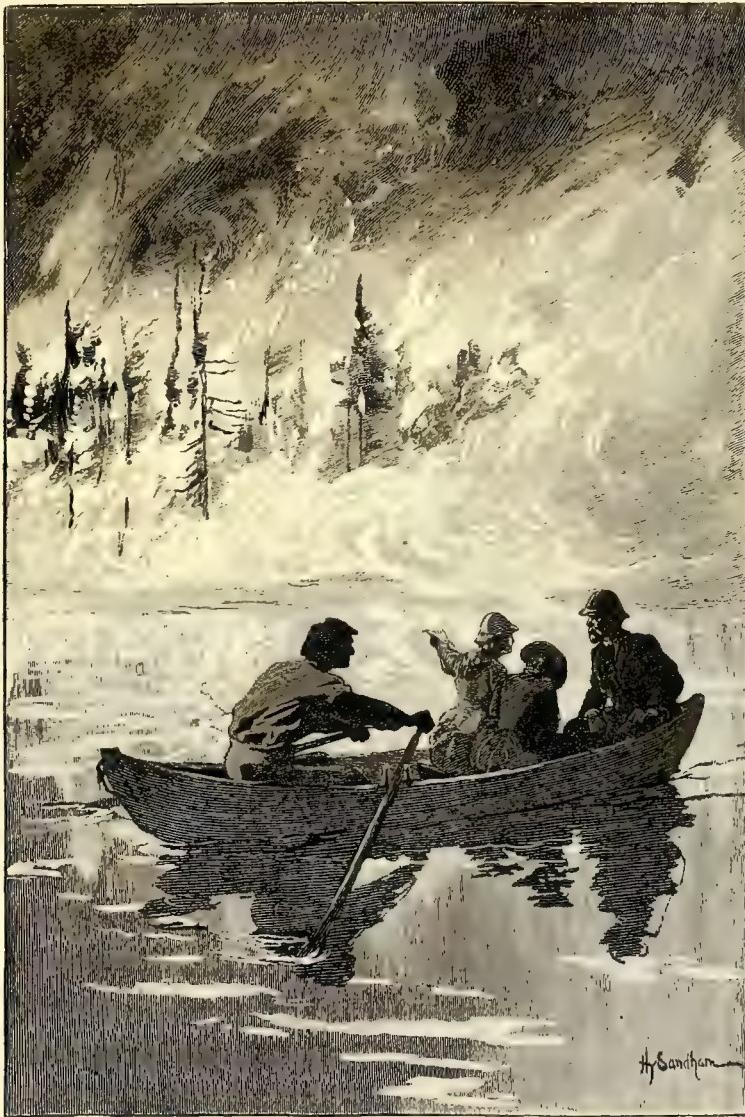
fire should sear you in the face so you can not see its beauty."

"The rapture of coming to mature years and being middle-aged," said the poet, "lies in this one fact — you find out there are so many things in

"Ah, papa, you miss much."

"Yes, my Aurèle. We, of necessity, miss much. Every one is obliged to do so. We are not boundless receptacles."

François ceased rowing to look into the water.



"THE FARTHER THEIR BOAT RECEDED, THE VASTER DID THIS SIGHT OF FIRE BECOME."

this world you don't want. When I was your age, Aurèle, I wanted everything. My capacity was shark-like; nothing sated me. Now I am your venerable parent with much to enjoy and much to be grateful for; and the few things which I can not have, I do not want: chief among them the sight of this fire. I have had enough of it!"

"Fish come up to-night," he remarked. "Big fire draws fish. Plenty to catch."

"Were you fishing when you heard us call?" inquired Monsieur Lavoie.

"Yes, monsieur. When I saw big fire I knew fish come up. Pile of fish in front of boat. I caught plenty. Then I heard folks call."

"Did you hear any one else calling along that shore?"

"No, monsieur. I saw some loaded boats go back to Agnes before it was night."

"Probably all the other people got off in those boats."

As distance tarnished the splendor of the forest fire, Aurèle turned her face toward the beach they were approaching. Marcelline sat quietly on her bench, crying under her breath with the pain of her burns. Some water had soaked through the boat's seams, and in this scanty moisture she set the bottoms of her crisped shoes; but the anguish of all her hurts was unceasing, and hard for a little girl to bear in secret.

A star on the lake edge with white blots behind it turned satisfactorily into a camp-fire before a semicircle of tents. The tinkling sound of guitar music came from a group of figures sitting around the camp-fire, and at intervals a chorus of voices swelled high, drowning the guitar.

Some children came scampering down to the water's edge, a man walking behind them.

"How many fish did you catch, François?" they shouted.

"He has brought you three muskallonge, already baked," said Monsieur Lavoie in English, lifting his voice to reach the children's ears and his hat in general courtesy.

At that sound, and at sight of strange folks, they hung back from the boat, and the man hurried up to help out his guests.

He heard very few words before taking all three patients to the camp-fire, and then into separate tents to dress their burns. The guitar-playing and singing broke up in a hurried search for soft cloths. The English physician had not come camping without preparation for all kinds of accidents. His wife, and the young girls, her sisters, and a jolly man, his cousin, who had made the camp-fire as merry as the hearth of any ancient castle when minstrels were in hall, now made it as bounteously hospitable. They called up the sleeping cook, who dressed François's fish; and they spread for a great supper the long table of boards nailed to low posts set in the ground, which had a tree to canopy it. Those who were not needed to help the doctor ran from storehouse to table with loaves, pots of jam, butter, preserves of rose and ginger, tinned meats, and everything which the camp afforded.

The cook in his shed, upon a rusty stove which showed that rain had leaked upon it, but which was yet the key-note of comfort in camp, browned muskallonge and made hot coffee.

The children, staying up beyond bedtime to see

what François brought, were having still longer holiday to see what was done for those refugees from the fire. They hung approvingly around the supper. There were plenty of cots in the tents, every train to Agnes bringing friends who came out here for a day's or a night's experience of camping.

When the doctor was done dressing his patients, two mummies walked out of two tents and were led together to the table.

"Papa," said Aurèle, "you look worse than the papooses we saw away below Tadoussac."

"I am sorry I have not yet the pleasure of seeing how you look, my daughter."

"Papa, you may see me with your mind. I look like one of those young French babies in the western part of the province that they seal up tight in bolsters, you remember."

Both spoke in English to avoid rudeness toward their entertainers, and one of the young English girls presently spoke to them in French, to compliment them by the use of their own language.

Marcelline Charland was unable to leave the tent where the doctor dressed her burns. She lay on a cot packed in cloths. This child of few pleasures, who had scarcely in her life been waited on except by Bruno and Alvine, and was used to being at the nod and call of exacting people, now found herself tended and fed like an infant by people much above her.

Two children stood by, after their elders left the tent, and told her how much fun it was to camp beside Megantic. Every summer they came to this spot. It was called their cove. Sunset was the time to go in bathing. Then the water was warm and the sand like velvet. You could put on your bathing-suit and wade all around the cove, never going over your head. They were both learning to swim, and offered to give points to Marcelline if she felt able to take a plunge tomorrow. Then you could course through the woods above camp, and find lovely pink and brown fungus shelves sticking out on trees, and numberless lichens on rocks; and something made a noise in those woods that was n't a cow either, so you'd better be back near camp at sundown, for some men at Agnes shot a wildcat once. And they knew where you could get all the hill strawberries you wanted.

To this talk Marcelline listened with respect, not understanding a word.

When the English-Canadian children were put into their own cot-beds she watched a lamp screwed to the center-pole, and listened to voices outside around the camp-fire, and to water lapsing the sand. Even pain has its pleasant side; for, though Marcelline was feverish during the night, she had a grateful sense of being well cared for.

SEEING THE REAL MIKADO.

BY ARTHUR L. SHUMWAY.



PRESENT IMPERIAL RESIDENCE, TOKIO.

"OHIO!"* exclaimed a familiar voice. I glanced up from the letter which I was engaged in writing as I sat upon the front veranda of the Windsor House, one of the principal foreign hotels, situated on the "bund" in the Port of Yokohama. The voice was that of a young Englishman whose acquaintance I had made on board the steamer that carried me from the shores of Uncle Sam's domain to the Land of the Rising Sun. Returning by way of the United States from England, whither he had gone on the business of the large Yokohama mercantile house with which his father was connected, he had happened to take at San Francisco the steamer upon which I had engaged passage. The acquaintance thus begun ripened to a fast friendship after our arrival at Yokohama. His home was on "The Bluff," the foreign residence portion of Yokohama; and, although making the hotel my nominal headquarters, I was very frequently his guest at his table and by his fireside. Whenever I made a tour of exploration through the town, I called first at the business house where he was employed, to see whether he could accompany me. Almost invariably he man-

aged to arrange his work so that he could go with me. With his help I could better understand the significance of the strange things I saw, and draw truer conclusions from the experiences which fell to my lot. On this occasion he had taken the trouble to come for me to the hotel.

"Ohio," I said, returning the Japanese salutation, and rising to receive him.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" he inquired.

"Writing some letters for to-morrow's mail," I replied. "What else should I be doing?"

"You should be on your way with me to the railway station," he answered.

"What is the attraction there?" I asked.

"The arrival of the great 'Tenshisama' from Tokio by special train," was the reply.

"What! — the Mikado?"

"Even he, the son of heaven; the *nin-wō*, or king of men; the *kōtei*, or august ruler."

"What brings him here?"

"Had you forgotten that this is the first day of the Yokohama races? The Mikado perhaps has come to see the races."

* Good-morning.

"When does the imperial train arrive?"

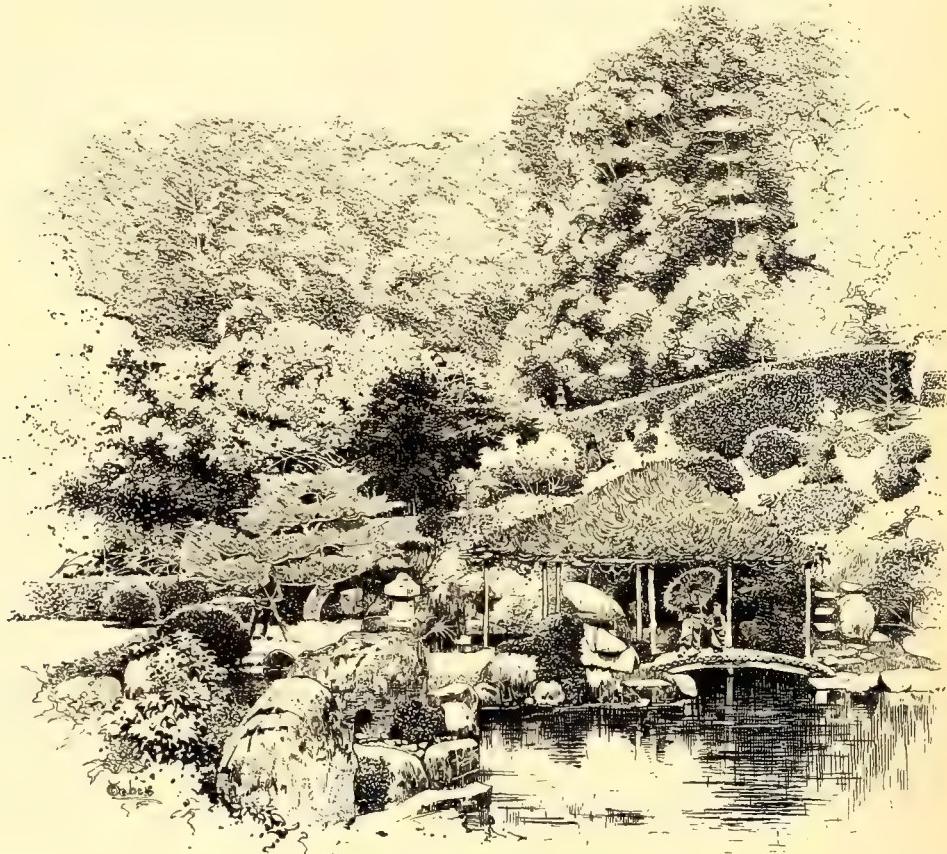
"It is due here at eleven o'clock, and it will arrive exactly on time. It leaves Tokio at 10:15. That allows three-quarters of an hour for the run of eighteen miles, an average speed of twenty-four miles an hour without stops. You will perceive that the Emperor of Japan is n't so ambitious to travel at great speed as most sovereigns are supposed to be."

"What time is it now?"

"Nearly a quarter to eleven. We shall hardly have time to reach the station."

all sorts of questions about the Oriental monarch we were about to see,—just as I always availed myself of the opportunity to draw upon his inexhaustible fund of general information regarding the island, when we were going about together.

"The present Mikado's name is Mutsuhito," he said. "The name may be translated 'benevolent man.' He is the one hundred and twenty-third emperor in the imperial line, and boasts—or could boast if he chose to do so—of belonging to the oldest dynasty of monarchs in the world. The first emperor in this line was a contemporary of



VIEW OF FUKIAGE GARDENS, TOKIO.

"I will go, of course. It would never do to miss seeing the Mikado, when there is such an opportunity."

"Certainly it would not. Besides, there is no haste about finishing your letters. The morning paper says that the O. and O. mail-steamer is still in Hong Kong and will arrive here three days late."

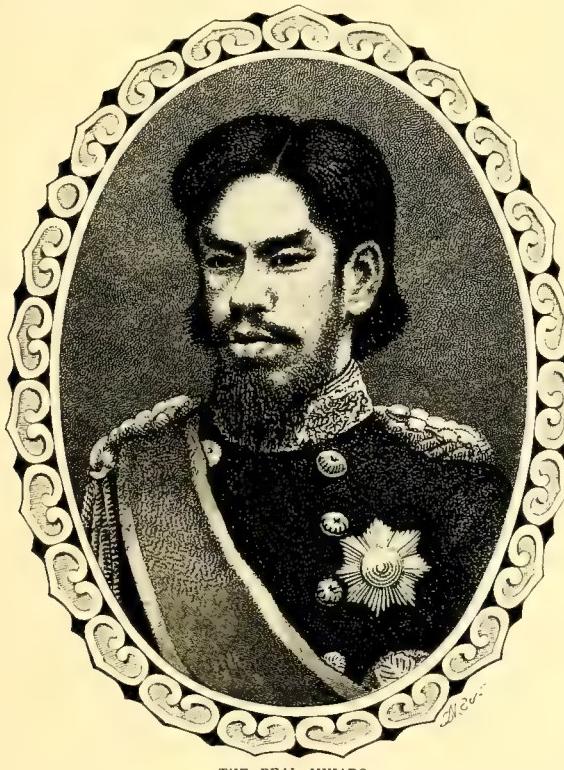
So we started, post-haste, for the railway station. On the way I peppered my companion with

Nebuchadnezzar,—think of it! The name Mikado itself means 'honorable gate,' like the Egyptian term 'pharaoh,' and reminds one of the Turkish 'sublime porte.' The first Mikado was Jimmu Tenno. As he began to reign about 660 B. C., Japanese chronology begins professedly at that point. The first seventeen Mikados are said to have lived to be over one hundred years of age,—one attaining the advanced age of one hundred and forty-one years. Seven of the one hundred

and twenty-three sovereigns in this great dynasty have been women."

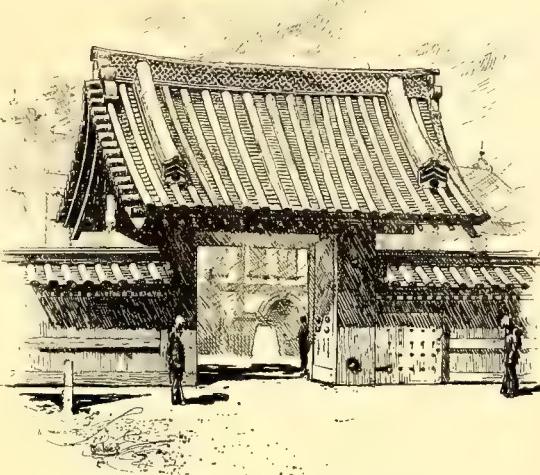
"Has n't the present monarch any other name besides Mutsuhito?" I inquired.

"No," was the reply. "The Mikados have personal names, but no family names. When they die, however, each receives an *okuri-na*, or posthumous name, by which he is known in history, and no mikado can bear the name of a predecessor. In two instances, however, Mikados have reigned twice, and have received two posthumous titles each. During his life the Chinese characters representing the personal name of the Mikado were forbidden to be used (or if used, a stroke had to be omitted), the reigning Mikado being designated as *kinjō*, 'the present emperor,' or *kōtei*, 'august ruler,' and the first time in history that the sovereign's name appeared during his life-time was when Mutsuhito, in February, 1868, delivered to the foreign ministers a document in which he announced that the dual government was at an end, and that he himself had assumed the supreme government."



THE REAL MIKADO.

"How long did the dual government of Japan last?" I asked, now thoroughly interested.



GATE OF THE PRESENT IMPERIAL RESIDENCE.

"Well, although as early as 25 B. C. four corps for the defense of the country against the aborigines had been created, and each placed under a *shōgun* or general, it was not until the seventh century that a military class began to make itself felt. From the twelfth century onward, two great military families were rivals for the military supremacy, that one being successful which had possession of the Mikado for the time being. But it was not till 1596, when the Tokugawa family in the person of Iyéyasu overcame all rivals, and made their headquarters at Yedo, that the so-called dual government really began. In 1854 the then-ruling shogun or 'tycoon' gave great offense by signing the treaty with Perry, which formally 'opened' Japan, enabling eastern and western nations alike to establish commercial and diplomatic relations with the little island empire which had for so many centuries preserved its national isolation. A period of anarchy and bitter antagonism to foreigners followed, however, for over ten years. The western nations resented the barbarous way in which their subjects, resident in Japan, were treated, and sent an expedition against the empire. Suddenly, by one of those freaks of sentiment which have won for the Japanese the reputation of being fickle, a reaction in favor of the despised foreigner set in, the shogunate was suppressed, the two hundred and seventy-eight daimios, or military princes, in the empire, from patriotic motives resigned their estates into the hands of the emperor, and harmony pre-

vailed all around. This unification of the national government took place in 1868."

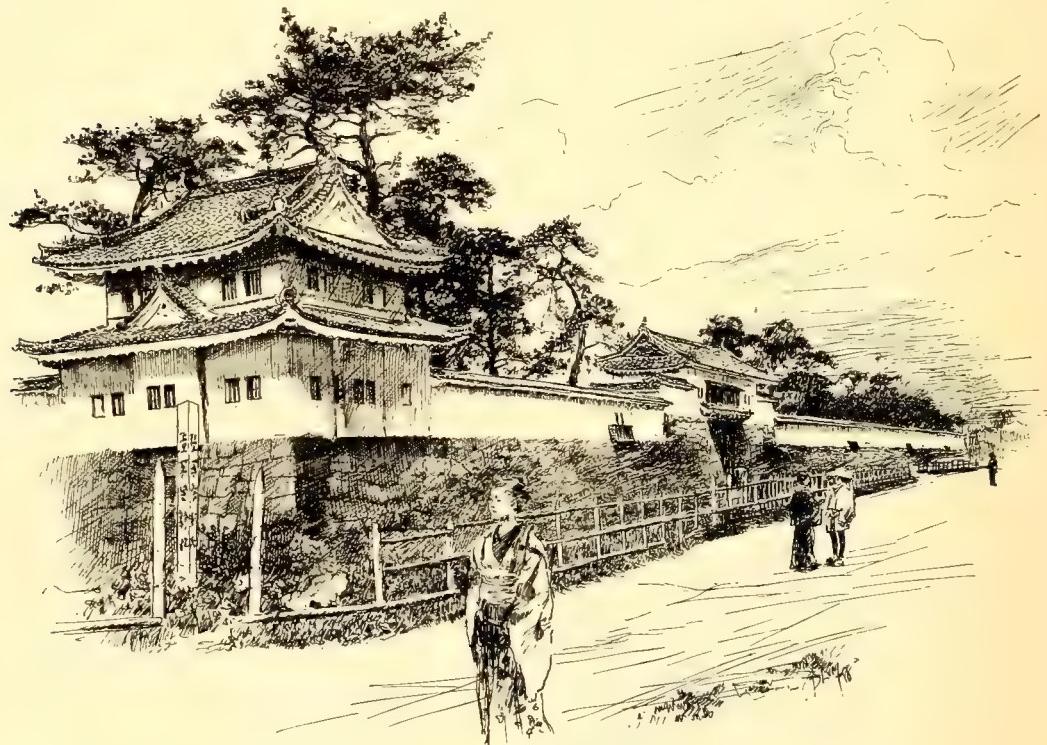
"And just what is the form of government now?" I asked.

"The Mikado is supreme in temporal and spiritual matters alike; Shintoism is the state religion; * there is an executive ministry consisting of eight departments, a Senate of thirty members, a Council of State (unlimited in number), and a Great Council, the real governing body. This Great Council has three sections—the Right, which consists of the executive ministry; the Left, which consists of the council of state; and the Center, composed of the prime minister, the vice-prime minister, and a cabinet of five 'advisers.' Matters of great importance come before the

origin—a mirror, a crystal ball, and a sword—are still cherished in the palace where the emperor is now living. These emblems have come to be viewed much as the inhabitants of Troy viewed the Palladium of their city."

"What has been the history of the present Mikado's reign, thus far?"

"Mutsuhito was the second son of Mikado Kōmei Tenno. The succession is not determined by the order of birth in the royal family, you will see. The Mikado nominates his own successor. Mutsuhito was born November 3, 1850, in the castle at Kioto, which had for years been the Mikado's capital, and therefore the sacred city of Japan. He grew up in the palace, never being allowed to see a foreigner until he was nineteen years of age.



THE OLD IMPERIAL CASTLE AT KIOTO.

Mikado and the Great Council; but unimportant questions go to the ministers. The Mikado is still an absolute monarch, but he has promised an elective parliament, to be organized in 1890."

"Does the Mikado still claim descent direct from the gods?"

"Yes, and the sacred emblems of his spiritual

* Shintoism has since been disestablished, and there is now no state religion in Japan. The recent advances of Christianity in the Empire are marvelous.

In 1867 his father died, and he was declared emperor under the care of a regent. He was then but seventeen years of age. A year later the regency was abolished. Early in 1868 *Keiki San*, the *Shōgun* who was then in power, finding the chief nobles and daimios against him, retired, and the Mikado, as already stated, assumed the reins of government himself, and a few days later an in-

vitation came to each of the foreign representatives to visit Kioto,—an invitation which was accepted by only two, the British and Dutch ministers. Later, however, the French minister also decided to accept. On March 23, 1868, the emperor gave audiences to the ambassadors of France and Holland. This was the first time a Japanese emperor ever granted an interview to representatives of Christian nations. Four days later, Sir Harry Parkes, the British minister, with a numerous native and foreign guard, while on his way to the palace to meet the Mikado according to appointment, was attacked by assassins, and only saved by the bravery of Mr. Goto Shojiro, an officer of the Japanese Foreign Department, who rode at Sir Harry's side. The next day the imperial decree was issued by which treaty relations were established with foreign powers. On April 6th of the same year he took the oath which is the basis of the present government, pledging himself to establish a representative government. This was the emancipation of Japan from 'the uncivilized customs of former times.' From the hour when he took that oath dates the emergence of the empire from the old feudal civilization, and the Europeanization of people and country. You will perceive that the distinguished gentleman whom we are to see to-day has witnessed some momentous changes in his time."

"Yes, indeed. When was Tokio made the capital?"

"In the following year, 1869. In 1872 the Mikado adopted European dress and habits of life, at least for public service. His new palace is to be mainly in European style."

By this time we had reached the vicinity of the station. There appeared to be no excitement, although it was generally known that His Majesty would soon make his appearance. I suppose there were not above two hundred persons gathered at the station, and of these by far the greater part were jinriki-sha runners, hucksters, coolies, attachés of the railway, and people in the lower walks of life who happened to be in the vicinity. National flags (a red disk on a white ground) adorned the front of the station, but otherwise there were no decorations visible anywhere in town. Two weeks later (November 3, 1882), when the emperor's thirty-second birthday was celebrated, the houses and stores everywhere, and the ships in the bay, were profusely decked.

Just inside of the station on the stone floor stood the Mikado's private coach, to which a magnificent span of Arabian horses was attached. This coach and span had been sent on from Tokio by an early freight train, in advance of the royal party. This was not the equipage used by the emperor on state

occasions, I was told, but simply His Majesty's ordinary carriage. The horses were very docile, yet they were manifestly full of mettle, and bore themselves with the dignity becoming animals privileged to wear gold-mounted harness and to draw the Emperor of Japan. The coach was elegant in finish, but modestly plain throughout. It was covered by a green silk cloth, bearing the Mikado's crest on either side in dull gold. The most gorgeous thing about the coach was the tasseled and embroidered box-cloth provided for the driver.

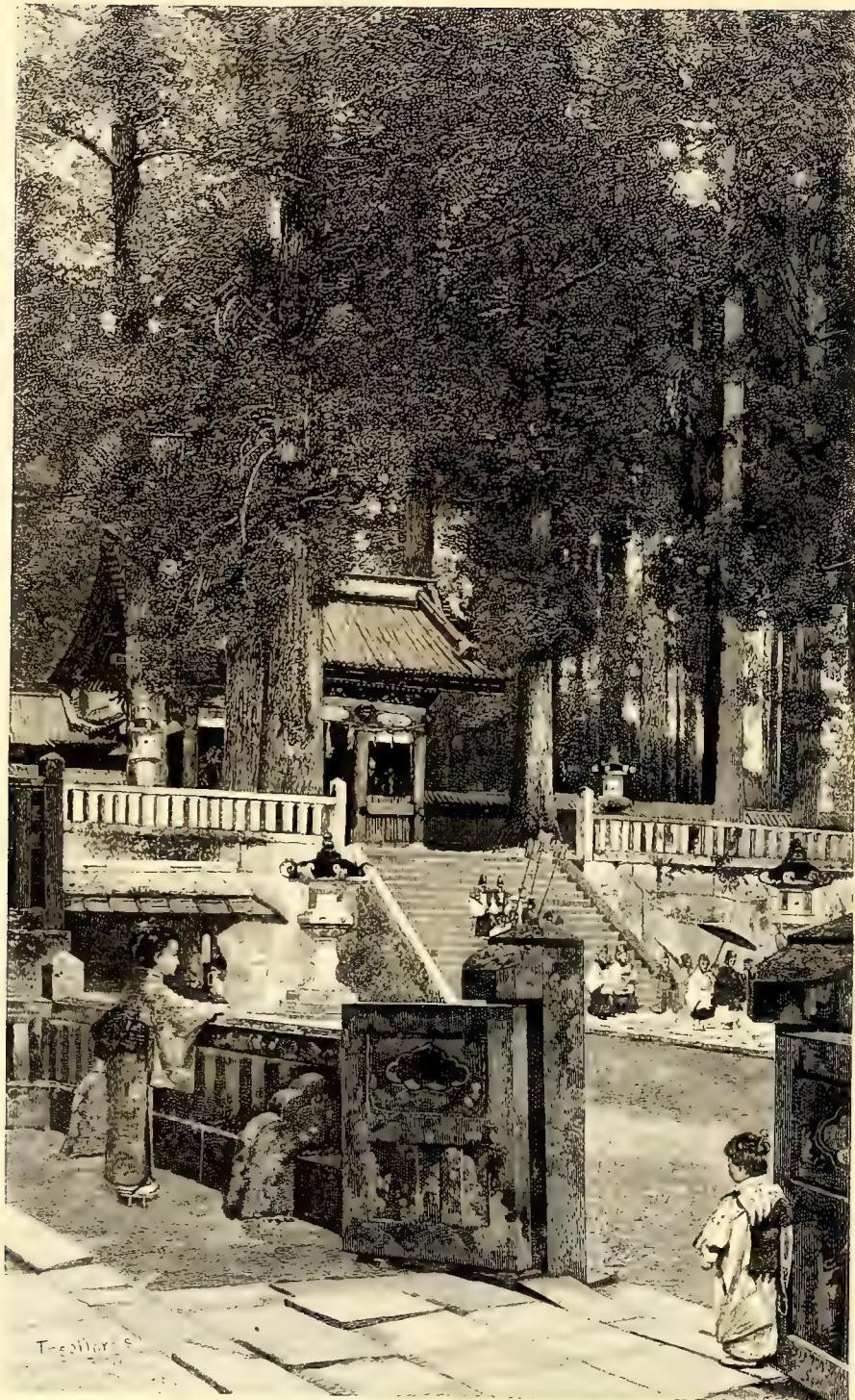
Near the coach were standing the coachmen, who had accompanied the royal equipage on its journey from Tokio to Yokohama, and the emperor's private body-guard. The coachmen were immaculately dressed, wearing garments modeled after the foreign style. Their heavy dress-coats almost touched the floor, they wore white gloves, and the men's small size was partly overcome by the addition of tall silk hats with wide gold bands.

We had yet two or three minutes to wait, and my friend utilized the time by recalling some interesting reminiscences.

"Ten years ago," he said, "the advent of the Mikado in Yokohama would have created a tremendous sensation. I remember very well the occasion when the Mikado first appeared publicly before a promiscuous gathering of his subjects. It was at Tokio, upon the completion of the Yokohama railway, eleven years ago, I think. I was but a mere boy then, of course. The emperor was seated upon a rude temporary throne erected in the station. As he took his seat and became visible, every native present prostrated himself, laying his face in the very dust. Mutsuhito not only permitted himself to be seen, but made a little speech to his subjects. It was a strange day for Japan. Few of the Japanese present had ever expected to live to see the day when the sacred Mikado would forsake the solitude of his luxurious prison-palace. Prior to that day he had been more of a prisoner than is the ex-king of Oudh in his sumptuous quarters at Calcutta."

"I suppose his people think he is the most gracious and condescending of sovereigns," I observed.

"No doubt. And yet even now he does not come and go as freely as most monarchs. Whenever he goes out he is accompanied by a body-guard, and maintains everywhere an impenetrable reserve. A tourist might stay in the capital city for years without beholding his sacred person, unless he accommodated himself to the few set times when His Majesty appears by announcement before his people."



GATEWAY OF THE TOMB OF THE FIRST SHŌGUN, IYÉYASU.
(ENGRAVED AFTER A PAINTING BY THEO. WORES.)

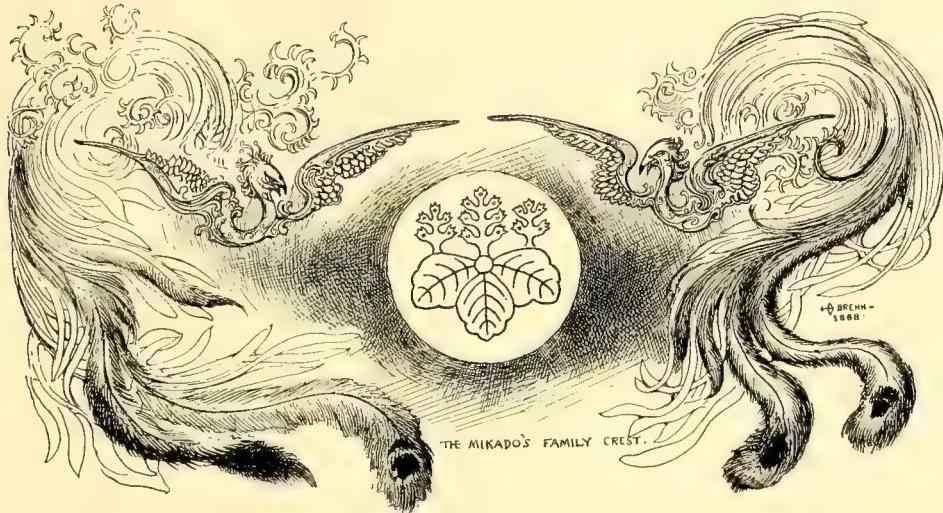
"How about the empress?"

"She is, of course, even more exclusive. The women belonging to the aristocracy of Japan are very seldom seen by travelers. Her photograph shows her to be a very pretty woman, and she takes so much interest in the young of her sex that with her own money she has founded a normal school for Japanese girls."

At this moment the royal train rolled into the

the trousers on each side, a broad white band around his soldierly cap, and the ubiquitous royal crest (consisting of sixteen chrysanthemum petals arranged in the form of a medallion) showily embellished in silver upon the lapel of his coat. This was he who swayed the destinies of 35,000,000 of people.

I find my remembrances of the emperor's features somewhat at variance with the ordinary por-



depot. First came a locomotive, plentifully decorated from smoke-stack to tender with chrysanthemums, laurel, and immortelles. Then followed seven first-class carriages, filled with high officials and court attendants. The imperial coach was in the middle of the train.

Every head was bent low in a prolonged but silent greeting. The obeisances were scarcely deeper, however, than the Japanese make one to another anywhere and at any time.

"There is nothing required now in the way of formal homage to the emperor," whispered my friend, "and only one thing expressly prohibited in the way of disrespect. No subject can look down upon him."

"Look down upon him?" I repeated.

"Yes," was the reply. "Literally, I mean. No Japanese is permitted to view the Mikado from an upper window as he passes by in the street below."

"Under penalty of —?"

"Arrest and imprisonment."

At this point two or three functionaries stepped from the imperial coach, followed a moment later by a tall, erect young man dressed in a uniform of dark-blue stuff, with immense white stripes down

traits of him which appear from time to time in magazine articles and in the pictorial press. He is decidedly not a handsome man. Indeed it was to my mind his bearing in spite of his face, and not his face at all, which gave him the air of dignity—I might almost say of austerity—which characterized him. His face was swarthy, rather unintellectual than strong, and adorned with a precarious growth of whiskers. As beards are not indigenous to the Japanese chin, I could not admire his good taste, so much as I did his courage, in trying to raise a beard. I notice that his later photographs represent him with only a mustache.

His Majesty, attended by an honorary guard of officials, walked rapidly from the car through a waiting-room and entered his coach, from which the green cloth was now removed. The other Tokio dignitaries entered handsome coaches provided by some Yokohama stable, and the whole procession proceeded direct to the race-course, accompanied by an escort of soldiers, police, and musicians. The road that led to the track had been freshly graded, rolled, and graveled in honor of the royal party.

Anxious to gain still another glimpse of Japanese royalty, I persuaded my friend to go up to Tokio

with me, a fortnight later, to witness the ceremonies in connection with the celebration of the emperor's birthday in that city. There are a great many holidays observed in the Orient, even the banks and leading business-houses closing on the slightest provocation. I think there were twenty-one so-called legal holidays each year in Yokohama, at the time of which I am now writing. During the three days of the Yokohama races already referred to, for instance, every bank and prominent business house in the city was closed! It goes without saying, therefore, that on the occasion of the emperor's birthday all business was suspended, and that in the capital city the native and foreign population alike were wholly given over to the observance of the day.

The principal attraction in Tokio was in the quarter called Hibiya, or "parade-ground." We proceeded thither in jinrikisha-shas. Here the imperial troops in garrison, to the number of seven thousand, were to parade before the Mikado on a large open square reserved for that purpose. When we arrived, the vicinity was thronged with great numbers of men, women, and children, all arrayed in holiday attire. There was a reserved space in the most eligible part of the grounds, but as our names had been omitted, in some unaccountable way, from the list of distinguished personages to whom invitations and passes had been sent, we contented ourselves with crowding as near to the front as possible.

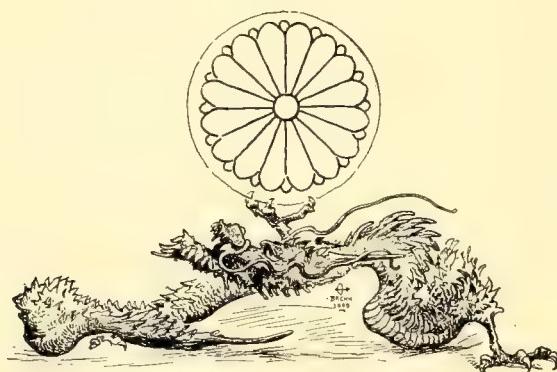
In general the sights were such as are characteristic of these occasions the world over. There were innumerable booths, where enterprising natives were taking advantage of the gathering to do a big business on a small scale; the articles of merchandise consisting of all sorts of toys, banners, confectionery, photographs, fruits, and a thousand strange-looking articles besides, the classification

of which is beyond my power. I was impressed, however, with the minuteness of the profits made. There were articles on sale with the prices marked in rin, the tenth part of a cent. One sen (of a value little less than an American cent) would buy a glass of a beverage corresponding to our lemonade, half a dozen sticks of candy, or a collection of pulpy wads which became handsome ferns upon being cast into a vessel of water.

The behavior of the crowd was rather quiet. There was no hurrahing, no applause, and no audible salutation of the emperor and his staff when they arrived on the grounds.

The Mikado was mounted on a fine Arabian horse, and came preceded, attended, and followed by a body-guard of policemen and lancers. The leading officers of state accompanied the royal retinue, all arrayed in their finest military uniforms and mounted on their favorite chargers.

The parade and review were an agreeable surprise. Although the small size and smooth faces of the soldiers detracted somewhat from their military aspect, the discipline displayed was good, and many of the evolutions were very pleasing to the eye. The cavalry managed their horses admirably. After the review the foreign representatives proceeded to the imperial yashiki by invitation, and enjoyed a luncheon served in Japanese fashion. In the evening a splendid reception was held at the private residence of His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which was attended by more than a thousand guests, native and foreign. The house was lavishly decorated, and the extensive grounds illuminated as only grounds in the Orient are illuminated. A feature of the reception was a magnificent display of fire-works, in which the novelties introduced and the combinations of colors were the subject of admiring comment on the part of the foreign population.



THE OFFICIAL CREST OF THE MIKADO.

LASSOING A SEA-LION.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

THE sea-lions of San Miguel Bay were not often disturbed in their solitude by human visitors. Once in a while, curiosity or a desire for seal-oil took men there; but as a rule the bay and the little island which it indented were deserted except by the sea-lions and gulls.

One morning in August, however, the sea-lions awoke to find a little schooner resting as placidly as a sleeping gull on the calm water of the land-locked bay.

The bay was calm, indeed; but a glance toward the open sea told of a storm that had raged the night before; and though unbroken by waves, there was an angry swell on the bosom of the usually quiet Pacific that told of a fury not yet subsided.

It required no very keen eye to discern that the little schooner—"Emily" was the name painted on the stern—had been roughly treated by the elements.

The topsails were torn into shreds the frayed ends of which told of many a fierce snap in the gale; and the deck was in a confusion only to be produced through continued washing by storm-dashed waves.

On the deck lay two boys. Each had an arm around a stanchion and both had the soft, regular breathing which betokens healthful sleep. And good need had they to sleep, for the preceding night had been passed in wakefulness and terror.

"Just for fun," as Joe Rousby had said, he and his friend Bob Slater had rowed to the "Emily" as she lay at anchor in Santa Barbara Bay on the afternoon before, and had started for a sail, in spite of angry remonstrances of old Captain Martin; for though usually willing to let Joe have the schooner, he had three good objections against lending her at that time.

First, he had just fitted out the "Emily" for a fishing cruise; second, he saw a storm coming up; and third, he did not like his property to be used against his wishes.

The storm had caught the boys, and, unable to return to the bay, they had been driven helplessly about all night, until, thoroughly exhausted, they had dropped to sleep where they lay.

Joe was the first to be wakened by the bright warm beams of the sun and the deafening chorus

of barks and yelps that issued from the throats of the sea-lions. He sprang to his feet and looked around. Then with a shout of joy he stooped over and vigorously shook his sleeping companion.

"Bob! Oh, Bob!" he exclaimed. "We're safe, we're safe!"

"Eh!" said Bob, quickly rising to his feet, "Safe—safe? Where—where are we? How did we get here?"

"We're in San Miguel Bay," answered Joe; "for there's the Santa Rosa," pointing to a high hill on a neighboring island, "and there are the Santa Inez mountains," pointing to the range back of Santa Barbara. "How we came here I don't know, unless we struck on that neck of land, and were washed over. It must have turned ebb soon after or we'd be ashore, now."

"What's that noise?" asked Bob.

"That," said Joe, "is the welcome of the sea-lions."

"Sea-lions!" repeated Bob, looking out on the ocean. "Where? I can't see any."

"Can't see any? Why, if you look toward shore you can't see anything else! Don't you see those black things crawling about on the rocks all around the bay?"

Bob thought that he did.

"We must get home as quick as we can," said Joe, after they had dropped anchor, bathed, and breakfasted, "for our folks will be dreadfully frightened. They'll think we are drowned. But won't Captain Martin bless us when he sees his topsails made into shoe-strings," he added with a rueful glance upward.

"How much would it cost to have new ones made?" asked Bob.

"Oh! I don't know. Fifty dollars maybe—twenty-five, anyhow; and five dollars is the extent of my pile. Have you any money?"

"Dollar," replied Bob, dismally. "I wish we'd taken the captain's advice instead of his schooner! Father can't afford to pay for the sails, you know; and your mother can't, of course. But we *must* do it somehow."

"It's all very well to say we *must*," said Joe; "but how? That's the question. I'd hate to go back without a word to the old man. He's been very kind to me, Bob; and I had no business to

take the 'Emily' when he forbade it. I only did it for fun. I'm afraid, though, that mother is right, when she says somebody else generally has to pay for my fun! What a noise those sea-lions do make—Oh, oh, an idea, Bob! An idea!—as sure as you live!"

"What is it?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"Let's take a sea-lion home and exhibit him, and make some money that way. The people at the hotel would pay to see one; and lots of the town-people have never seen a sea-lion, although the islands are full of them."

"That's so," said Bob; "for I never saw any before. But how can we take one home? We'll have to catch him first."

"Naturally!" said Joe; "but that's easy enough. I've seen them caught lots of times. And once I saw two that were caught and taken alive to San Francisco; so I know how to do it all. The trouble will be in making a cage."

"A cage?"

"Yes, you see we lasso him——"

"And there is Pedro Gonzales's lasso in the cabin!" interrupted Bob.

"So it is," said Joe. "Then I won't have to make one. After he is lassoed, we must put him in a big cage and tow him out to the schooner. I could make the cage, if only I had the wood. There are tools and nails enough on board."

"Can't we find any wood on shore?" asked Bob.

"I'm afraid—Yes! there's an old tumble-down shanty that was used by some men who came here once for seal-oil. We'll get the boards from that. Come on! and we'll lower the boat."

Along the shore was a line of low rocks, with here and there a broad patch of sandy beach, or an occasional spur of rocks standing out like a sentinel. But now neither rocks nor sand could anywhere be seen, because of the hundreds and thousands of sea-lions playing and basking in the sun.

Bob would have been content to watch their comical antics for the whole morning; but Joe said they must hurry. So they rowed to a smooth piece of beach and pulled the boat up, much to the consternation of the assembly of sea-lions, which barked, flapped, rolled, and tumbled over one another in their haste to gain the water.

Joe led the way to the ruined shanty, and at once began to split the boards into strips three inches wide. The finished cage was not remarkable for beauty; but, as Joe said, it was strong and a sea-lion would not be critical about the appearance of it. It was about seven feet long by three feet high and wide.

The boys quietly rolled it to a spot as near as possible to the piece of beach where they had

landed, and where the sea-lions were by this time again gathered. One side of the cage was left uncovered, but slats with nails driven in the right places stood ready for instant use. Joe had been careful to approach the timid creatures from the side away from the wind, and they had not taken alarm.

Like many boys of Southern California, Joe and Bob were skillful in the use of the lasso; but as Joe was more expert, Bob took only a rope with a noose on the end, to slip over the creature's tail, after Joe should have lassoed the head.

With the noose in his right hand, and the coils of the lariat hanging on his left arm, Joe crouched behind a rock and peered about to select a good specimen.

"There!" he said, after a short pause; "do you see that big fellow, sleeping away as if it were midnight and were never to be anything else? Let's catch him. Follow close, Bob, for I may need you to help hold him."

Joe ran swiftly toward the selected lion, paying no attention to the others, which at once began a pell-mell rush for the water. The destined victim also did its best to flop away to safety as soon as it had waked up; but Joe's noose was already circling through the air, and the clumsy beast suddenly found itself provided with a necktie fitting uncomfortably tight.

The sudden jerk that Joe gave the lariat pulled the animal over on its side; Joe laid back with all his might, and Bob was by his side in a moment. But the sea-lion, after its first astonishment, fell into a rage, and began a furious struggle, now to reach the water, and now to reach the boys, so that the would-be captors had quite as much as they could do, alternately to pull the animal from the water and to keep away from it themselves.

The angry monster roared, snarled, and gnashed its long, sharp teeth in a style which emphatically discouraged any close intimacy at that moment; and though it evidently had considerable trouble in breathing, it did not seem to be much worse off than the boys; for their efforts made them pant quite as hard as did the captured lion.

For some minutes it was "nip and tuck"; and, as Joe said, it seemed for a while that "tuck was likely to have the best of it"; but just as the boys were about to give up the fight the sea-lion suddenly ceased to struggle.

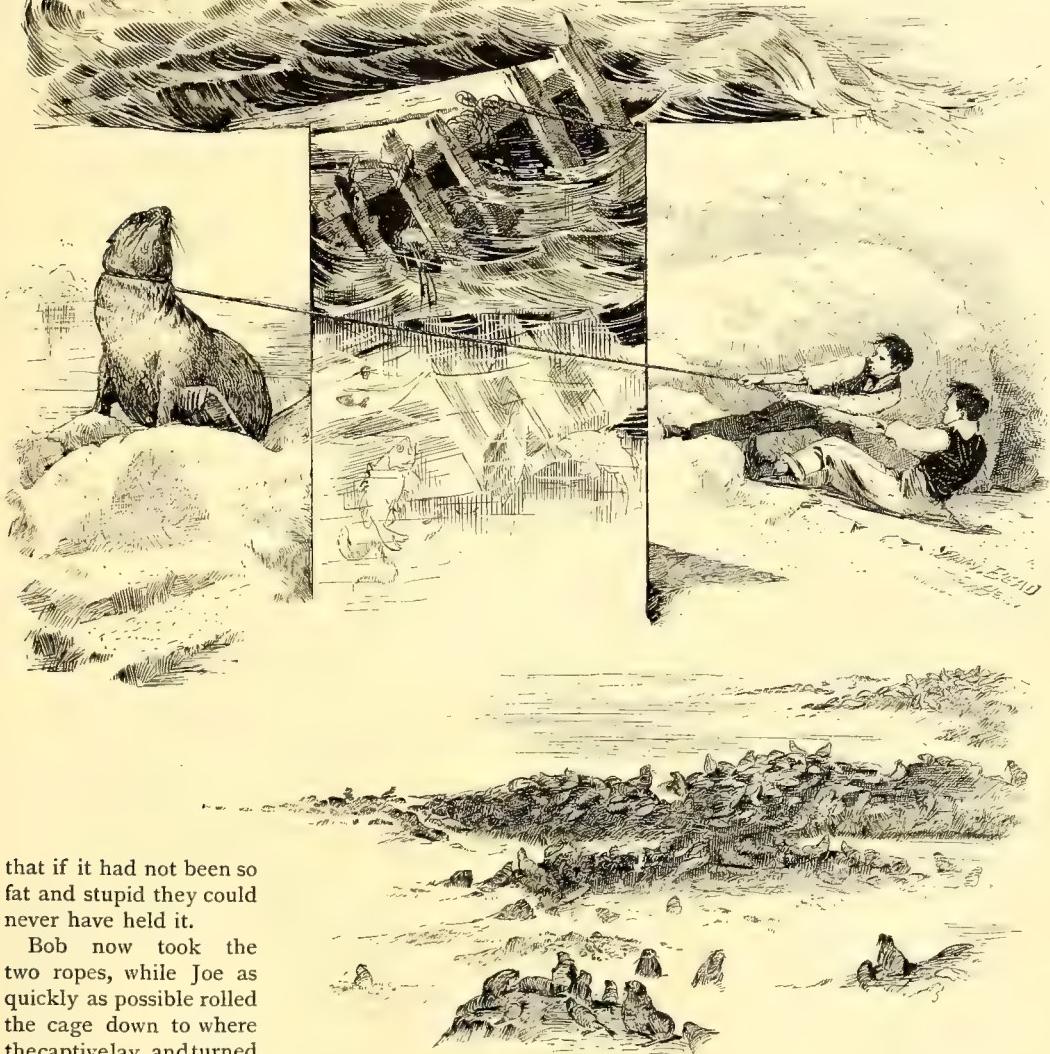
"Get your noose over its tail! Quick, Bob," said Joe.

Bob ran, and fortunately succeeded at the first attempt. The lion made one more effort to escape when it found its tail imprisoned, but it was evidently exhausted. The lion had been too fond of eating and sleeping, Joe said; and he also declared

it moved back into the cage ; then, turning the cage over once more, with the open side up, the slats were quickly nailed on. The creature being safely caged at last, the boys rolled their captive down to the water and towed the cage out to the schooner.

"Won't he drown if we keep him under water like this ?" asked Bob as they moved slowly along, for their progress while towing the prize was by no means quick or easy.

"Oh, no," answered Joe. "Sea-lions are like



that if it had not been so fat and stupid they could never have held it.

Bob now took the two ropes, while Joe as quickly as possible rolled the cage down to where the captive lay, and turned it over the sea-lion.

Then, with some difficulty, the boys slipped the ropes under the edges of the cage and up through the top, and tied them firmly. Next they turned the cage over and poked at the sea-lion with sticks until

whales and hippopotamuses ; they can stay under water a long time."

When they reached the "Emily" they contrived, after some hard work, and by means of a clever

arrangement of blocks and tackles, to get the cage with its snarling occupant on deck. A good wind was blowing in the right direction, so they hoisted sail at once, towing the boat behind them. They postponed dinner, although they were very hungry, until they were fairly under way.

Notwithstanding the good breeze, the usually lively "Emily" seemed unaccountably slow. To be sure, they had no topsails; but that deficiency was not enough to account for the lumbering way in which the schooner moved. The afternoon wore away and still the islands seemed hardly five miles distant, while the mainland looked as far off as ever. It began to appear as if the boys must spend another night on the schooner.

"What's that?" exclaimed Bob suddenly, pointing northward.

Joe shaded his eyes and looked. "That," said he, "is the San Francisco steamer on her down trip. Get the telescope out of the cabin. I'll see if I can make out which one it is."

Bob jumped down the hatchway, but immediately re-appeared with a frightened face, gasping:

"Joe! Oh, Joe! the cabin's full of water!"

Joe stared a moment, then cried, "Hold this wheel!" and ran down the ladder.

"She's sinking, Bob," he exclaimed the next moment, as with white face he re-appeared on deck. "We must get off as quick as we can."

The small boat was drawn alongside and they clambered into it. The boys were hastily pushing off, when Joe remembered the sea-lion.

"Bob," he exclaimed, "it's a shame to leave the poor lion to die. I'm sure he can't live in that cage."

"Will there be time to unloose him?"

"I think so," said Joe, pulling back to the schooner. "At any rate I'll risk it."

He climbed up on the schooner again, and suddenly it occurred to him that it would do no harm to tow the animal after them. If they were picked up, they would be able to save it; and if they were not, they might, at the worst, perhaps eat it.

The boys were cooler now, and together they managed to get the cage overboard; and besides they put many small but valuable things from the cabin into the boat. Then they rowed away and tried to get as near the steamer's course as possible.

"What do you suppose made the 'Emily' leak?" inquired Bob.

"She must have knocked a hole in her when she went ashore last night," said Joe. "Perhaps it was a small hole and the water was a long time getting in. That's why she sailed so slowly."

Fortunately the officer on the deck of the steamer had already seen the sinking of the schooner; then, sweeping the ocean with his glass, he saw the small

boat with flags of distress waving vigorously; for the boys, as the steamer came nearer, left the oars, shook their handkerchiefs and shouted.

When the boys and their sea-lion—which they insisted upon keeping—were taken on board, they told their story. The gruff old sailor who commanded the steamer read them a severe lecture, and told them that he did not stop at Santa Barbara on his down trip; but that he would leave them at Santa Monica and take them up, three days later, on his return voyage.

There was no help for it, so the boys made themselves as comfortable as possible, and when they arrived in port, telegraphed to their parents. The hotel-keeper at Santa Monica consented to keep them until the return of the steamer.

Of course the story was told in the local paper with all the details, not forgetting the sea-lion, which had been put ashore too. The result was that they had many visitors—so many that they were considering the propriety of charging an admittance fee to see not only the sea-lion, but themselves as well, so that they might collect some money for Captain Martin, whom they felt they had treated very badly. Indeed, they were even debating the price they should charge, when the hotel-keeper came up to them and whispered:

"There's a circus-man from Los Angeles looking at your sea-lion. Keep your eyes open, boys!"

The boys could not understand why a circus-man looking at their sea-lion should demand unusual vigilance on their part.

"Mornin'," said a drawling voice behind them; "you are the chaps who ran away with the schooner?"

"We didn't really run away with her," said Bob independently.

"Eg-zactly," said the stranger. "She run away with you, did n't she? Eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

The boys maintained a dignified silence.

"I've just been a-lookin' at your sea-lion," said the man, taking a seat by Joe.

"Oh!" exclaimed Joe. "You're from the circus in Los Angeles."

"Just so!" assented the man in surprise, thinking the boys were very sharp. "So you know me, do you? Well then, I suppose you know what I'm after."

"No," replied Joe, laughing at his own humor; "unless you want Bob and me for curiosities."

"Pretty good, pretty good!" ejaculated the circus-man, approvingly. "But that is n't it. However, I'd like to take that lion off your hands if you'll sell him reasonable."

"Sell him!" exclaimed the boys at once.

"Yes, why not?" answered the man. "What can you make out of him? I'll give you a

fair price. Say, now, what will you take for him?"

Joe looked at Bob and Bob looked at Joe. Joe saw that he must be spokesman. "You know what he is worth," he said. "You set a price."

"Set a price on your goods!" exclaimed the man. "Not much. What'll you take?"

"You offered to buy," said Joe. "You must make us an offer."

"Pretty good! pretty good!" said the man, who seemed to admire anything shrewd, even if it was against him. "Well, then, what do you say to five hundred dollars?"

"Five hundred dollars!" ejaculated both boys in amazement at the sum which seemed to them enormous for the paltry sea-lion.

But in truth, the sum was very much less than is usually paid, and, as the circus man knew this, he naturally supposed the boys were surprised at so low an offer, so he said:

"Well, why don't you set a price, then? What do you say to a round thousand?"

It must be confessed that Joe thought he was dreaming; but instinct, perhaps, or his natural sharpness, made him say:

"Make it fifteen hundred, and you may have him. Eh, Bob?"

"Certainly," gasped Bob.

"The lion's mine," said the man at once; "providing he's sound. Is he hurt in any way?"

"Not a bit," replied Joe, who was wishing he had asked more. "When will you pay us?"

"I'll go to Los Angeles and be back this afternoon with a draft," was the reply.

The boys told the landlord of the sale, whereupon he bade them not to devote their time to rejoicing until they had the draft and knew it was good, too. So, in a state of mind made up of hope and fear and doubt, the two boys whiled away the day. But they need not have feared. The circus manager returned that afternoon with a certified check, which was declared good by the local bank.

By the advice of the banker, they bought a draft on San Francisco, reserving enough in cash to pay for their board and for their passage. When all this was done and the two boys stood alone in their room, they first looked silently at each other and then began to turn somersaults and to perform other strange antics.

"Joe," said Bob at length, "how much was the 'Emily' worth?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "Not over a thousand dollars, though. Not so much."

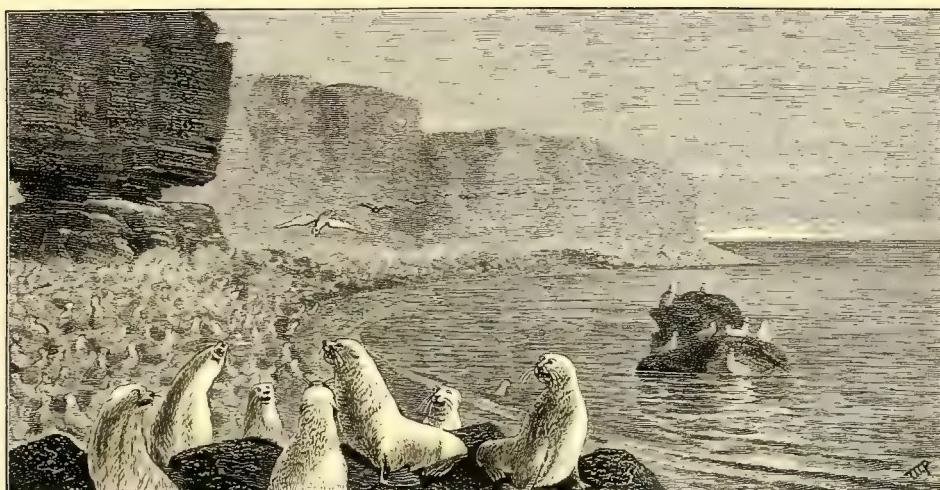
"Let's give Captain Martin a thousand dollars, then."

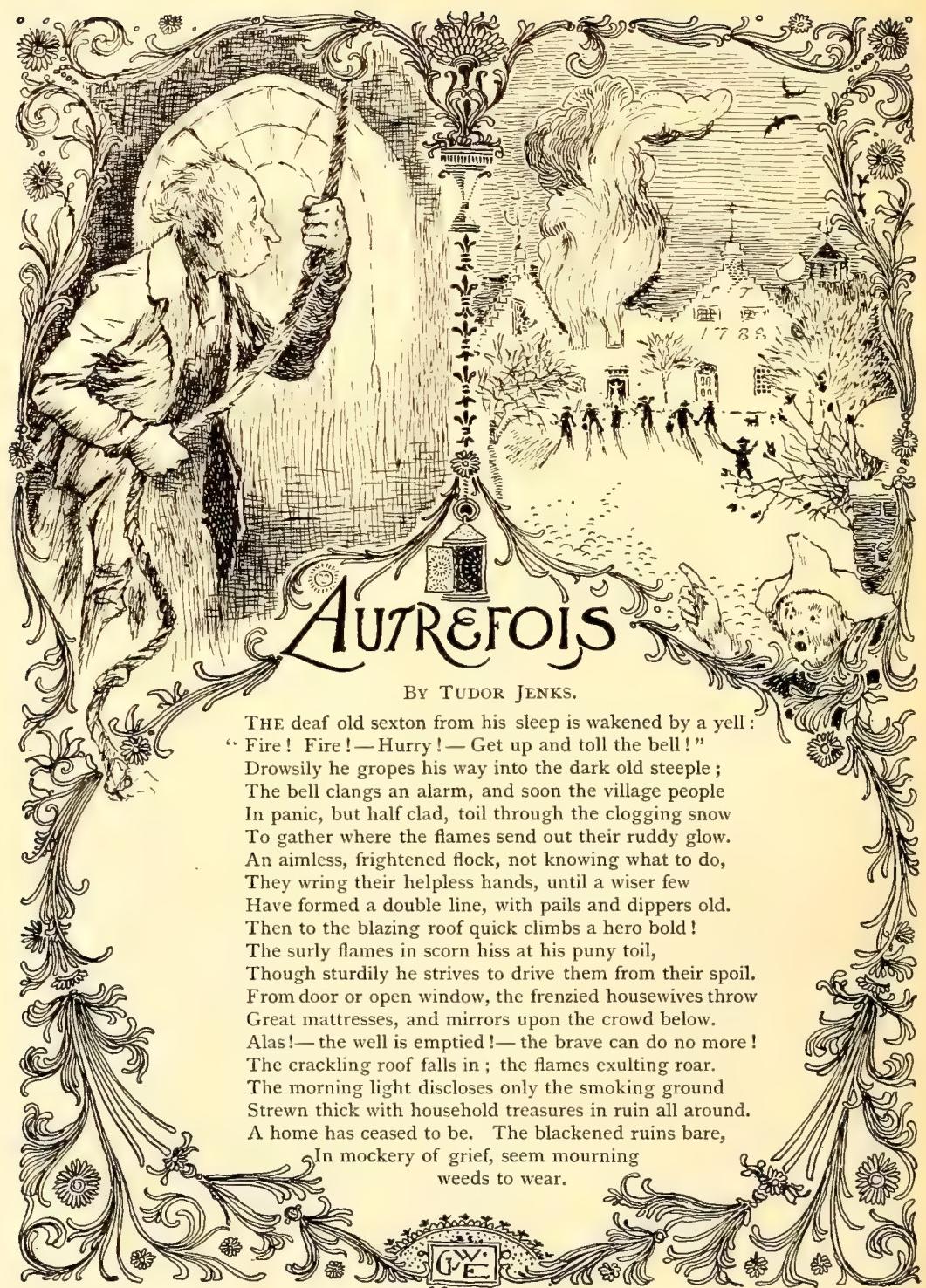
"All right!"

The telegram had robbed them of the grand triumphal entry they had originally counted on making into their native port, but their families were glad to see them, and the boys agreed that it was good to be home.

"And, now, Mother," said Joe, with his arm around her waist, "I know it was wrong of me, and I'm sorry; but you are glad of the two hundred dollars, are n't you? You needed them, did n't you? And you'll forgive me the worry I caused you, won't you?"

And, mother-like, she did.





AUTREFOIS

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE deaf old sexton from his sleep is wakened by a yell :
" Fire ! Fire ! — Hurry ! — Get up and toll the bell ! "
Drowsily he gropes his way into the dark old steeple ;
The bell clangs an alarm, and soon the village people
In panic, but half clad, toil through the clogging snow
To gather where the flames send out their ruddy glow.
An aimless, frightened flock, not knowing what to do,
They wring their helpless hands, until a wiser few
Have formed a double line, with pails and dippers old.
Then to the blazing roof quick climbs a hero bold !
The surly flames in scorn hiss at his puny toil,
Though sturdily he strives to drive them from their spoil.
From door or open window, the frenzied housewives throw
Great mattresses, and mirrors upon the crowd below.
Alas ! — the well is emptied ! — the brave can do no more !
The crackling roof falls in ; the flames exulting roar.
The morning light discloses only the smoking ground
Strewn thick with household treasures in ruin all around.
A home has ceased to be. The blackened ruins bare,

In mockery of grief, seem mourning
weeds to wear.



AUJOURDHUI

"TING, ting!" rings out a little bell. The horses, trained to their duty well,
Into harness go with a bound; men seem springing from the ground!

The fire under the boiler roars;
Backward rush the heavy doors.
Into the street with a cautious glide,
Then they gallop! How they ride!
Steadily peals the warning gong,
Cleaving through the bustling throng,
With clatter—sparks—a rumbling sound.
A sudden stop,—the fire's found;
The hose unwinds, all ready to play,
The trembling engine throbs away,
The water falls in a curving beam,
The fire dies in a whiff of steam!
All is over, home they go;
Dignified horses, pacing slow,
Seeming to say, "The fire is out!
What is all the noise about?"

G.W.F.



AN INVITATION

"I wish you'd come
to see me.
It isn't very far.
The gate is always
open wide.
You'll find the door
ajar."

"But please come
very early;
The little maiden said,
"For when the evening's
just begun
They make me go to bed."



Lizzie Borden

A PROBLEM IN THREES.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

If three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide,
And if each little house had three little maids
At play in the garden wide,
And if each little maid had three little cats
(Three times three times three),
And if each little cat had three little kits,
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends
With whom she loved to play,
And if each little friend had three little dolls
In dresses and ribbons gay,
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
Were all invited to tea,
And if none of them all should send regrets,
How many guests would there be?

THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE City of Washington is the seat of the Federal Government and, as such, the center of administration. There the President has his headquarters, surrounded by Congress, by the Supreme Court, by the Executive Departments, and by many of the inferior offices and tribunals established by Congressional enactment. The office of President is of Constitutional creation, and the exercise of his Constitutional functions is not restrained to any particular place. It is different with the administrative offices created by statute and attached to the seat of Government; by legislative command they must be exercised in the District of Columbia and not elsewhere, except as otherwise expressly provided by law. During the sessions of Congress the President is practically held prisoner at the Capitol by the exactions of legislative business, and rarely absents himself longer than a few days at a time; the adjournment of Congress releases him from his heavy and constant labors in connection with the making of laws, and charged then only with the performance of his purely executive duties, he may shift his location as his personal convenience may prompt, and issue his orders from any section of the country to which he may go. Such has been the practice, and such, in the light of custom, is his Constitutional privilege. These absences have been indulged in by every President except one. (and he, the grandfather of our next Executive, died shortly after inauguration), and Presidential acts of greater or less importance have thus occasionally been performed away from Washington. But such absences being in the nature of holiday vacations, and the business so transacted by the President being comparatively slight and of no special significance, we need not pursue his move-

ments and work beyond his ordinary official residence.*

This official residence, designated by law as "The President's House," is familiarly known as the Executive Mansion or White House. Its foundations were laid during the administration of President Washington; its first occupant was John Adams, who took possession in the fall of 1800, when the Government formally removed to the District of Columbia as its permanent seat. The White House is a public edifice, in the sense that it was built and is owned by the Government, the free use of the building and its furniture being assigned to the President, during his term of office. It was designed, however, as its name, "The President's House," implies, as the private habitation of the President, and not as an office for the transaction of his public duties. But the original intention has not been carried out, and his private abode (by the failure of Congress to make other arrangements) is separated from his official quarters only by a door.† And it would seem that American tourists have never been able to distinguish the line between his public and his domestic relations. In the time of Washington, the people trooped through every part of his residence at all hours of the day and night, and this annoyance, of which he secretly complained, has been meekly borne by many of his successors down to the advent of President Cleveland. The private apartments of the President are now closed against sightseers, much to the vexation of a class who foolishly contend that, as public property, the entire household should be thrown open to general inspection.

It was high time that the President should take this stand; and by words of sharp rebuke he has attempted to teach some people a further lesson in propriety. As an officer of the Government, the official conduct of the President is a matter for public view and criticism; as a private citizen, his domestic affairs are his own, sacred from popular

* Whether the President could go outside the United States and issue orders from abroad is a question that no President has given us occasion to debate. Should circumstances call him abroad, it is to be assumed that his absence would be treated as an "inability," within the meaning of the Constitution, and that his duties would temporarily devolve upon the Vice-President.

† A suggestion that has found some favor in Congress is to construct a new building in the rear of the present mansion, of similar

size and connected with it by a corridor: the new wing to be used exclusively as a private residence, and the old wing as an office for the President and his official household. In the summer months, our later Presidents have sought rest and privacy in a cottage at the Soldiers' Home, in the outskirts of the city, using the White House as a business office during the day. President Cleveland has secured seclusion and quiet by building a suburban residence at his own expense.

comment or intrusion. This ideal barrier, respected by all honest and thoughtful persons, seems invisible to partisan rancor and to a sensational society and press.

But neither the Constitution nor the laws recognize any distinction between the person of the President and the person of the humblest citizen. They are both equal, so far as any assaults upon their lives or reputations may call for legal redress; and both alike are liable to punishment for offenses against the law. During the Presidency of John Adams the vituperation heaped upon the Chief Magistrate and upon others in authority was so virulent and despicable and so hostile to the dignity of the Government as to evoke from Congress a severe law for its repression. This law, however, at once became odious to the people, jealous of the Constitutional right of freedom of speech, and was speedily repealed. Two Presidents have been struck down by the hands of assassins, and with their fall the nation trembled. National horror incited national apprehensions. It was suggested that a mere attempt against the life of a President should be deemed an offense against the stability of the Government, and be made punishable, as in other countries, by death. But though the nation shook, the Republic remained firm. The Vice-President instantly grasped the reins of power, and the Government went safely on. Popular excitement died out, and popular traditions revived. The American people have declined to admit that the safety of republican institutions depends upon the existence of any one public man or any number of public men, however high their stations of authority. The killing of a President is ordinary murder; an unsuccessful attempt upon his life is merely an assault with intent to kill; defamation of his character is simply libel or slander, and the gravity of each offense, in the eye of the law, is neither more nor less in the case of a President than where the victim or intended victim is a citizen in private life.* If aggrieved by personal aspersions, the President may appeal to the criminal or civil remedy open through the courts of law to all citizens; or he may seek refuge in the quiet philosophy that treats such assaults as unworthy of notice and relies on honorable society and journalism to ignore or resent malicious and unjust abuse. As to the safety of his person, his main reliance is upon the law-abiding instincts and patriotism of the great mass

of the people. In the dark days of the war, Lincoln (yielding rather to the entreaties of friends than to his own inclination) was accompanied in some of his rides about the Capital by armed horsemen, or shadowed in his walks by officers on foot; but in ordinary times of peace our Presidents have scorned the possibility of dangers from which monarchs and other rulers are supposed to shrink even in their sleep. Franklin Pierce, we are told, "used to gallop about Washington at midnight on a spirited steed which was totally blind"; Buchanan strolled through the streets and markets of the city, affably chatting with the passers-by and mingling with the crowd; Grant walked or rode with free and fearless nonchalance, and once, when he increased the pace of his horses beyond the speed allowed by law, was promptly arrested for fast driving! The grounds of the Executive Mansion are fenced with iron; a few watchmen guard the building and the park at night. That is the extent of vigilance and force—a bare show of prudence and protection. In the daytime the grounds and house are a public thoroughfare; the gates are seldom closed; and expulsions from the place, occasionally made by the attendants, are confined to that peculiar class of visitors, more whimsical than harmful, popularly described as "cranks."

As the law surrounds the President with no royal provisions for personal protection, and with no royal privileges of personal immunity, so there is an utter absence of royal splendor or display in his official household and surroundings. The appropriations made by Congress afford no encouragement in this respect. A private secretary, an assistant secretary, three executive clerks, four assistant clerks, a steward (who, under the direction of the President, has charge and custody of, and is responsible for, the plate, furniture, and other public property in the Executive Mansion), an usher, four messengers, five doorkeepers, one watchman, and one fireman constitute the entire office and household retinue provided for by the present law. The contingent expenses of the establishment—such as stationery, telegrams, fuel, gas, furniture and carpets, books for the library, care of grounds, and the like—are borne by the Government. For food and kindred items, whether purchased for his personal use or for the state entertainments annually expected of him as the head of official society, and for cooks, coachman, and other domestic attendants, he must pay out of his personal funds; and with a salary of

* The only practical suggestion inspired by the last assassination of a President, and actually adopted, was the extension of the line of Presidential succession. Prior to 1886, this line consisted of the Vice-President (who, by the terms of the Constitution, succeeds to the office upon a vacancy arising through removal, death, resignation, or inability), the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1886, Congress

changed this line by cutting off the President *pro tempore* of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, adding, in their stead, the heads of Executive Departments, in the order in which those heads were named in Chapter II. of this series (beginning with the Secretary of State and ending with the Secretary of the Interior), but subject to certain qualifications and conditions stated in the law.

only fifty thousand dollars a year, a President must practice economy if he would keep his expenses within the limits of his purse. An attempt to discharge his social obligations with a princely hand would quickly bring him to the brink of bankruptcy. Washington, possessed as he was of an independent fortune on which he could draw for special luxuries, or to meet the demands of official hospitality, requested Congress to regard only "such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require" in fixing the Presidential compensation. The salary was accordingly placed at twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and so remained until 1873, when it was doubled in amount. But twenty-five thousand dollars a century ago "went further," as the saying is, than fifty thousand dollars will reach to-day. The gilded equipage of Washington, "with its coachmen and footmen in powdered wigs, and its white horses with blackened hoofs," regal compared to the private Presidential carriage of 1889, was only in harmony with the brilliant style in which he maintained the dignity of the "American Court." In the stable of John Adams, stocked and sustained at public cost, we find numerous horses, plated harness, an "elegant chariot," and other vehicles and traveling paraphernalia. Jefferson and Madison had horses of their own, but they did not scruple to let the Government pay for the expense of stabling. The "office carriage" and horses now provided for White House convenience, and used mainly by the assistant secretary in carrying Presidential messages to the Capitol, are decidedly ordinary in value and appearance—as are the private vehicles and horses bought by the President for the personal use of himself and family. It is well enough to believe in the sterling patriotism of our forefathers, but it is idle to hold up the administrations of bygone years as patterns of social simplicity for the present generation of officials to copy. The solid silver plate, forming part of the public property in the White House, is no glaring evidence of modern prodigality, and the President need not abandon it for pewter simply to avoid unfavorable comparison. There was certainly nothing very wicked in the use by Van Buren of gold spoons; but if there is a single feature of old-time extravagance or pomp surviving to-day, a trip through the Presidential offices, kitchen, and stable fails to bring it to view. The social and ceremonial phase of life at the White House will be taken up, how-

ever, in another chapter; we may first observe the details of the President's office work.*

The business apartments, few in number, are situated on the second (or top) floor of the building. That occupied by the President (used by him as office, private audience-room, and Cabinet chamber) is guarded by a door-keeper, and admission is regulated by card, except in the case of Members of Congress and prominent officials, who are privileged to pass freely in and out during certain hours. The adjoining room is occupied by the private secretary, the one beyond by the assistant secretary, and an opposite room by clerks.

Much of the work daily performed in the Executive Mansion constitutes no part of the necessary duties of the President, and is imposed by popular ignorance and presumption. The desire of Americans to take a look at their Chief Magistrate is natural and proper enough in its way; but when this curiosity insists upon wringing his hand by wholesale and chattering compliments into his ear, it becomes, to say the least, unreasonable. Still, this is one of the ordeals to which he submits, with more or less grace, out of deference to the public; and hundreds of tourists file before him each week, grasp his hand, murmur their trifles, and go away with sensations of patriotic delight.† But his time and patience are taxed not only by visiting tourists and delegations calling merely to pay their respects. He is besieged by persons of every description, and by all sorts of petitions and complaints.

The most formidable and least welcome class of callers is the army of chronic office-seekers. At the beginning of a new Administration these applicants for "spoils" literally swarm about the place. They adopt various methods to gain audience with the appointing power, and, failing to secure an interview, have recourse to correspondence to advance their claims. Add to these individuals the personal intercessions of Congressmen and others, and the thousands of written testimonials and recommendations in behalf of applicants, and we may infer something as to the extent of this dreadful persecution. It is related that Lincoln, in his perplexity as to the merits of two rival candidates for office, grimly placed in a scale the recommendations submitted by each, and settled the matter by the actual weight of the papers. Nor was he the only President harassed by such contentions. The rush for place has driven some minds to the verge of distraction; it is directly

* We have omitted all reference to the necessary qualifications of the President and the manner of his election. These matters were described in a previous series, published in *ST. NICHOLAS*; for an explanation of that subject, and particularly of the Congressional work of counting the electoral votes (a ceremony just now of special interest), the reader is referred to the number for February, 1885.

† This tedious and automatic hand-shaking (which, for conven-

iency in disposing of crowds, takes place in the large reception parlor, or East Room, on the entrance floor, instead of in the small audience room above) has been styled the "Presidential pump-handle performance." At one of these receptions, not long ago, more than a thousand visitors, by actual count, shook the President's hand within half an hour, being at the rate of forty "shakes" to a minute.

responsible for the fatal illness of one President, and indirectly responsible for the death of another.

Against the importunities of this class and of other thoughtless and aggressive petitioners, the private secretary acts as a defense. The office of President of the United States was not designed as a national intelligence and employment bureau. He has duties of far more consequence than the distribution of Federal patronage and the answering of private conundrums; and, even were he so disposed, he could not attempt, by reason of the limits upon his time and physical endurance, to hear every person wishing an interview, or personally to attend to all inquiries sent him by mail.

Only a small proportion of the letters received, or of the people who call upon private business ever reach the eye of the President. The crowd of callers, and the mass of correspondence that daily deluge the White House, must first run the gauntlet of the private secretary and subordinate clerks in attendance. The experienced door-keeper at the head of the stairway is a good judge of faces; and if he has any misgiving about the particular mission of a caller, the caller is apt to be invited politely to see the private secretary and state the object of his visit. This official readily disposes of trivial questions and business, and in many cases the visitors go away better satisfied with the advice or information so obtained than if they had seen the President himself. The same "sifting" process is practiced in regard to the mail. The letters are opened by the clerks, who select for submission to the President only such as they consider important or necessary for him to see, and this selected batch is further reduced in size by the final judgment of the private secretary. Every letter, however, whether actually read by the President or not, receives attention. The numerous communications addressed to him, as head of the Republic, are restricted to no particular variety or subject. Applications for pensions or for patents put in frequent appearance, along with begging appeals for money, quaint political comment or advice, and notes expressing every shade of popular eccentricity, desire, or fancy. While the President is not the proper official to address for information as to department or bureau doings, or on like topics, yet such letters are not allowed to go astray. If an application for a pension is received, the private secretary promptly forwards it to the Commissioner of Pensions, and courteously informs the applicant of its receipt, and of the disposition made of it. The same course is pursued with other inquiries or requests, improperly sent to the White House instead of to department or bureau heads. All are duly acknowledged and the correspondents steered into the proper chan-

nels. The private secretary, it should be stated, is the organ of communication between the President and the people. He has general direction of all the office-work, and signs his name to office correspondence as the President's representative. Possessing necessarily the absolute confidence of his chief, the influence he wields in public affairs marks him as a conspicuous figure in Administration circles.

The business relations between the President and Congress, so far as they are evidenced by work at the Executive Mansion, consist in the making out of nominations, forwarding of treaties, approval or disapproval of bills, and the transmission of information on general or special subjects. Bills and other measures passed by Congress and forwarded to him for signature, are presented to him in person by some member of the Congressional Committee on Enrolled Bills. As the President visits the Legislative department only on rare occasions of ceremony, his communications are committed to paper, signed by him, and delivered by the private secretary or one of the office assistants in person. As a matter of official courtesy, these communications are closely guarded until actually delivered to the House of Representatives or Senate. In the case of treaties transmitted to the Senate, the secrecy continues until removed by that body. The Annual Message (transmitted at the opening of Congress), nominations to office, notifications of approval or disapproval of bills, and messages of general or special information, are given publicity through printed or manifold copies prepared for the convenience of the press and furnished to the correspondents the moment the originals reach their legislative destination at the Capitol.

Upon the ratification of a treaty by the Senate, it is promulgated by a Proclamation, signed by the President and attested by the Secretary of State. The designations of "Thanksgiving Day," and other Executive notifications intended for popular guidance or warning, also take the form of Proclamations.

In matters of administration, the commands of the President are communicated to the various departments as "Executive orders." The heads of department, popularly styled the "President's Cabinet," meet him at the White House every Tuesday and Thursday morning for general conference. In addition to these regular Cabinet meetings, special consultations are sometimes called. In the latter case, the private secretary may go through the formality of summoning the officers by written requests for their attendance, or adopt the speedier and more business-like method of "ringing them up" by telephone. In the absence from the city of a head of department, his duties devolve upon an

assistant secretary or other officer designated by law, or by simple order, and this acting-head represents the department at the Presidential councils. Each officer, on Cabinet days, goes to the White House carrying under his arm a large leather portfolio containing official papers that he may wish to submit to the President; and the phrase, "a Cabinet portfolio," has come into vogue as synonymous with a Secretaryship.

The President presides, seated at the head of the long table, facing north; on his right are seated the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and Postmaster-General; on his left are the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Attorney-General; and opposite to him, at the foot of the table, is the chair of the Secretary of the Interior. The private secretary occupies a seat at a small desk facing the southern window and near the President. This arrangement is not in accordance with the order of precedence observed by Congress in establishing the Presidential succession. If the Attorney-General and Secretary of the Navy should change seats, bringing the former fourth and the latter sixth,—the rank alternating across the table,—the order would be strictly correct.

The sessions of the Cabinet are informal affairs. No persons except those named are permitted to enter the room during the councils, and no official record of the proceedings is kept. The business done or discussed covers all leading subjects belonging to the various branches of administration on which the President may desire information or advice,—department reports concerning special matters of importance, appointments to office, and questions of general administrative policy. The conference is perfectly free and easy, officers of different departments expressing opinions on affairs not directly relating to their own; and in discussing some doubtful step it may happen that the matter in doubt will be influenced and settled by the views of some officer whose department is least interested in the question at stake—as if a question of foreign policy, broached by the Secretary of State, should be determined by the arguments of the Secretary of the Interior. It is a delicate matter for the head of one department to criticise the ordinary affairs of another; and his advice would scarcely be tendered unless directly invited by the President. There have been jealousies and rivalries around the Cabinet table as well as outside the White House; and matters of etiquette as well as matters of State have provoked official fallings-out. The secrecy of the proceedings has shielded many wrangles from the public.

The Cabinet, as a body, is unknown to the Constitution and the laws. It is the growth of custom. There is no obligation on the part of the President to hold these councils, nor is he bound to pay the slightest attention to any advice offered by his confidential advisers;* and Presidents, with wills of their own, have occasionally acted in direct opposition to Cabinet advice.

A striking illustration of this fact is afforded by the case of the Emancipation Proclamation—the great historic war-measure before referred to, and the most important proclamation that ever came from the hand of a President. Various versions have been given of what occurred in the cabinet-room, and of the scene at the final signing of the paper. In a recent debate in the House of Representatives, it was intimated that at the last moment Lincoln's courage almost failed, and a large painting hanging in the Capitol, representing the scene and showing the President with arrested pen about to attach his name, was referred to as evidence of a wavering mind.

An excellent authority gives a different account. The advisability of issuing the Proclamation was fully discussed at various meetings of the Cabinet; and leading advisers of the President, with grave arguments and warnings, urged him against the act. Lincoln patiently heard them to the end—and the subject was put aside. He gave no hint as to what course he would pursue. One day, months afterward, the members of the Cabinet were summoned to the White House. When all had arrived the President addressed them. He pointed to a paper—a draft of the Proclamation, prepared by him. He told them that he had resolved to issue it; that he did not wish and would not permit debate; that his mind could not be altered; his only purpose in calling them together being to submit the paper to their inspection for any suggestions they might have to offer in the way of mere verbal changes or "matters of form." With these brief, impressive words, the document was laid before his ministers of state, and then boldly spread before the world!

When pressed by imperative duties, such as the preparation of his Annual Message (upon which he usually begins about the middle of November), it sometimes becomes necessary for the President to shut himself away from the crowd and refuse to be disturbed even by officials, except those reporting on urgent department affairs. But, generally speaking, his day is given up to hearing what others have to say. Hand-shaking tourists, autograph-hunting boys, office-seekers, politicians, Congressmen with personal and partisan

* President Jackson is said to have been guided more by the advice of a few personal friends than by the opinions of his official Cabinet; the term "Kitchen Cabinet," bestowed upon that circle of Presidential favorites, has been similarly used in connection with other Administrations.

advice or requests, and public officials,—these and other people keep him busy, and scarcely allow him a moment for reflection during ordinary business hours.

Some Presidents have not allowed affairs of State to worry them to any burdensome extent or to interfere with their recreations or repose; others have deliberately assumed vexatious details that might as well be left to subordinate officers and clerks. They all have been accustomed to yield more or less time to the different classes of callers whom it has not been deemed courtesy or

* The daily method ordinarily observed by President Cleveland is as follows: He goes to his office at 9 o'clock, and looks over his mail (as reduced through the sifting process of the private secretary) until 9:30; receives Cabinet officers until 10, members of Congress until 12, other callers from 12 to 1:30, and for a few minutes every

policy to avoid; but after all these people have come and gone, and after many of them have retired to rest, a painstaking and hard-working President begins the serious labors of the day. For, after the evening has well advanced, he retires to his library, and there, alone, with applications and requests, with legislative measures and department reports, submitted to him for action, he examines the merits of each question, writing his messages to Congress and his executive orders, or studying and shaping administrative policy, far into the night.*

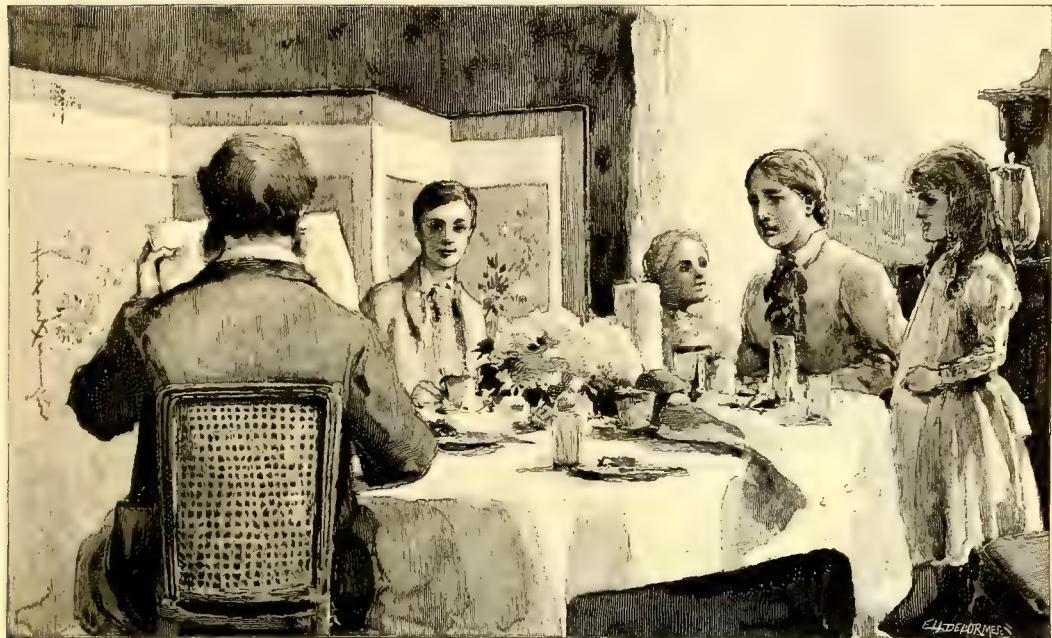
other day receives visiting tourists in the East Room. After luncheon, he attends to matters brought to his attention during the forenoon, and works until 5, when he goes out for a drive; he dines at 7 (the "established hour" for Presidential family dinners), and afterward goes to his study and works until midnight.



OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT.

A MODERN MIDDY.

BY JOHN H. GIBBONS, U. S. N.



AT the breakfast table one morning, Colonel Brown, while reading his newspaper, came upon an item which caused him to turn to his young son and exclaim: "Halloa, Marryat, what do you think of this?"

Marryat Farragut, the heir-apparent of the Brown family, thus questioned, could only ask: "Think of what, father?"

Colonel Brown adjusted his glasses and read the following paragraph:

"The Hon. Sylvanus Coddle, member of Congress from this district, announces that the cadetship at the United States Naval Academy, for which the Secretary of the Navy has asked him to name a candidate, will be filled by a competitive examination. All boys, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, who are residents of the district, and can furnish certificates of good character, are eligible. The examination will be conducted in the Circuit Court room, by the following committee: Judge Oyer, Dr. Scalpel, and Professor Parallelogram. Candidates will report at 10 A. M., Tuesday, the 15th inst."

"Well, would you like to try?" inquired the colonel, as he laid aside the paper and looked at his son, who had become much interested during the reading. "You have always talked about going to sea."

"Of course I would," replied Marryat, casting an eager side-glance at his mother, who looked uneasy at the mere suggestion.

If Colonel Brown had a weakness, it was enthusiasm for "the military,"—by which he meant the army and navy. A distant relative of the Brown family served under Perry in the battle on Lake Erie. The colonel himself was a veteran of the Civil War. He named his only son after the celebrated writer of naval romances, and added the "Farragut" in deference to his hobby and patriotic feeling. Evidently the boy's destiny was now to be fulfilled. After a family consultation, in which the colonel gently overruled all his wife's objections, Marryat received the parental permission to enter the contest. Dr. Scalpel, after an examination, pronounced eight of the boys physically sound; Judge Oyer dozed over the credentials of the eight applicants, and looked very wise, while young Professor Parallelogram, the principal of the High School, plied them with questions in Arithmetic, Algebra, Geography, Grammar, and the history of the United States. The result was not long in doubt. Marryat came

out an easy victor. He was one of those quick, active, intelligent boys who impress their elders favorably. Next day Marryat was announced as the successful candidate, and received the congratulations of his many friends, including the Hon. Sylvanus Coddle. Ten days later, the Brown house-



DISCUSSING THEIR SONS' CHANCES.

hold was thrown into a state of great excitement by the arrival of a large envelope, postmarked "Washington," and stamped "Navy Department, Official Business." It contained a letter authorizing Marryat to present himself to the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, on the first of September, at the examination for admission.

"You will have to leave here the day after tomorrow," said the colonel, unable to hide his disappointment. "The time is so short that I can't arrange my business affairs so as to permit me to accompany you to Annapolis. But you can look out for yourself, my son."

After hurried preparations and leave-takings Marryat started on his journey alone. It proved uneventful. The hopeful candidate arrived at his destination without having missed his trains, and without having lost his pocket-book—accidents not uncommon to inexperienced travelers.

Annapolis, once the capital of the United States, is content with that historical distinction. The town is sleepy, slow, and old-fashioned, living only in the memories of its eventful past. Nar-

row streets; brick walks that have been worn into hollows; low, rambling, weather-beaten houses with musty green blinds that seem to be always closed; rickety wharves where vessels no longer moor—these are the heirlooms of the old Colonial days. The bustle and confusion of a thriving town are entirely wanting; but everywhere one finds relics of real historic interest. The old State House, built of bricks brought from England, raises its dingy wooden dome above the surrounding house-tops, with only the tall spire of St. Ann's to keep it company. The Continental Congress met in this same State House, and the room in which George Washington resigned his office as commander-in-chief of the army is still shown to visitors. There is also an old hotel which received the father of his country as an occasional guest. What need of modern improvements when a town possesses such landmarks!

But when the small army of candidates for the Naval Academy makes its annual invasion, the town takes a new lease of life. Marryat was so busy making acquaintances among the new arrivals, who swarmed in the hotels and boarding-houses, that he thought little of the decayed grandeur of Annapolis. A fellow-feeling exists among the boys who thus come together from every State in the Union. The small office of the hotel became a general assembly room, where the boys, their parents, and their friends met together and discussed the situation. A tall, awkward farmer-boy from the West talked loudly with Marryat about their prospects, while a dark-eyed, reserved Southerner now and then put in a quiet word. A shy, rosy-cheeked New England boy, who wore knickerbockers and never left his father's side, listened attentively, but, when spoken to, blushed deeply and answered in monosyllables. Candidates from the same State became friends at once. "What State are you from?" was a question which Marryat was repeatedly called upon to answer.

On the night of his arrival, Marryat was subjected to his first "running." Hazing is now almost unknown at Annapolis, Congress having made it a court-martial offense, punishable by dismissal. Hazing "plebes" has given place to a mild form of annoyance known as "running," by which the candidates are made to feel their great social and mental inferiority, as judged from the cadets' standpoint. Here is a synopsis of a little farce in which Marryat took a principal part:

Scene—A room in the hotel. Half a dozen candidates discovered, busy over their books. A loud knock on the door is heard. Enter two very small cadets, in blue uniforms bright with brass buttons. Candidates all rise and anxiously await develop-

ments. One of the cadets says, loftily, "Good afternoon, *young gentlemen*."

Candidates reply in chorus, "Good afternoon."

Small cadet (sternly to Marryat). "What's your name?"

Marryat (nervously). "Brown."

Small Cadet (severely). "Brown *what?*"

Marryat (at a guess). "Marryat Brown."

Small Cadet (scowling). "Marryat Brown what?"

One of the candidates has evidently been a party to some previous interview, for he whispers something to Marryat, who replies with more confidence, "Brown, sir."

Small Cadet. "Ah! — that's much better. And how do you spell it, Mr. Brown?"

Marryat. "B-r-o-w-n, sir."

Small Cadet. "Try it again, Mr. Brown."

Marryat (after a second prompting by the know-

translated, means that Marryat is sure to fail at the examination and be rejected.)

Thus the nonsense goes on. Other candidates are called in and made to cut droll capers. Reciting children's rhymes, singing songs, playing circus, imitating animals, and a hundred other absurdities are gone through with. The cadets never smile. They move among the others like superior beings, demanding homage which is freely given. The admiring candidates, abashed at finding themselves so green, long for the time when they too can swagger and exact the deferential "sir," and fill their conversation with nautical phrases. But even "running" is now considered as another form of hazing, and is fast taking its place among the lost arts.

The new-comers found a notice posted in the hotel office, informing candidates that the examination would be held on the following day. In



"ONE OF THE CADETS SAYS, LOFTILY, 'GOOD AFTERNOON, YOUNG GENTLEMEN.'"

ing candidate). "B, sir; r, sir; o, sir; w, sir; n, sir; Brown, sir."

Small Cadet. "You spell well. Ever bone any math?" (In English: "Have you ever studied mathematics?")

Marryat (hesitating). "Ye-ye-yes, sir."

Small Cadet (with lightning-like rapidity). "If a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, what'll half a herring cost? Quick!" (Marryat ponders.) "Oh, you'll bilge!" (Which latter remark, being

the meantime Marryat, accompanied by some of his new acquaintances, set out to explore the unknown lands that lay beyond the walls.

The Naval Academy grounds extend along the banks of the Severn river, where it flows into the Chesapeake Bay. The Severn forms the northern boundary, Annapolis harbor the eastern, while on the land side two high brick walls, running at right angles to each other, separate the fifty acres of government land from the town of Annapolis.

As they passed the sentries at the gate, Marryat looked in wonder and delight at the garden spot in which he suddenly found himself. The change from the musty town was refreshing. The grand natural beauties of West Point were wanting (Marryat had seen West Point), but everything that man's hand could do had been done to make the park-like inclosure pleasing to the eye. Green



A SUCCESSFUL AND A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

lawns, shady avenues, grassy terraces, winding walks and drives, groves of gnarled oaks and rows of shapely maples—these met the view on every side. Besides, everything showed the presence of a thriving colony.

Along the outer wall for nearly its whole length were rows of substantial-looking brick houses, the quarters for the officers and their families. On the left of the main avenue they saw the cadets' quarters, an immense building with gray façade and brown-stone cappings, girdled with a wide veranda and surmounted by a clock tower. They visited the armory, the hospital, the laundry, the bakery, the natatorium, and the physical and chemical laboratories. Along the Severn side, and separated from it by terraces and lawns, were many places of interest; the observatory, the steam-engineering building with its foundry and machine-shops, a photographer's gallery, the seamanship hall filled with hundreds of models, the ordnance building

whose ceiling and walls were covered with battle-flags that told of many an historical sea-fight, and still farther on a long row of crumbling halls and houses known as the "old quarters." Marryat learned, upon inquiry, that these "old quarters" formerly had been the barracks of Fort Severn, and an octagonal building that had been raised over the old parapets was pointed out to him. This was now used as a gymnasium.

A solid sea-wall skirted the river and harbor front, and jutting out from the angle was a crooked wharf leading past the boat-houses to the frigate "Santee." Moored alongside was the practice steamer, "Wyoming," and not far distant the gunnery steamer, "Standish," flashed back the sunlight from her polished brass-work. Further out in the stream the monitor "Passaic" and the sailing-ship "Constellation" rode at anchor. A dozen steam-launches bobbed up and down at their moorings, as though eager to start away. Marryat and his companions could stand and admire the fleet only from a distance; but in imagination they were running up the rigging and swinging on the lofty spars. Reluctantly they turned away and looked back through the many parks, drill-grounds, and quadrangles. They saw rows of captured cannon, an ugly-looking monitor, ships' figure-heads utilized as statues, a curious Japanese bell, and monuments which commemorated the glorious deeds of heroes. Then they sat on a rustic bench to rest, and listened to the band until the martial strains of "Hail Columbia" and the hauling down of the colors warned them that it was growing late. Tired as they were when they reached the hotel, Marryat and his friends did not go to bed that night until they had thoroughly discussed their respective chances of "donning the navy blue."

Work began in earnest next day. Marryat's credentials having been presented to the superintendent, he reported at the armory for examination. Four days were taken up by the mental examination, five hours each day, the alternate days being devoted to re-examining those who failed in the first trials. Marryat's competitive examination had prepared him in a measure for the work, but he found this ordeal much more difficult. Out of eighty-four applicants, forty were found to be mentally qualified. Marryat was among the lucky number. The successful candidates were then examined physically by the doctors, and all except two passed. It was with the air of a conquering hero that Marryat hastened to the telegraph office and sent a message to his father announcing his success.

In due time Marryat received an answer—a money order for two hundred dollars. The regu-

lations of the Naval Academy required a deposit of this amount with the paymaster, to purchase the necessary outfit of clothing, books, and other authorized articles. He was then required to sign an agreement to serve in the navy for eight years (including his time at the Naval Academy), unless sooner discharged. A village notary with due solemnity administered the oath. These formalities over, Marryat was no longer Master Brown, dependent upon his father for bed and board, but Naval Cadet Brown, drawing a salary of five hundred dollars a year.

During September, the upper classmen were on furlough, and the "plebes" were quartered on the "Santee," the old frigate that had looked so formidable to Marryat, and with it he soon became familiar. The greatest inconvenience was sleeping in a hammock, and Marryat for some time could not become reconciled to the loss of his "four-poster." However, there was little time for regret. Squad drill began at once, three hours of each day being given to converting the awkward boys into soldierly cadets; or, as an old sailor put it, to "getting the hay-seed out of their hair."

Marryat's happiness was not complete until, after many delays for fitting and altering, the uniforms were served out. They were certainly very neat. The full-dress suit was of dark-blue cloth, the jacket, a brass-buttoned, double-breasted "round-about," having a standing collar trimmed with gold lace and embroidered with two gold anchors. The undress suit consisted of a navy-blue blouse trimmed with lustrous black braid, and trousers of the same material. The blue cap, worn with each suit, was set off by a gold cord and an embroidered anchor. The plain canvas working-suits were not so attractive. An overcoat for winter, and white duck trousers for summer completed the outfit, with all of which it is hardly necessary to say that Marryat was very much pleased.

With October came the beginning of the new term, and Marryat's impressions at that time were

set forth in a letter to his father, from which we give a few extracts:

"I am now comfortably settled in my quarters," he wrote, "and ready to begin hard study. My room-mate is Fred Daily, who is also from Wisconsin. We became friends from the time that we discovered we were from the same State, and when we were given the privilege of choosing our own room-mates we determined to pull together.

"Last Saturday was a busy day. All hands returned from leave, and the work of organization began. The cadets are divided into four divisions. One division is quartered at the old buildings, and three in the new building. Daily and I are in the first division, which occupies the first floor. We are under the eyes of the cadet-officers of the division,—the 'stripers,' as they are called,—who room on the same floor with us and are responsible for order. In addition, an upper-classman is detailed each day to keep a still closer watch over us. All this makes the discipline very strict.

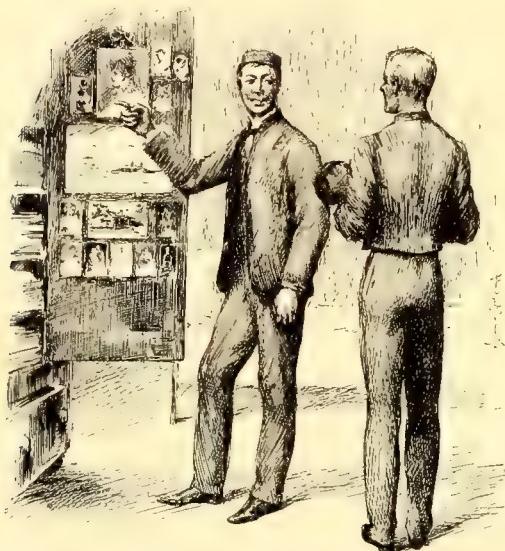


STUDY.

"We are very well provided for by the commissary. I can not complain of the food; it is plain, but wholesome. The mess-hall reminds me of the dining-room at a large hotel, but an ordinary landlord would be driven wild by three hundred boys all talking at the same time. Yet at the tap of the bell you could hear a pin drop, until the order

'rise' causes each chair to shoot back with a parting rattle, and we march out in strict military fashion. An upper-classman is always on hand to spot you if you unbend.

"This system of spotting lies at the bottom of all the discipline. A record of all offenses is kept, and demerits are given, in a big or little dose,



A DECORATED WARDROBE DOOR.

according to the gravity of the offense. Less than eight demerits for any one month puts you in the first conduct-grade and entitles you to certain privileges. From that to the fourth, or lowest, grade is a steady descent, and when you get twenty demerits you have sunk as low as possible."

Colonel Brown was very much pleased to see that Marryat seemed to find his new life congenial.

Marryat having now become a full-fledged cadet, we need no longer regard him as a special charge, but can turn our attention to naval cadets in general.

* Outside of the technical studies, the course of instruction at the Naval Academy is comprehended in the one word, "Math." "Math" is the cadets' abbreviation for mathematics, the rock upon which many an aspirant for naval honors is wrecked. Of course there is instruction in other branches—modern languages, English studies, natural sciences, etc.—but a cadet soon realizes that the great stepping-stone is mathematics. When a graduate looks back upon what he has passed through, his most vivid recollections are of this hydra-headed "Math"; of the algebra and geometry that worried him as a "plebe," and of the applied mechanics that took away half the pleasure of his

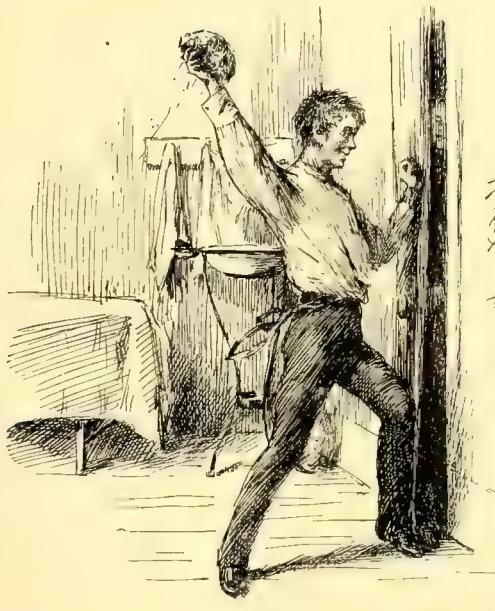
senior year. What a struggle it was to weed out all youthful imagination from the mind, and to plant there only those ideas that could be expressed in mathematical formulæ! And yet "Math's" importance is not overrated, for it is the groundwork of many of the professional studies. Naval Architecture, which teaches the cadets how to design and build a ship; Navigation, which teaches them how to guide this ship across the trackless ocean; Ordnance, which teaches them the methods of constructing and using the great guns; Steam Engineering, which teaches them the many applications of that great motive power—all require a thorough knowledge of mathematics.

While the theoretical part of the education may prove irksome to those who are filled with a spirit of adventure,—who might have succeeded better in the days of the old navy, when there was wider scope for such temperaments,—these will find the practical instructions more to their liking. Here they can satisfy their longing to hang by their heels on a royal-yard, or to put a pistol shot through a wooden soldier at twenty paces. These drills are based on the general principle that before a cadet can become an officer he must be thoroughly familiar with all the duties of those who will be under his command. The only way to attain this familiarity is by actually performing these duties in every detail.

The drills afloat, in which there is quite a large fleet engaged, are particularly novel and interesting. Every Saturday the cadets embark on the "Wyoming," a ship-rigged steamer, and make a cruise in the bay. They do all the work. Down in the fire-room some of them are heaving coal into the roaring furnaces, others are in the engine-room looking out for all the machinery. On deck, youthful sailors are running up and down the rigging, ready, at the call of the boatswain's pipe, to handle the light spars or heavy sails. In a good working breeze the engines are stopped and the upper-classmen are given an opportunity of handling the ship under sail—tacking, wearing, and other evolutions being carried out under their orders. At other times, a target is moored at some distance and the cadets are exercised in firing the broadside and pivot guns. But the "Wyoming's" "smooth-bore" guns are out of date; so the stanch little steamer, "Standish," has been fitted out with two comparatively modern rifled guns, and is sent out for practice every afternoon. Moreover, since iron and steel ships have replaced wooden vessels, the iron-clad monitor "Passaic," whose turret still shows traces of the battering that she received at Charleston during the rebellion, has been added to the fleet, and also cruises in the Chesapeake, crawling along like an immense turtle and making the

earth tremble with the roar of her fifteen-inch guns. Again, while the larger vessels are quietly riding at anchor, the "mosquito fleet," the steam launches and pulling boats, come out into the stream, and dart hither and thither in obedience to signals; now in line, then in column, the cadets directing the helms, running the engines, or manning the oars. One launch, from the bow of which a long spar protrudes, cruises by herself, and there is some doubt as to what she is trying to do; but when the end of the spar drops and the water is violently uplifted in a seething mass of spray and foam, every one knows that a torpedo has been exploded. The cutters have more peaceful missions, as they glide along under the steady clicking of the oars, or rise and fall with each puff of wind that fills their flowing sails.

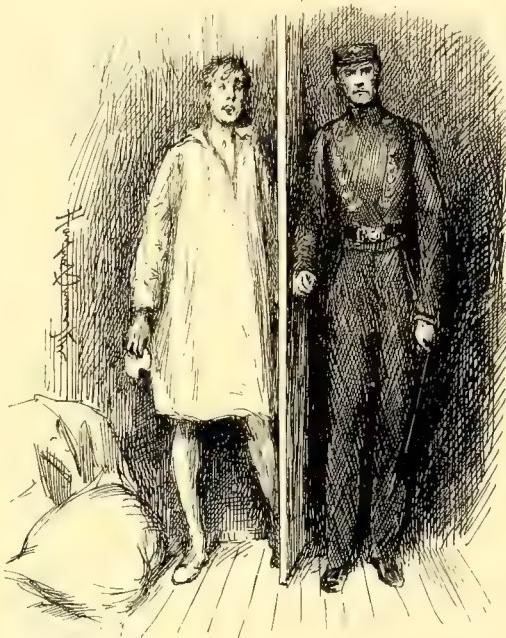
When springtime comes, the drills on shore are unusually attractive. What a pretty sight the battalion of infantry makes, as the long line of blue uniforms, white leggins, and flashing muskets passes by,—and can anything be more exciting than the grand charge of the light artillery, when the platoons rush down the hill, wheel about, fire a broadside, and dismount and disperse before the smoke has cleared away? At the ranges, one



LARKING.

can see groups banging away with muskets and revolvers at the battered targets, or turning the cranks of Gatling and Hotchkiss guns which pour forth a shower of bullets; while down by the seawall a thundering mortar hurls its screeching

shells toward the sky and drops them far out in the bay. In the machine shops one class is busy at the lathes, turning out working models of marine engines; or hard at work with hammers and riveting tools, putting patches on an old boiler that, owing to the large number of these additions, has little of the original shell left. The rigging loft is



CAUGHT.

occupied by the "plebes," who are there initiated into the mysteries of knotting, splicing, and other "knacks" of the seaman's craft. Boxing, fencing, broadswords, gymnastics, and dancing take place in the armory and gymnasium.

Due attention is also given to the physical development of the cadets. In athletic sports, boating, of course, comes first; but base-ball, foot-ball, lawn-tennis, and other field sports of the "land-lubbers" are not despised. On Thanksgiving Day a field tournament is held, an amusing feature of which is chasing the greased pig. The latter ought to be considered as a purely naval pastime, when it is remembered that salt pork is so regular a ration in the sailor's mess afloat. The tournaments in the gymnasium, which generally take place on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, are fine exhibitions of muscular strength, and the contestants show that they are as much at home on the flying rings as on the flying jib-boom.

The hops are the chief amusement on Saturday nights. The gymnasium is decorated with flags

and bunting, the music is entrancing, brass buttons shine everywhere, and the "sisters, cousins, and aunts," with true Pinaforean devotion, flock to the scene of gayety. At the "stag," the cadets dance among themselves, and the most awkward youths pluck up enough courage to appear on such occasions, in the vain hope that they may overcome natural timidity and bud forth, in due time, as society men. The great "stag" event is the annual masquerade, when the fun is uproarious.

Four years of these studies, drills, and amusements make up the naval cadet's life at Annapolis. The only break is the annual summer cruise and the September furlough. The practice ships sail with the classes on board, in June, and after a long stay at sea put into Portsmouth, N. H., to give the cadets a run on shore, and to lay in fresh provisions for the return passage. One class remains at Annap-

olis during the summer, and is kept busy at practical exercises, studies being suspended. But even when the four years have slipped by, naval cadets are not yet freed from the trammels of school, for the law requires that they shall then perform two years' sea-service in the cruising

ships of the navy, where their training is continued. The full course thus extends through six years.

This long course of preparation has had its natural results. The day of the midshipmite is passed, and his mantle has not fallen on the naval cadet. A boy can not enter the Naval Academy until he is fourteen, and at that age Farragut and Lord Nelson were knocking about on board ship, picking up what technical education they could in the rough school of experience. With the advance of science in naval warfare, the forcing process of education has changed the free-lance of the forecastle, who had no ideas beyond making a "long splice" or brandishing a cutlass, into a mathematical prodigy, with a weakness for "tangential strains" and "curves of pressure." Congress has been tinkering with the subject of naval education for a great many years. Its last enact-



A "STAG" DANCE.

olis during the summer, and is kept busy at practical exercises, studies being suspended. But even when the four years have slipped by, naval cadets are not yet freed from the trammels of school, for the law requires that they shall then perform two years' sea-service in the cruising

ment was to abolish midshipmen altogether and to distribute the fresh material on a new plan. "Hereafter," said the law-makers, "there shall be no appointments of cadet-midshipmen at the Naval Academy; but in lieu thereof all the undergraduates shall be called naval cadets, and from those

who successfully complete the six years' course appointments shall be made to fill vacancies in the lower grades of the line and engineer corps of the navy and of the marine corps. These appointments shall be made in the order of merit, as determined by the Academic Board of the Naval Academy. At least ten appointments must be made each year. Those who do not receive appointments shall be given a certificate of graduation and honorable discharge, and one year's pay (\$1000)." This is the law as it now stands.

It will be seen that, after all, our young friend Marryat Brown, of whom we took leave some time ago, is not sure of a place on the navy-list. Should he, however, graduate with distinction, after six years of hard study, there will be three positions open to him — "the lower grade of the line, and engineer corps, and of the marine corps." Sometimes, as a special reward, the cadet who graduates at the head of his class is sent to the Royal Navy College at Greenwich, England, for a two years' course preparatory to receiving an appointment as naval architect. The lowest grade of the line is that of ensign; the highest that of admiral. In the staff corps the lowest grade is that of assistant-engineer, and the highest that of chief engineer. The grades in the marine corps are similar to those in the regular army. The pay, while at sea, of an ensign is \$1200 a year; of an assistant-engineer, \$1700; and of a second-lieutenant in the marine corps, \$1400.

Here, then, is an opportunity for Marryat to step into a comfortable life-position, without the

struggle that most college graduates have to undergo before they are able to practice their professions with profit. He is self-supporting from the first, and can throw all his energy into the work before him. Whether he will be successful or not rests with himself alone, but it will be well for him to bear in mind that the laggards are sum-



MARRYAT PLAYS TENNIS.

marily dismissed. Let us hope he will show due appreciation of his country's generosity, and that if it be his fortune to be called upon to battle for her he will serve her faithfully and well.



THE COAL AGE.

A ROSE IN A QUEER PLACE.

BY PROFESSOR FREDERICK STARR.



WELL, boys and girls, here is a picture for you. What is it? I did not know at first. I thought it was a picture some artist had painted, which had been photographed. But it is more remarkable than such a picture would be. I think it one of the most wonderful things I saw in Florida.

In that warm land, where ice is so desirable for cooling food and drink, it is not naturally formed, and so must be made. I visited an ice-factory yesterday. The process of ice-making is simple and

interesting. It depends upon the principle that gas in expanding, like liquids in evaporating, draws heat from neighboring bodies. First, a great basin of brick-work and metal is built. This is filled with brine. A frame-work just above the basin supports a large number of metal tanks, which reach down into and are surrounded on all sides by the brine. At this factory I think there were one hundred of these tanks. Each is shaped like a brick, and is perhaps one foot wide, two feet long, and four feet deep. When in position they are like bricks set up on end with a little space between each one and its neighbors. Wooden covers fit over the tops. Of course, brine surrounds them all, and a coil of iron tubes passes everywhere through this brine and around the tanks, on every side, and below. The tanks are filled with perfectly pure water. The coils of tubes are filled with condensed ammonia gas. This gas expands rapidly, and while expanding draws heat from the brine. The cold salt-water surrounding the tanks, in turn draws heat from the water within, until a solid brick-shaped block of clear ice is formed by the freezing of the water in each tank. The ammonia gas is collected after use, condensed under pressure by an engine, cooled and may then be used again.

I saw the process of lifting one of the tanks. They seized it with a hoisting-machine, raised it from the brine, lowered it carefully into warm water, to loosen the cake of ice from the sides of the tank, lifted it and slid out a great four-hundred-pound cake of ice, so clear and transparent that one could read small print through a foot of it.

They have twenty tons of ice forming here, all the time. They lift a tank every thirty minutes, take out the ice, refill the tank with water and replace it. The freezing takes forty-eight hours. The tank they have just emptied will be filled soon, and a new block of ice will be taken from it on "the day after to-morrow."

Now, it seems that this freezing takes place so gently that a spray of roses may be put into a tank of water and frozen into the mass of ice without stirring a petal from its place. There it lies im-

bedded, in all its beauty of form and color — a marvellous thing, I think. The ice-makers like to perform this experiment, as it shows the clearness of their ice; and pride is taken in freezing pieces of unusual beauty and transparency.

A delicate spray of flowers, a cluster of ripe fruit, or a brilliant-colored fish are favorite subjects. Exhibitions of such freezings are occasionally made at fairs, and a particularly beautiful or interesting piece makes a very attractive gift for a birthday or for Christmas.

What a pretty way to preserve objects! I would like a collection of Florida specimens so preserved. No dried-out herbarium specimens; no faded and distorted alcoholic preparations; no unnatural taxidermist mounts, but everything in its natural color, its perfect outline, its living beauty. Here, a clear little block with a chameleon; here, a larger one with a coiled rattlesnake; there a young alligator, a cluster of grape-fruit or oranges, a spray of flowers or a series of forest-leaves. But, alas! such a collection would not last a single week.

Nature, herself, sometimes makes such preparations, but neither often nor everywhere. My rose

in ice reminds me of the old mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros in the Siberian ice-blocks. You have read of them in ST. NICHOLAS? They were specimens that had been kept for hundreds

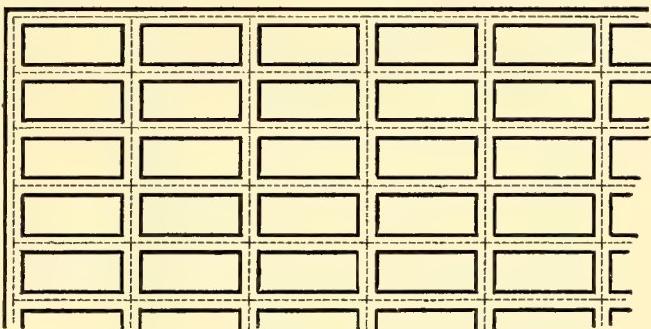


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE ICE TANKS.

of years in that cold climate. So perfectly preserved were they, that the flesh, the hair, the skin, the eyeballs, were not decayed.

Perhaps such a collection of Florida specimens might be *kept* in Siberia, in some cold corner of that desolate land, but here the rose in ice gives us but a transitory delight and then is gone forever.

THE DISCONTENTED SNOW-FLAKE.

—
BY HELEN GRAY CONE.
—

IN a fresh little, feathery, fluffy white coat,
An egotist Snow-flake from heaven did float;

And he sighed to his fellows,— a similar
throng,—
“ Seems to me there 's a sameness in falling so
long!
“ I am tired of this tingle and chill; I desire — ”
(They shuddered to hear him) “ a room with a
fire;
“ A tiger-skin rug and a Japanese screen,
And some chocolate to drink, and a nice maga-
zine ! ”

He had sunk past the roof, with its chimneys
like hats,
Of the Warwickshire-Walsingham-Warburton
flats.

A ninth-story window was open — one puff
Of the wind, as he reached it, was impulse
enough.

He alighted within with a rapturous thrill,
But he very soon after began to feel ill.

Soñ his liquid remains like a tear-drop were
seen
On the well-printed page of the nice magazine;

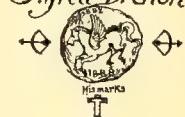
And a caller, observing, remarked in sad tones,
“ How affecting the stories of Jane Johnson Jones ! ”

The Ballad of a runaway Donkey:

by Emilie Pousson:

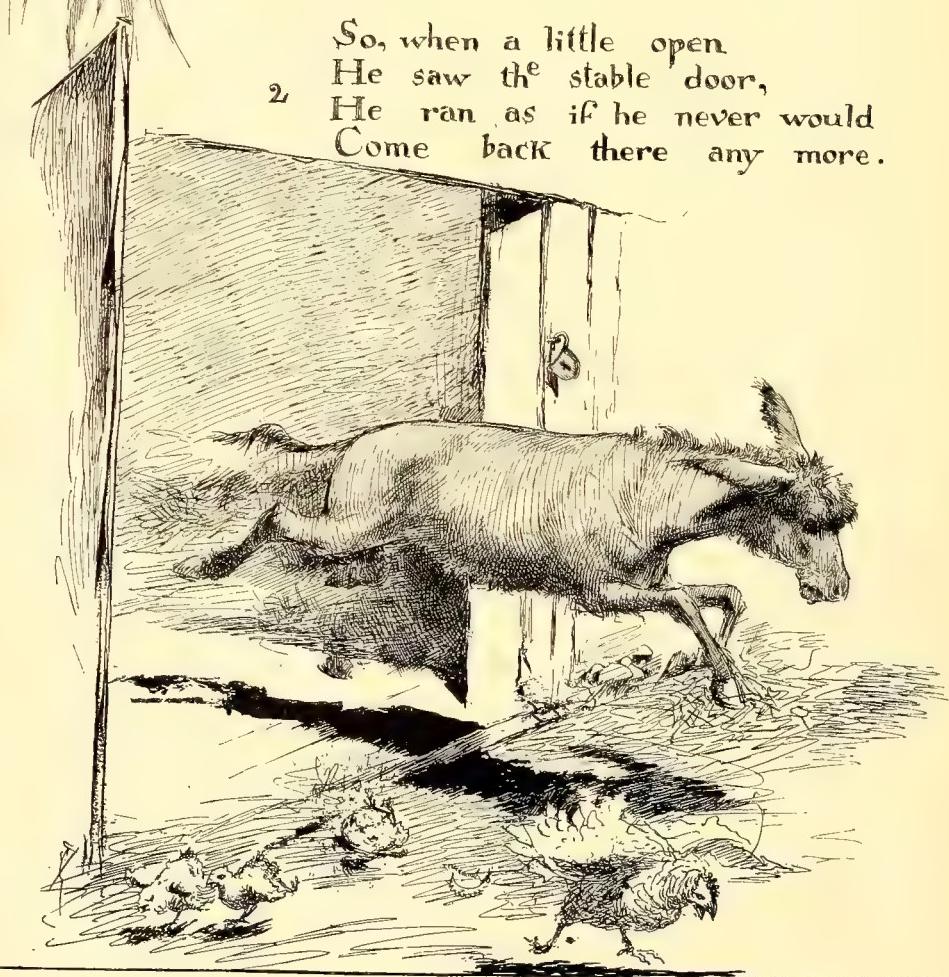
here shadow'd forth in divers pictures by

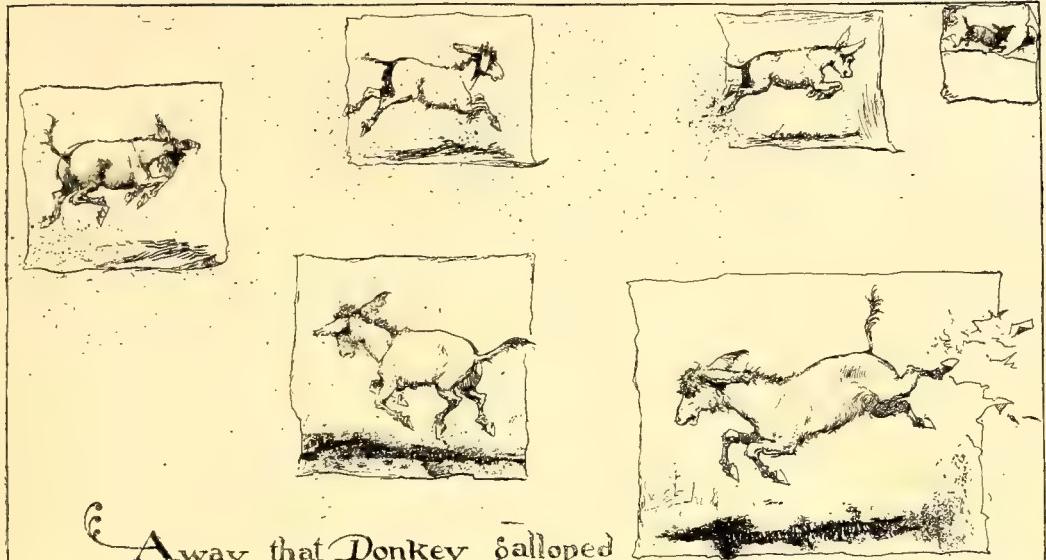
Alfred Brenon.



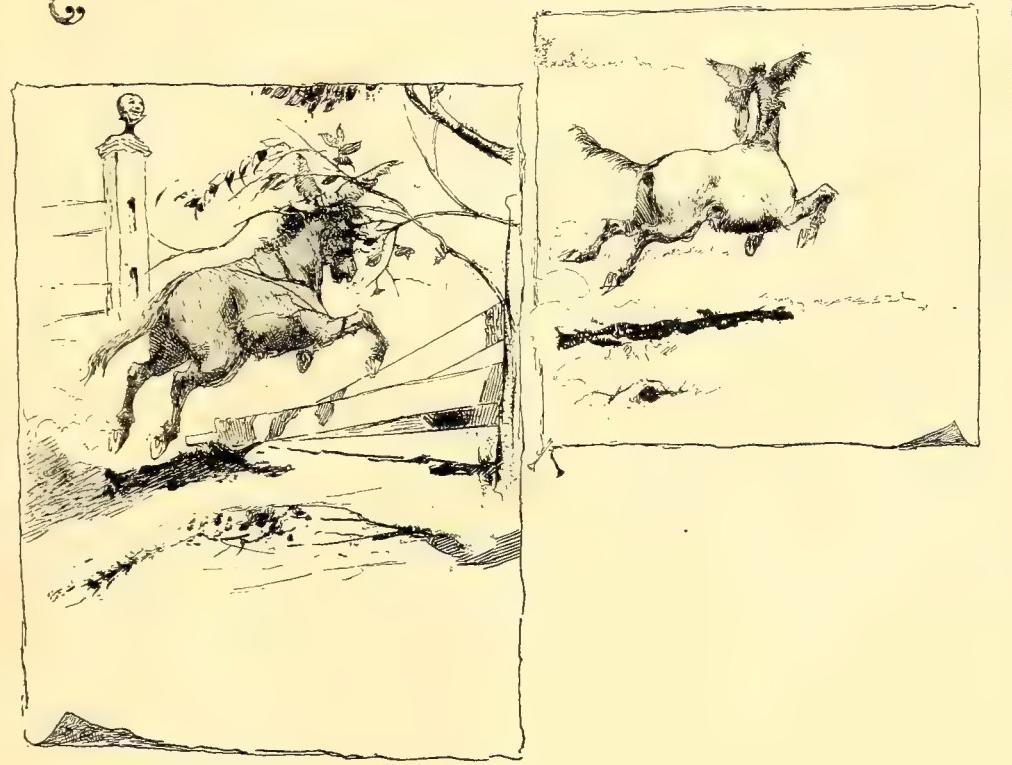
A sturdy little Donkey,
All dressed in sober gray,
Once took it in his long-eared head
That he would run away.

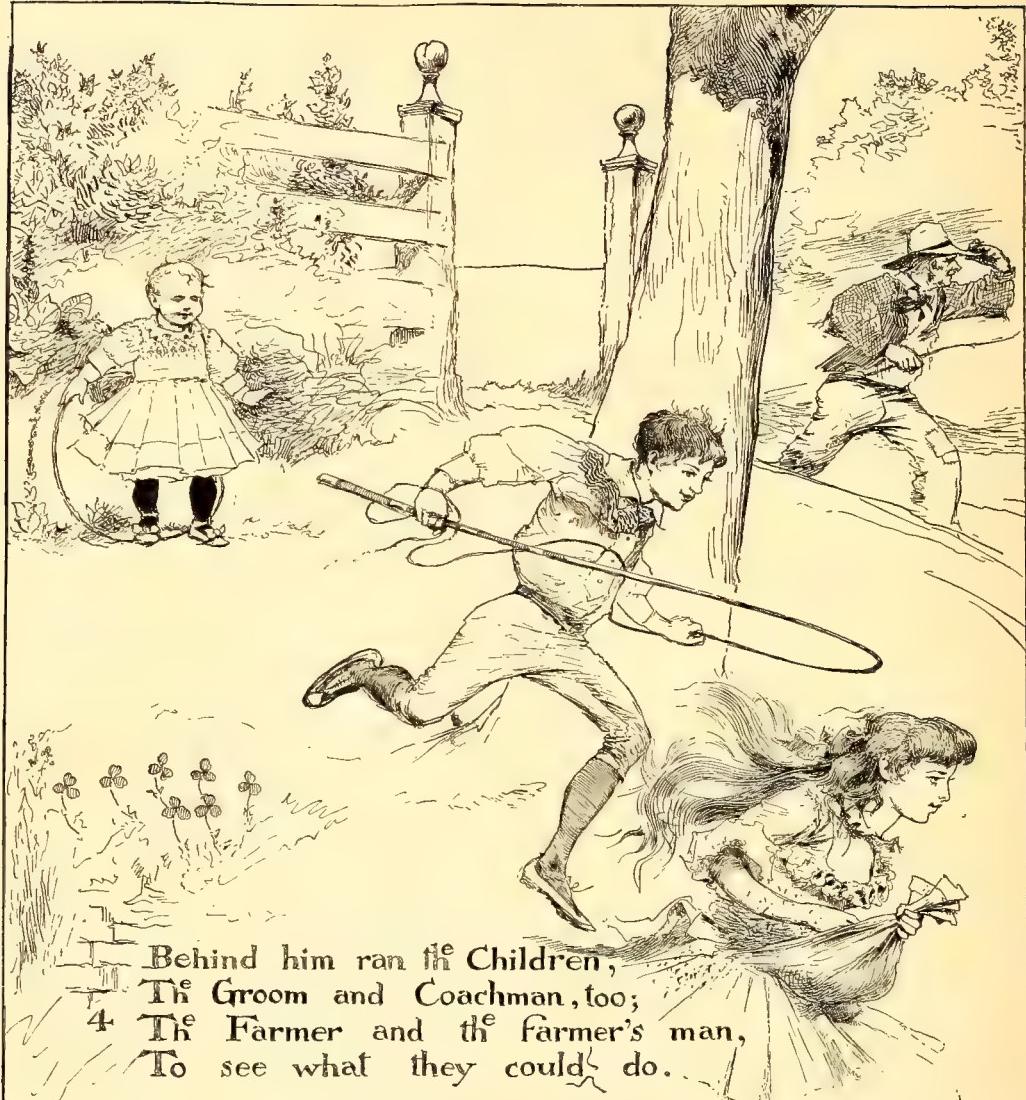
2 So, when a little open
He saw the stable door,
He ran as if he never would
Come back there any more.





3 Away that Donkey galloped
And ran and ran and ran
And ran and ran and ran and ran
And Ran and RAN and RAN!



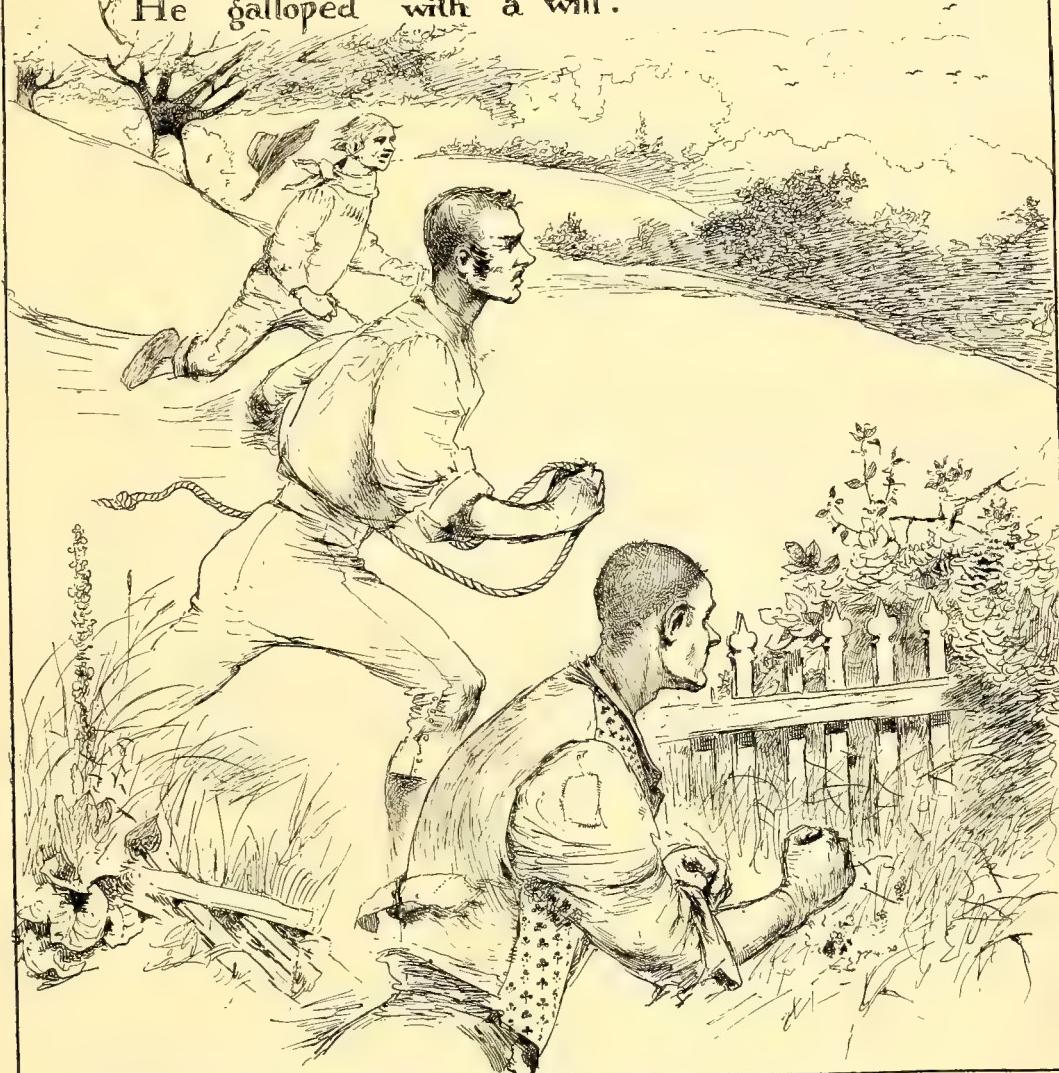


Behind him ran the Children,
The Groom and Coachman, too;
4 The Farmer and the Farmer's man,
To see what they could do..

Some carried whips to whip him,
Some, oats to coax him near;
5 Some called "Come here you foolish beast!"
And some, "Come, Barney, dear!"

But not a whit cared Barney
For cross or coaxing word;
6 And clatter, clatter, clatter still,
His little hoofs were heard.

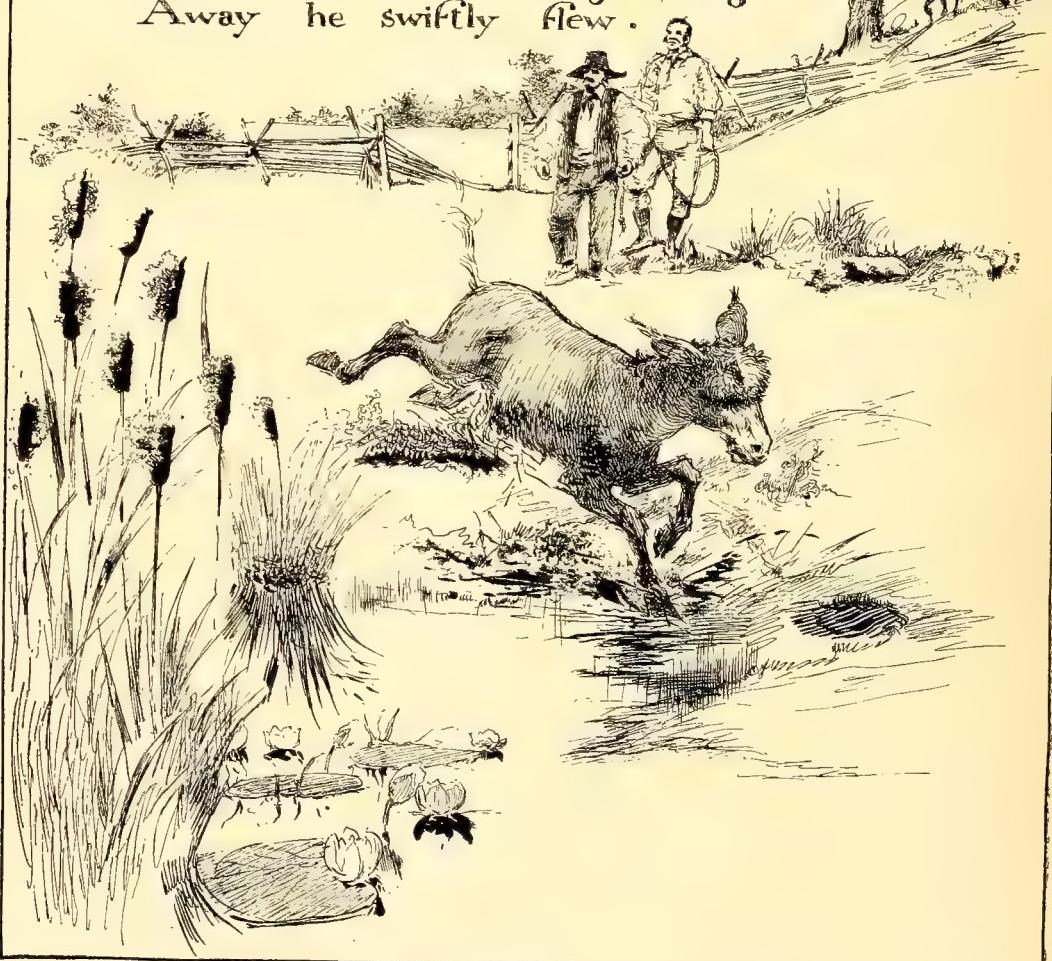
And all across the meadow,
And up and o'er the hill,
7 And through the woods and down the dale
He galloped with a will.

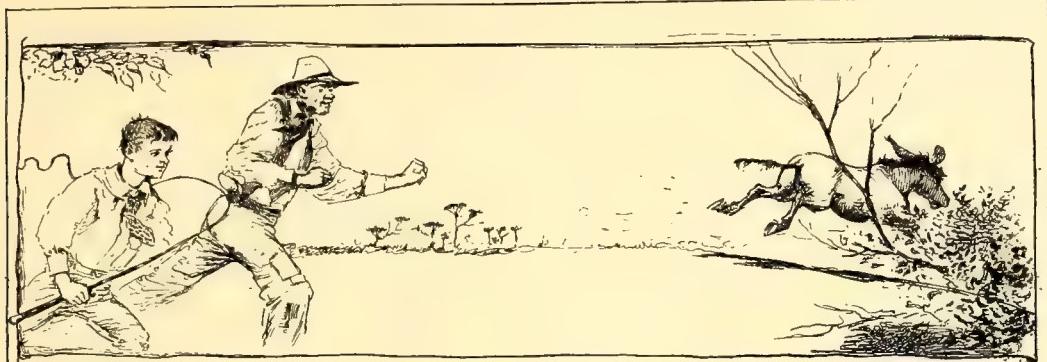


8 And into every hayfield
And through the swamp and mire
Still Barney ran and ran and ran
As if he'd never tire!

9 His chasers all stopped running;
Then meek as any lamb
Did Barney stand as if to say,
"Come catch me! here I am!"

10 But when one of them started,
Then Barney started, too;
As if the chase had just begun
Away he swiftly flew.





But there's an end to all things,
And so, (the stupid elf)

- 11 When no one else could capture him
This donkey caught himself.

For, running in the barnyard,
He did not calculate

- 12 What consequences would befall,
And hit the swinging gate.

It quickly swung together,
Down dropped the iron latch

- 13 O, Barney Gray! to think that you
The runaway should catch!

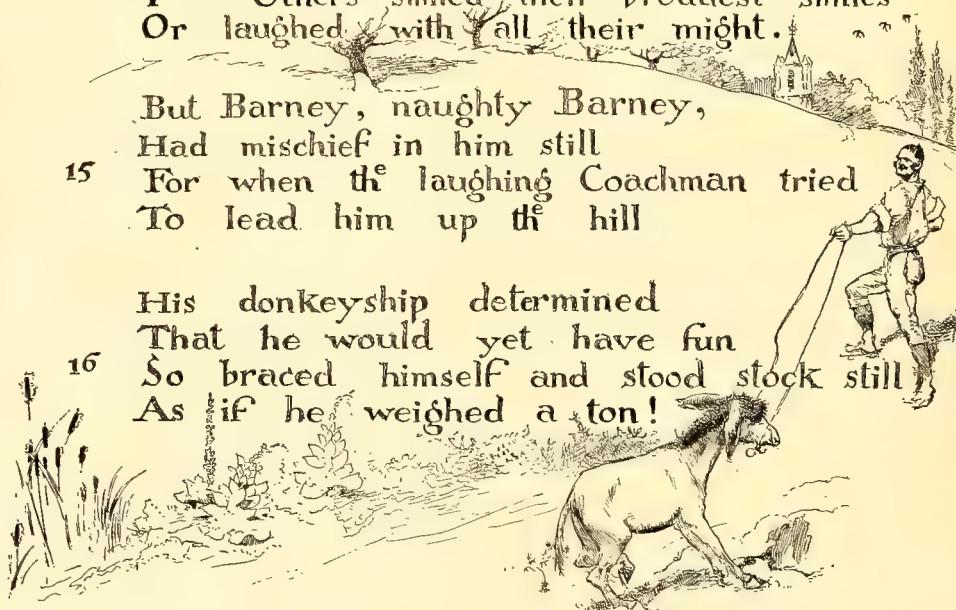


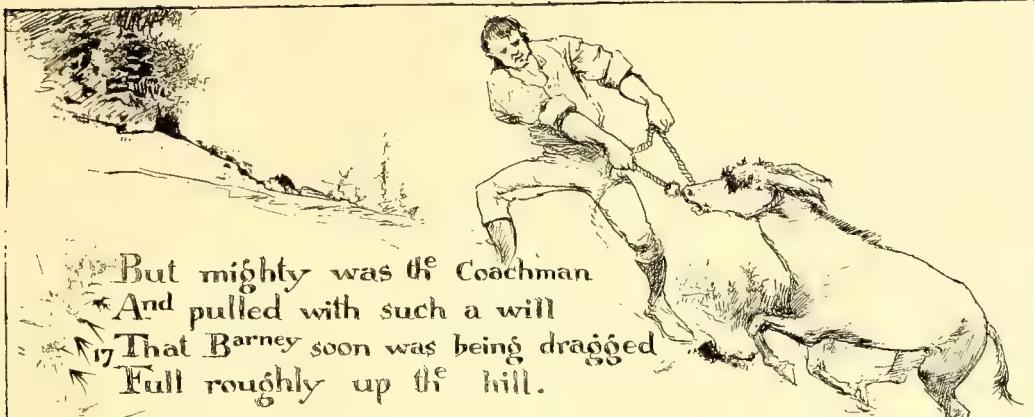


14 The Children danced with pleasure,
 The Groom roared with delight,
 The Others smiled their broadest smiles
 Or laughed with all their might.

15 But Barney, naughty Barney,
 Had mischief in him still
 For when th' laughing Coachman tried
 To lead him up th' hill

16 His donkeyship determined
 That he would yet have fun
 So braced himself and stood stock still
 As if he weighed a ton!

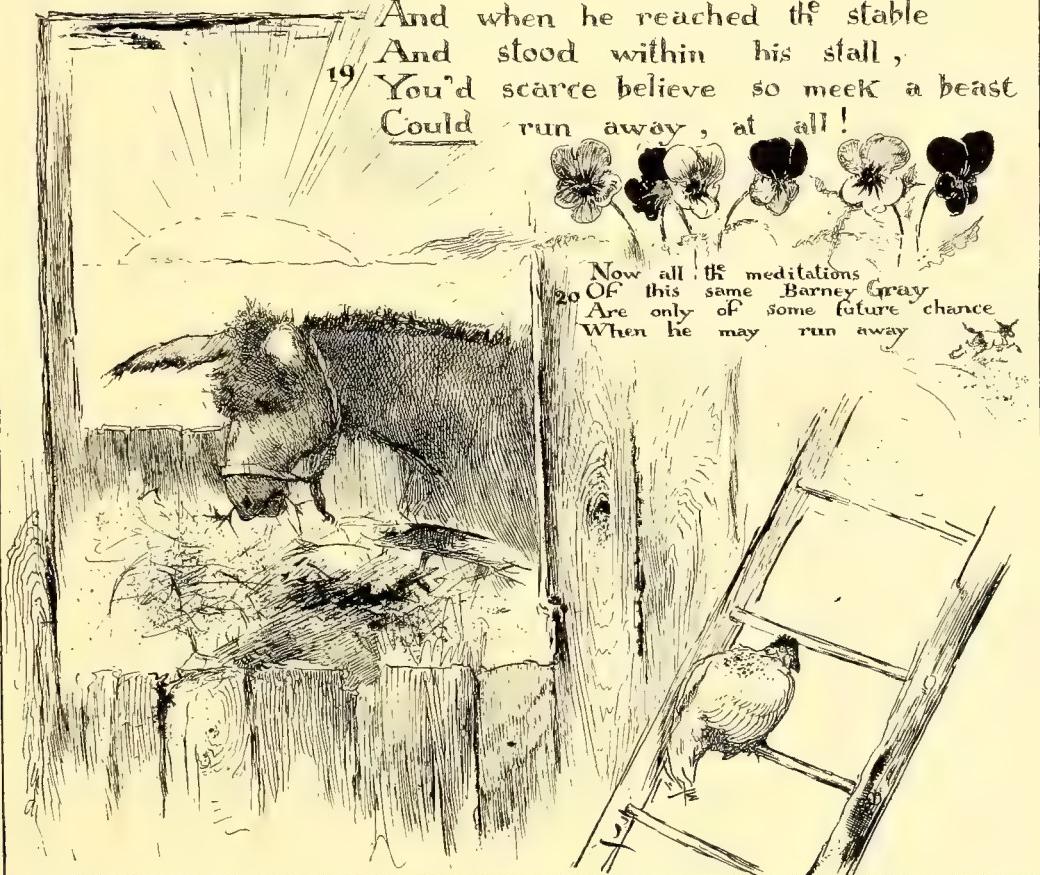




But mighty was the Coachman
And pulled with such a will
That Barney soon was being dragg'd
Full roughly up the hill.

"Well, well!" at last thought Barney
"The Coachman is so strong
I might as well be good' just now,"
And so he walked along.

And when he reached the stable
And stood within his stall,
19 You'd scarce believe so meek a beast
Could run away, at all!



Now all the meditations
20 Of this same Barney Gray
Are only of some future chance
When he may run away

THE BUNNY FAMILY IN TROUBLE

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

[Copyright, 1888, by John H. Jewett. All rights reserved.]

CUDDLEDOWN MISSING.

ROM the top of the hill behind Runwild Terrace, where the Bunny family lived, there was a charming view of all the country for miles around.

Bunnyboy and Browny had often taken their little sisters, Pinkeyes and Cuddledown, to the very highest point, where they could look over the tops of the houses and trees on every side, and see more pretty hills and valleys and glistening rivers and ponds than they could count in a whole day.

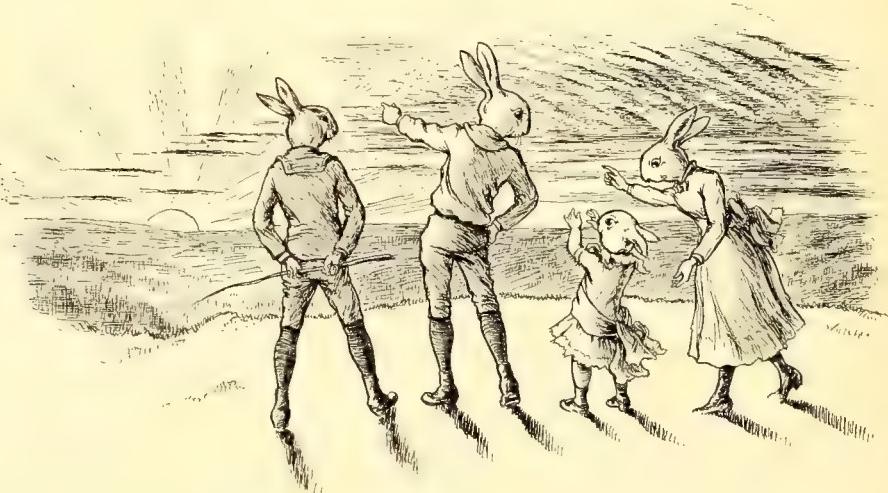
Away off in the distance, farther than they had ever been in their lives, they could see where the blue sky seemed to come down to meet the ground, and they used to wonder who lived over there, so near the golden sunsets.

As Bunnyboy grew older, he began to boast about what he knew, and what he had seen, or done, and sometimes about things he only made believe he knew, and had never done or seen at all.

He may have fancied others would think he was very wise if he talked "big," for he had not then learned how silly boasting sounds, or why those who are really wise are always modest in speaking of what they know or can do.

Another thing Bunnyboy did not know, was that boasting leads to lying, and telling lies is sure, some day, to end in trouble and shame.

Bunnyboy soon found out about these things, in a way which made him remember the lesson as long as he lived.



One pleasant afternoon in the early summer, all the Bunny children had climbed the hill and were watching a lovely sunset, when Cuddledown asked him how many miles it was to sundown.

Bunnyboy said it was not as far as it looked, and that he had walked farther than that one day when he went to the circus with Cousin Jack.

Cuddledown said she would like to look over the edge, where the sky came down, and see what was on the other side, where the sun stayed at night.

Then Bunnyboy very boastfully said he would take her there some day, and show her the beautiful place where the fields all shone like gold, and the rivers like silver, and all the rest was just like a rainbow place, all the time.

Little Cuddledown believed everything Bunnyboy said, because he was older; and though he forgot all about his boasting before they went home, she remembered it and often thought about it afterward.

One day, when the other bunnies were away, she asked her mother whether she might go out to see the rainbow place where the sun went down.

Mother Bunny thought she meant only to climb the hill behind the house, and told her she might go.

Off started Cuddledown, thinking, in her own brave little way, she could go to the edge of the world and get back before tea-time, because Bunnyboy had been farther than that, and had said it was not as far as it seemed to be.

In a little while the others came home, and the mother, hearing them at play on the lawn, supposed Cuddledown was with them until an hour or two had passed and they came in to tea without her.

When she asked for Cuddledown and was told they had not seen her, Bunnyboy was sent to the hill to bring her home, but soon returned saying she was not there.

Then the family were alarmed, and all went out to look for her in the neighborhood, but everywhere they were told the same story, "No one had seen Cuddledown that afternoon."

When evening grew dark, and they could not find her, they began to fear she had lost her way and was wandering about the fields or woods alone in the darkness, or that perhaps she had fallen into some stream and been drowned.

The kind neighbors came out with lanterns to help them search for her, while Cousin Jack did the best thing he could do, by climbing the hill and building a bright fire on the top, that she might see the light and come that way, if she was anywhere near the village.

All the long night they searched near and far, and when morning came they had found no trace of the lost Cuddledown.

A sadder family or a more anxious party of friends never saw the sun rise to help them, and without stopping, except to take a hasty breakfast, they kept on looking for her in every place where a little Bunny-child might be lost.

Some went tramping through the woods, shouting her name and looking behind the fallen trees, and in the ditches, while others went up and down the brooks and rivers, and along the shores of the ponds, to see whether they could find any tiny footprints along the edges, or possibly her little hat floating on the water.

All that day and the next they searched and searched, until they were nearly worn out with grief and disappointment, and then at last they gave up, and almost every one thought the dear little Cuddledown had fallen into the river and had been carried away to the ocean, and that they should never see her any more.

Several days later, when Mother Bunny had repeated to the Deacon what Cuddledown had said to her before going out, he asked what she could have meant by the "rainbow place where the sun went down."

Then Bunnyboy remembered what he had boastingly told her, the day they watched the sunset together, and was so overcome with the grief and shame that he burst out crying and told his father all about it.

Cousin Jack at once said, "This explains a part of the mystery, for now we can guess which way little Cuddledown went, and we must begin the search again, going westward as far as she could walk that afternoon."

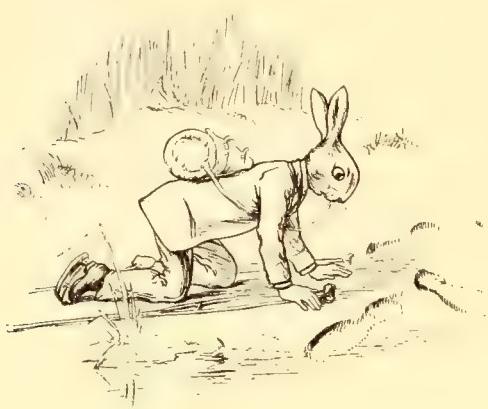
That very day another searching party started out, and Cousin Jack, who was lame and could not walk so fast as the others over the rough fields, tried to make up for it by doing more thinking.

Taking a knapsack, to hold a blanket and food enough for a few days, he started off on his crutches, telling the almost broken-hearted mother, as he said good-bye, not to give up, for something in his heart told him that their dear lost Cuddledown would yet be found.

While the others were searching the fields he took the road leading west until he came to a shallow stream which crossed the road, about three miles from home.



There was no bridge, because the stream could be easily forded by grown folks, but Cousin Jack thought a tired little Bunny-girl would not have dared to wade through the water, and might have stopped there to rest. Then he began to look



very carefully along the roadside for any signs of her having been there.

Near the edge of the stream he saw a large round stone, and by its side something glistening in the sun. He picked it up and found, to his great joy, it was a bright new penny with a hole in it, and remembered that he had given Cuddledown one just like it, on the day she went away.

He felt sure she had been sitting on the stone, and looking closer he found a number of strange-looking footprints in the soft earth, larger than any he had ever before seen in that part of the country.

The tracks led to the water, and wading across, he found the same footprints on the other shore, all pointing to the west.

He at once decided to follow them as far as he could, and, taking the road, he traveled on for several miles, guided by the marks of the strange feet where the ground was soft.

When night came he had reached a place where the road divided into two narrow paths, and all signs of the footprints were lost.

He was very tired and almost discouraged, and was glad to wrap his blanket around him and lie down to rest until morning, before deciding which of the two ways to take.

Before he went to sleep he remembered how Cuddledown used to say a little evening prayer her mother had taught her, and he began to repeat it very softly to himself:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, to safely keep;
And when the morning comes again,
Please help me to be good. Amen!"

When he came to the last line, he thought a minute, and then, instead of saying it just as she did, he changed it the next time to this:

"And when the morning comes again,
Help me to find our child. Amen!"

Then he felt better, but could not go to sleep for thinking about the two paths, and at last he got up, and looking around him, saw, far away in the darkness, the glimmer of many lights.

He knew there must be a settlement there, and that one of the paths must lead that way.

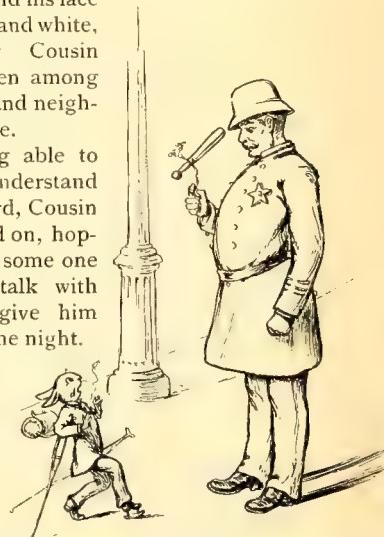
He noticed carefully which one it was, and then lay down and slept peacefully.

In the morning he awoke refreshed, and more hopeful than ever of finding Cuddledown, and all day long he kept cheerfully on the way, stopping only to eat a lunch from his knapsack, or to take a drink of water from a spring on the roadside.

The distance was longer than it had seemed to him the night before, and when evening came he was glad to see the lights shining not very far off. About nine o'clock the lights began to go out, one by one, and when he reached the place the houses were all dark and the streets deserted.

The only living creature he met was a great surly fellow who spoke to him gruffly. The creature had a short club in his hand, and wore a star on his breast, and his face was smooth and white, unlike any Cousin Jack had seen among the friends and neighbors at home.

Not being able to make him understand a single word, Cousin Jack hurried on, hoping to find some one who could talk with him, and give him shelter for the night.



Suddenly, while groping his way through a narrow street, he heard a low, pleading voice, and stopping to listen, he caught quite distinctly the words:

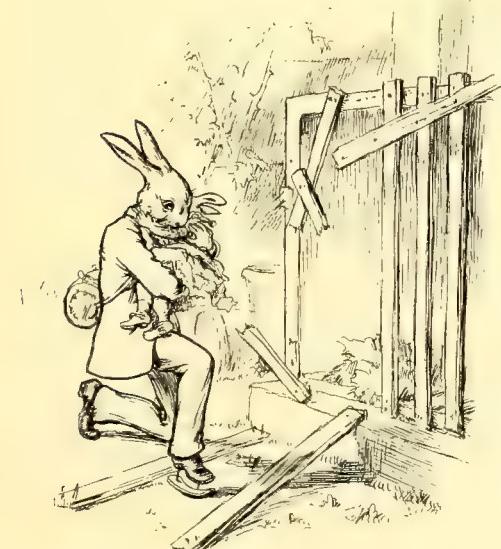
"And when the morning comes again,
Please take me to my home. Amen!"

Springing forward to the place from which the sound came, he called softly, "Cuddledown!



Cuddledown ! where are you ? ” Then out of the darkness came a quick, glad cry. “ O Cousin Jack ! is it you ? Please take me out of this terrible prison.”

The voice came from a large square box in the rear of the house, and behind some strong bars, nailed across the open side of the box, he found



poor Cuddledown penned up alone, like a wild beast in a cage.

In less than a minute he had torn away the bars

and taken her out, and his heart was so full of thankfulness at having found her alive, that he sat down upon the ground and clasped her close in his arms, while the trembling bunny nestled her face on his shoulder and cried for joy.

Presently she raised her head and whispered, “ Oh ! Cousin Jack, please let us go away from this place just as fast as we can, or the strange creatures here will find you and shut us both up in wooden cages.”

Cousin Jack thought any place was better and safer than this, where a helpless little Bunny-child was kept shut up alone in the cold and dark, and he told her not to be afraid, for they would start at once for home.

Taking his crutches, and telling her to keep a tight hold upon his coat, they hurried away, and without meeting any one, were soon on the open road.



Cousin Jack was anxious to get away as far as possible, before stopping to rest, and Cuddledown was so glad to get out and be with him once more that she trudged along bravely for nearly two hours.

Then they stopped to rest near a grove of hemlocks, where Cousin Jack cut off some branches to make a kind of bed, and said they would rest there until morning.

Taking her in his arms again, he wrapped the blanket around both, and they lay down to sleep, with only the darkened sky and the waving branches of the trees above them.

Just before Cuddledown went to sleep she whispered to Cousin Jack, “ Did God send you to find me, and show you the way ? ” and he answered, “ I hope so, for I am sure he loves little children, and is sorry for every one who is in trouble.”

They were up before sunrise, and after making

a breakfast from the food left in the knapsack, they set out again for home.

Cousin Jack hoped they could get there before bedtime, for now that he knew the way and need not stop to look for footprints, they could return much faster than he had come.

He could not carry her very long, for he had to use both hands to manage his crutches, and this troubled him, for he was afraid she would be worn out with walking before their journey was over.

Cuddledown was a brave little bunny, and kept saying she was not very tired, and did not mind

the sun and dust. On the way she told him all about how the strange big creatures had found her resting by the shallow stream, where she had dropped the penny, and what happened to her when they carried her off to the settlement.

There they had put her in the wooden prison, as she called it, where she had been kept, for more than a week, as a plaything for their children.

She could not understand what they said, and their queer, pale, and smooth white

faces frightened her as they stared at her through the bars.

She said they gave her the strangest things to eat, and only a little loose straw for a bed, and the great clumsy children used to take her up and carry her about by the ears. Sometimes they were so rough and squeezed her so hard she thought she should die with the pain.

Cousin Jack said he had heard of something like this before, but could hardly believe any one could be so cruel as to take other living creatures, who had done them no wrong, away from their homes and friends, and shut them up in pens or cages, just for the pleasure of looking at them, or playing with the poor helpless victims.

He told her he was glad the bunnies had been taught to love their own homes and friends and

freedom, as the most precious things in the world, and were too gentle and kind-hearted to wish to rob others of all that made life sweet to them.

Cuddledown said she hoped she should never see any living creature shut up in a pen as she had been. Then Cousin Jack told her not to think any more about it, for she would soon be safe in her own happy home again, where they would all love her more than ever.

At noon they stopped to rest once more, near a brook, when Cousin Jack bathed her tired feet, and let her take a nap for an hour.

All the afternoon they kept on the way, and at sundown came to the stream without a bridge, and knew they were only a few miles from home.

Cousin Jack waded through the water with Cuddledown clinging to his back on the knapsack, and though they were very tired the thoughts of home made the rest of the way seem short.

As they climbed the Terrace a bright light was shining in the window, and they could see the family gathered around the table, looking very quiet and sad.

This was all changed in a twinkling as Cousin Jack stepped into the room, leaving Cuddledown outside for a minute, while he told them the good news gently. The first thing he said was, "Cheer up! Cuddledown is found!" and before he could answer their eager questions, Cuddledown bounded into the room and was safe in her mother's arms once more, but too happy to speak.

They were all nearly wild with joy, and they almost smothered her with hugs and kisses, until Cousin Jack reminded the family that they had come to stay, and when a pair of hungry tramps had walked so many miles, over a dusty road, since sunrise, one of the first things on the programme ought to be a warm bath and something good to eat.

Then Mother Bunny stopped repeating over and over again, "O my poor precious darling!" dried her eyes, and began to bustle about, making things very lively in that family, until both had been made as comfortable as possible and were ready to tell all about their strange journey.

When Cuddledown told the story of her going to find the "rainbow place," and said it was ever so much farther off than she had thought it was, Bunnyboy went over to her side and told her how sorry he was he had told her what was not true, that day on the hill, and promised he would never, never boast about himself again, nor try to deceive any one, even in fun.

Then Cousin Jack told his part of the story, and when he had finished, they all thought it was very strange that he happened to take the right one of the two paths, and find the right place in the dark.

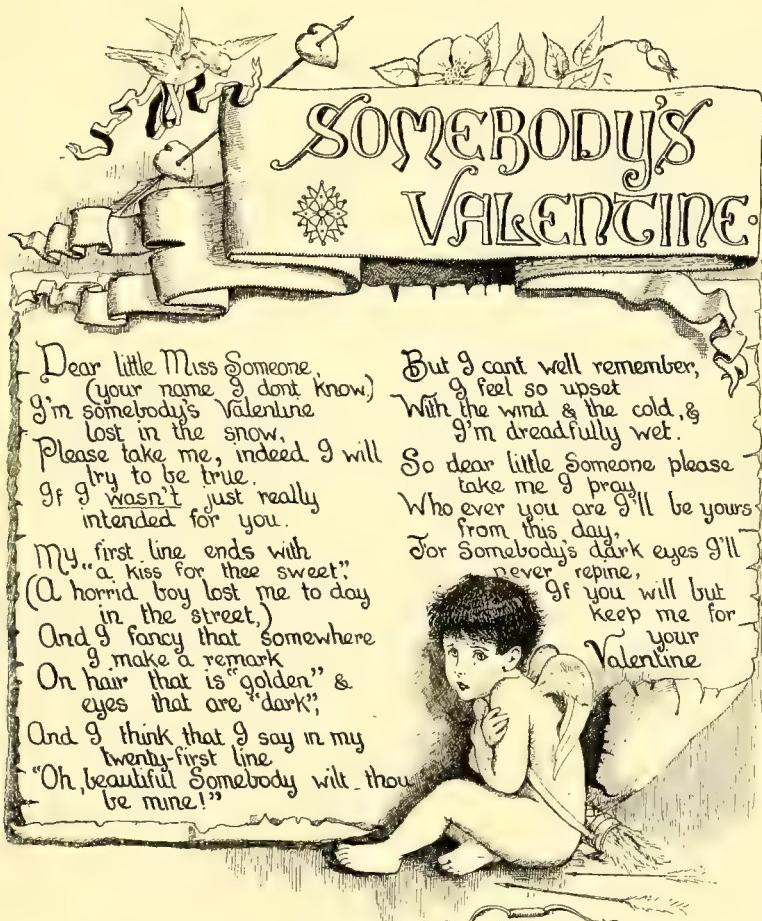


Pinkeyes said that perhaps a guardian angel had led him all the way, but Deacon Bunny said he had a great deal of faith in every-day angels, with brave, willing, and loving hearts, even if they had but one leg and a pair of crutches, instead of wings.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "we don't really know very much about guardian angels, or how they work; but my notion is this: If I had not been kept awake by thinking about Cuddledown's 'Now I lay me,' I might not have seen the lights which led me to the settlement, or known which of the two paths to take."

"And if Cuddledown had not been saying her prayer, like a good child, just as I was passing by in the dark, I might never have found the missing one at all.

"Now it seems to me," said Cousin Jack, "that the good mother who taught Cuddledown her little prayer, had something to do with my finding her child, and until we know more about these mysteries I think we ought to follow her teaching and example; and for one, I am going to write Mother Bunny's name at the head of the list of the Angels in this family."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

HO, for a short month and a merry one, my hearers! Think of February's crisp cool days and long cozy evenings, its toboggan-slides and its fields of shining ice! Then there 's St. Valentine's day, and Washington's birthday, and all the other welcome days that this short month crowds into its allotted eight and twenty. Truly it deserves to have an extra day once in four years. Bear it in mind, my hearers, and set the alarm in your memories, for 1892.

As this is a snow month and the flowers are all tucked away, warm and comfortable and quite out of hearing, there could n't be a better time for me to tell you, confidentially, the story of

THE BOLD VIOLET.

ONCE there was a modest sunflower who, though she had been much admired, hung her head shyly and longed to hide herself in the shadows of the garden.

"It is so conspicuous here by the porch," she sighed to herself, "and everybody stares at me so!"

"Don't you like it?" whispered a bold little violet near by. "I do."

The sunflower, naturally shocked at this remark, made no reply, but bent lower on her stem, as if striving in some way to atone for her companion's audacity.

"Yes," continued the bold violet, "I like it. I learn through the children's comments that I'm not only sweet, but I'm lovely, and above all, I'm modest. All this is delightful, and I'm thankful that I can make myself so agreeable."

Then the bold violet turned its face to the light, squared its pretty shoulders, and swayed in the breeze.

Soon two children came out of the cottage and stood a moment near the porch. Then the eldest

child, with a great effort, severed the humble sunflower from its stem and cast it away, saying crossly, as she tugged at the flower, "There! It's high time for you to come off. Why don't you look up at the sun, as you ought to do!" But both the children knelt and praised the violet for remaining fresh so long. "You're just as pretty as you can be, you little sweetness!" said the youngest child, softly caressing it.

"I know it," thought the bold violet. "Is n't it nice!" And she did n't hang her head one bit, but just swayed there in the breeze, squaring her pretty shoulders, and holding her face to the light till the sun went down.

MORAL.—It must not be expected that every flower shall live up to its reputation.

CLEVER YELLOW-BIRDS.

BURDETT, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you about a very interesting thing that happened in our yard. Some yellow-birds built their nest in a lilac bush under our bedroom window. We put some cotton out of the window. In a little while they came and got it. They built their nest; but a few days after they finished it we noticed a great commotion among them, and they seemed to be building another nest: then all was quiet. After they had hatched their eggs and the young birds had flown away, Mamma cut off the branch on which the nest was, and on examining it, she found that there were two nests, one right on top of the other, so made that they looked like one long nest. There was n't anything in the top nest, so Mamma lifted it off from the other nest, and in the under nest were four yellow-bird's eggs and one cow-bird's egg. The cow-bird does not build a nest of its own, but goes around and lays its eggs in other birds' nests, just as the English cuckoo does. I think that those yellow-birds were very smart to know that there was an egg there that they did not lay, and so manage as not to hatch it.

I have taken you for three years, and this is the first time that I have ever written to you. I am ten years old. I have a donkey, a dog, a cat, and a cock. My big brother says that I have the same animals as were the Street Musicians of Bremen, in Grimm's fairy tales. From your loving reader,

N. L. W.

ALL RIGHT!

DEAR JACK: Here is a short verse in which five words having the same pronunciation are used consecutively, in a form which "makes sense."

Draw up the table, set by it a chair;
Get pen and ink, and paper white and fair;
Let all stand near; 't will be a pretty sight,
I'm sure, to see the right Wright write "rite" right.

A. T. D.

GRAPES THAT COME HIGH.

CARPINTERIA, CAL.

DEAR JACK: In the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, Nellie E. H.— writes about a grape-vine in Santa Barbara which is forty-six inches around and which produced forty tons of grapes last year. But that one died and was cut down, so that the largest one in the world is in Carpinteria. There are two branches that started from one root and have twined themselves together, each one measuring about thirteen inches in diameter. These branches grow up for about seven feet and then branch out, and now cover a trellis eighty by one hundred and ten feet. It is thought that the vine is fifty-four years old, and last year it produced four tons of grapes. We have also in Carpinteria the largest geranium bush in the world, which measures one hundred and thirty-two feet in circumference; and a walnut orchard of one hundred and sixty acres.

Your interested reader,

NETTIE W.

A GOOD EXAMPLE—AND WHY?

ONE day a great and good philanthropist, who could not let even a single day go by without doing some kind deed, or helping some one less fortunate than himself, was asked admiringly if he could say

how much good he had done in the world. His truthful answer was: "I—why, I have never done any good to speak of!"

HOW GRASSHOPPERS JUMP.



slight angle, and the feet so held that they touch nothing — his weight resting on the four small front legs and the lower part of his body. Momentum is then given by a blow struck simultaneously by the jumping-feet; his big jumping-legs springing out to almost a straight line, and remaining so while he is in the air.

Please tell your boys and girls to watch them next summer.

A. L. BRENON.

SPIDER SILK.

YOUR old friend, Mr. John R. Coryell, sends to my pulpit this bit of information, to which I invite your attention :

THERE was once a gentleman in Italy who conceived the idea that the silk spun by the spider could be made of use just as is the silk of the silkworm. Of course he was laughed at by his friends, but he succeeded, nevertheless; for, in course of time, a pair of as nice silk stockings as ever you saw was the result.

He was naturally very much elated with this success, and forthwith began to collect as many spiders as he could find accommodations for. But he had no sooner set his "collection" at work than he discovered that spiders would rather fight than spin. The ladies, particularly, were very bad, and made nothing of eating two or three of the gentlemen every day, and of then retiring to sleep off the effects of the meal.

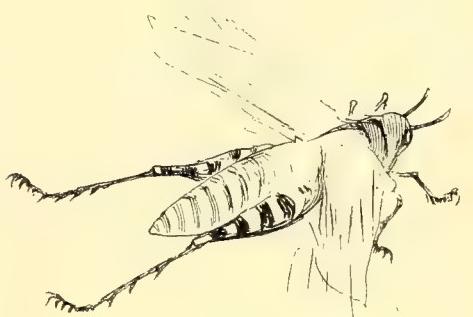
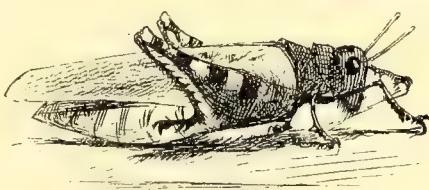
That Italian gentleman gave up his idea of run-

ning an opposition to the silk-worm with the spider; but often since that day others have tried the same experiment, either for pleasure or with a notion of turning it to profit. Gloves and stockings made of spider silk are not uncommon, and occasionally there is a whole gown made of it. It is not so very long ago that the Empress of Brazil sent such a spider-silk gown to Queen Victoria.

But the management of spiders seems to be better understood in South America than elsewhere; for in Peru, from ancient times, spider silk has been put to a great many uses, though it has never been made in sufficient quantities to become an article of commerce.

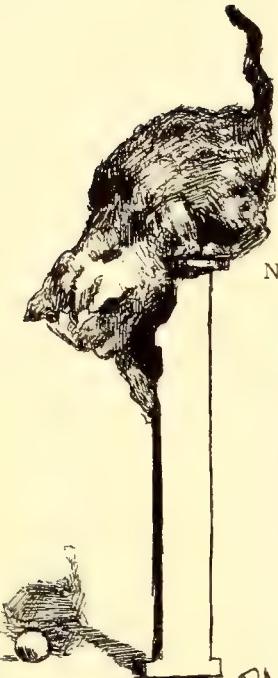
In the South Kensington Museum of London there is an odd bit of spiders' work, which Miss Gordon-Cumming found in the Fiji Islands. It is in the shape of a fool's cap, and it was made just as it is by the spiders, with no other help from man than a frame of light twigs of wood to weave it upon. It is said that when the natives wish such a cap, they merely set up the frame in some secluded corner, and leave it there until the accommodating spiders have woven over it again and again. The cap is as light as the same bulk of feathers,

but is frequently of the thickness of heavy felt. Just what use the Fijians make of these singular caps Miss Gordon-Cumming does not say. It may be that they are worn as night-caps.



A MESSAGE.

DON'T forget the birds. Those who linger north are very glad, you may depend, to find crumbs and tidbits upon the snow in bitter weather.



CUP AND SAUCER: THE NEW BABES IN THE WOOD.

BY WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

N Paris, near the junction of the boulevard Montparnasse and the boulevard Raspail, is a small restaurant, known in the "Latin Quarter" as the *Café des Artistes*. Monsieur and Madame Avril are the joint proprietors of this establishment. Monsieur Avril is by no means a big man, but his wife is almost a giantess; and he is very proud of being the husband of so majestic a woman.

These worthy

people have no children, but they own a fine black cat which goes by the name of Seal-skin.

One morning, at an unreasonable hour, just after Etienne, the *garçon*, had taken down the shutters, and while he was in the act of sprinkling the floor, Seal-skin strolled leisurely into the café accompanied by two very young gray kittens. These kittens were graceful and engaging, and had evidently arrived with the intention of making the *Café des Artistes* their home. Although both Monsieur and Madame Avril were kind people, they decided that this would not be a convenient arrangement. They therefore offered the kittens to several of their customers, but nobody seemed in the least inclined to adopt them.

At length, Monsieur Avril, who had less sensibility than his wife, proposed that the kittens should be drowned; but Madame Avril, who would not have wounded Seal-skin's feelings for anything in the world, could not listen to this atrocious proposal. They finally agreed, however,

upon another plan. Madame Avril gently but firmly placed the kittens in an old apricot-basket and tied two copies of *Le Petit Journal* securely over the top, at the same time cutting various tiny holes in the newspapers, in order that they might have fresh air to breathe. Even this unavoidable cruelty nearly broke Madame Avril's heart; for all the while she was employed in preparing the basket, the little kittens were making the most plaintive, appealing noises, and were going rapidly round and round the floor, at times endeavoring to conciliate even the legs of the chairs and tables, by rubbing softly against them.

Monsieur Avril, who perceived that his wife was in a melting mood, quickly took up the basket,



D. AUDRA.
PARIS '88.

MASTER PETITS-FOURS.

carried it down the rue Bréa, along the rue Vavin, across the Luxembourg Gardens, and laid it near the foot of Lequesne's beautiful statue of the

"Dancing Faun," right in the middle of a bed of scarlet geraniums. Then he stole away with a guilty air. Not long after, Mademoiselle and Master Petits-fours, who were out for an afternoon promenade with their *bonne*, approached the statue. These children were brother and sister, and lived with their parents on the fourth *étage* of a large apartment-house in the *rue du Luxembourg*. Master Petits-fours began to prance about in front of the statue as if he were trying to imitate the antics in which a real Faun might once have indulged.

"Look, my bonne," he exclaimed, "Monsieur the Statue is smiling at me and blowing upon his *mirliton*"; and the boy smiled back at the Faun. But here Mademoiselle, who had been hovering around the geraniums like a gay butterfly, gave a cry of delight and ran up to the bonne, bringing the basket and its contents of mewing kittens, which she displayed with great pleasure, stroking their fuzzy little backs and talking to them in a soft tone and with caressing words.

"Do you think Mamma will allow us to keep them?" asked Master Petits-fours with his thumbs in his pockets, who, like a man, was thinking of

the practical results of the discovery which his sister had made.

"If she does," rejoined the little girl breathlessly, "they will always be companions, and then we can call them, if we like, Cup and Saucer!"



MADEMOISELLE PETITS-FOURS.

Mamma must have consented, for how else did the kittens come to reside with the children and their parents in the fourth *étage* of a large apartment-house in the *rue du Luxembourg*?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE failed to mention in the December number that the picture on page 121 of the little girl in Japanese costume, was reproduced from a photograph by Mr. A. J. Treat of San Francisco. Our thanks are due to Mr. Treat for this courtesy, and our apologies for the omission of the proper credit.

SEVERAL good friends of ST. NICHOLAS have expressed a fear that the small type used in the "Letter-box" department is injurious to the eyes of our readers. Upon careful consideration, it has been decided that, after this month, larger type shall be used for these pages.

THE LETTER-BOX.

SPUYTEN DUYVIL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following is a letter written by my young boy cousin, only seven years old. He had no help whatever, and I think it would interest some of your little readers if they found it among the letters in ST. NICHOLAS. S. E. B.—

WILD BEASTS

THE Buffalo has a hairy hide.

The bear is cruel, and many a hunter has found his death-bed in the jaws of them.

The panther will not come up and lick your hand: he'd rather bite it; but then I must not leave the lion out. You can not tame him by kissing him. It is easier to meet him in a cage in the circus than on his land where he was born.

The elephant is not a weak beast; he can wring a man to death by one strain of his trunk. You must remember that he does not go lightly along like a Giraffe.

The Camel does not mind trotting along on the hottest sands
Ermines, though small, are pretty; especially in the winter.

The Polar bear is somewhat different from the grizzly; white fur, of course.

It seems to me there were no horses before Columbus arrived.

Zebras are pretty, but hard to tame.

The Antelope and Gazelle can go as fast through the forest as a bird can soar in the air.

There is the Reindeer that the Laplanders feed on (and fish), and the reindeers pull them around as the horses do us.

BUDDIE H.—

WILLIAMS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I'm one of your little girls, seven years old. I never was in a school-room, but I read all the stories out loud to Mamma, and I am trying to write this letter myself, so you will know how much I love you. Mamma gave you to us, if we would not ask to go to the circus, and we think the "Brownies" and "Two Little Confederates" are better than a circus.

Please ask the lady who wrote "Sara Crewe" to make her story longer next time.

My sister Ruby is five years old. She has very heavy brown hair two feet long. She is a slim brunette, and I am a fat blonde. My other sister, May, is away at school. It is eight miles to our school-house, but we like California. Last Christmas, Papa put our presents on an orange-tree, on the lawn, and it was beautiful to look at; and so warm that day that we needed no wraps, and Mamma told us we must try and remember it always, for she did not think any other little girls ever had a Christmas-tree outdoors.

I did not mean to make this letter so long. Good-bye, with love to all your boys and girls and a kiss to you, from

OPAL S.— and RUBY S.—

THE letter which follows explains itself, and we may here express our thanks to the Secretary of the Children's Christmas Club of Philadelphia for sending us the report of the club, and say that we are very glad the article concerning Christmas Clubs (in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1887) was the cause of the founding of the Philadelphia organization:

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take much pleasure in sending you a report of the Children's Christmas Club of Philadelphia. We

started our club after reading the article in ST. NICHOLAS last December. Although we did not have such a large number of poor children at our first dinner as some of the other clubs, we think it a good beginning, as our club is composed entirely of children. Hoping that a great many more Christmas Clubs will be started this year, believe me, very truly yours,

MARY WRAY BENSON, Secretary.

The article to which the letter refers gave the story of the founding of the Children's Christmas Club of Washington City. The Washington Club was organized soon after the original Children's Christmas Club, of Portland, Me., was formed. The history of this pioneer club may be found in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1887.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Winnipeg in the "Letter-box." We have two little dogs; they know a few tricks. Our favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "Jennie's Boarding-House," "Drill," and "The Brownies," by Palmer Cox. I am nine years old, and I have a little brother six years old. We have very cold winters in Winnipeg, and have lots of fun making snowballs and sliding down toboggan-slides and going out for snow-shoe tramps. We also buy our ice in big pieces about three feet thick, which the men can hardly pull off the wagon, that they get on the river. And we buy our water by the barrel in summer. Sometimes in the river-water you find little tiny fish. Sometimes the snow is as deep as yourself, where it has drifted up against the fences. We go to school morning and afternoon. We have taken you about two years and enjoy you more than any other magazine we get. Two years ago we went out to Victoria, B. C., and saw many Chinamen. We have been to Toronto about twice.

Your loving readers, ARTHUR and FRANK.

DRESDEN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma has told me such a funny thing that happened to her cat when she was a little girl; I must tell you all about it. It was in Spain,—for Mamma is Spanish, and a sweater Spanish *Manita* can not be found in the whole world. But I must talk about the cat, not about Mamma. It was a pussy,—a nice black one,—with a little white spot on the top of his nose. He used to be a great pet, and once an organ-man with a monkey stopped in the street underneath mamma's window and commenced to play. Meanwhile the monkey climbed up and stood on the rail of the balcony, while pussy was purring in the sun. At first the cat was very much frightened and made a mountain of his back, but the monkey looked so harmless and so good-natured that the mountain came down, and soon they began to play together. By and by the monkey became a little rough, or, at least, the cat thought so, and scratched him. Then the monkey took the cat's paws and examined them very carefully to find out how it was done, but the cat had already drawn in his claws, and the monkey was very much puzzled. This happened three times, and each time the monkey became more angry until, at last, out of patience, he took the cat and threw him off the balcony, and the poor cat fell to the street, and that was the end of him. Good-bye, ST. NICHOLAS. Give us many good stories like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita."

Your loving reader, ROSITA CERDÁ C.—

TEMPLETON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been your subscriber for two years, and shall be this year, for I already have the number for November, 1888. I have the bound volumes of Volume XIV., and the first part of Volume XV. I did not take you when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a serial, but the public library here takes you, and has all your volumes bound, so I read it in one of them.

I went to Boston last September and saw "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as a play in the Boston Museum, the first time it was acted, and it was a very interesting play.

I think that you are the best American juvenile magazine published. With best wishes for a successful year, I am yours sincerely,

WILLIAM N. S.—

KIEFF, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two Russian girls, and we write to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine. We are cousins, and only one of us takes it, but we both read it through and through, and, of course, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is our favorite story. We like American books exceedingly, especially Miss Alcott's, and should so much like to go to America one day,—Americans seem to be so jolly. We hope you will print our letter in the "Letter-box," for we think it is the first one you have from any of our compatriots.

Before closing this letter we beg you not to think that in Russia people are sent to Siberia every day; it really happens rarely; our Emperor is very good and kind, and we all love and respect him very much.

Hoping to take your magazine for many a year yet to come, we remain your antipodes and admiring readers,

SASHA B.— and VERA L.—

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS has sent us a little story, which we print below, of the strange true incidents of a Christmas-day on the Amazon River in far-away South America:

WHAT BEFELL ONE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

By M. F. S.

PARÁ, BRAZIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Far up the Amazon River, a little boy and girl, brother and sister, had planned to have a Christmas-tree. This was on the day but one before Christmas, a day that proved to be a very adventurous one. For, to begin with, Mamma, in looking over a large *balai* (basket) of unironed clothes, found to her dismay that they were all *eaten*. And by what? By nothing less than a colony of *cupim* (white-ants) that, during the night, had come up through the crevices of the wooden floor. Big garments and little, when held up for inspection, fell into a shower of snowy pieces, no larger than six-pences. Even Dolly's best muslin frock had not escaped. Joao, the Indian boy, was called, a part of the flooring removed, and the ants' covered walks, leading yards beyond the dwelling, were saturated with kerosene. Then, after this, a snake, six feet long, was found hanging from a palm-thatched out-building, and promptly killed. But this for the children was no *very* uncommon event. A more interesting one happened later when they had a long talk with a party of half-Indians, who were going up-river by canoe for a great alligator-hunt. Now, was this not enough of adventure for one day in the lives of two little children? But something else was still to happen; Mamma said, on most days something *did* happen. You shall hear. In the garden—the tangled tropical garden of cacao, mango, and orange trees—was a tank, in which lay an electric-eel. The children delighted in stirring this creature up with a stick; a proceeding often imitated by a big, favorite monkey. Well, on this day, a scamp of a neighbor's son had fastened an umbrella-rib to the stick, and slyly given it to the monkey who began his favorite operation. But with an unlooked-for result! The poor electrified monkey was thrown back by the shock he received, and lay as one dead! Later on, trembling with terror, he ran away into the deep forest beyond, and was never seen again.

But to return to the Christmas-tree. One tree, just right, as the children said, had been found at a long distance and had been brought and placed by the old *perchada* (stoop) door. The morning of the Nativity dawned cloudless and warm. Papa was to prune the tree into shape, and early, knife in hand, was advancing toward it, when a cry of dismay from the children met his ear. What was it? Mamma heard and hastened toward the spot, followed by the faithful Joao. What did they see? Their tree, their Christmas-tree, lying leafless and bare! A few green fragments of leaves hung dejectedly from branch and bough, and that was all! All except a long trail of sawn, jagged leaves, borne along by a host of enterprising ants, *sariba*, which during the night had done this deed. They were more horrid creatures even than *cupim*, so Mamma said. If only Santa Claus could have petrified them into brown atoms on the spot! Why, they had desolated the very rose-trees of the garden. Much-tried Mamma came to the rescue as usual.

"Never mind the tree," she said, "you shall hang up your stockings instead, and help me arrange a pretty table."

"And we'll have lots of fun," chimed in the already consoled children. And so they had.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that you have never had a letter from here before, so I will write you one. I am a little girl nine years old. I live in La Crosse, which is sometimes called the Gateway City, because it is through this city that people pass to go to the North-west. I have taken your book for a year, and I like it very much. I wish that all the girls and boys took it. I think it is very kind of you to publish the letters, so that other children in other parts of the country read them. I go to Madison most every summer. Madison is the capital of the State of Wisconsin. There are many nice buildings in it. Two years ago I went to Great Bend, Kansas. I had a nice time there. I like the stories, "Sara Crewe"; or, "What Happened at Miss Minchin's," and "Trude's Siege" very much. I must close now.

Your fond reader,

MINNIE E. S.—

BEAUFORT, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing letters in your November number of the magazine, from correspondents of seventeen, I have ventured to send a letter too.

I do not ever remember seeing Beaufort, S. C., represented in your "Letter-box." It is a very pretty little town on the Beaufort river, which is, properly, an arm of the sea.

We have a population of between four and five thousand, of which three-fourths are negroes. As a race, they are very interesting and amusing. I have some very good friends among the colored people who, when they come to see us all, almost always bring some gift, usually something raised by themselves upon their own lots. One old woman, whom we call Aunt Nancy, lives on one of the islands near here, and pays her visits on Saturday when she comes to Beaufort to do her marketing. Her presents vary with the seasons: in summer, she brings us eggs and berries; at this time of year, peas and ground-nuts; her last gift was fine sweet-potatoes. Of course, we reciprocate, with presents of clothing, sweetmeats, etc.; but both the offerings are free-will ones, and we do not feel called upon to give because the visitor has, nor *vise versa*. Most of the negroes have musical voices and are good story-tellers; our washwoman being no exception to the rule. Her tale of "My Conversion" is worth listening to. A great number of the colored people are engaged on the dredges, and at the phosphate works, of which there are a number on our island.

I have often been to the Old Fort Grove on picnics. A portion of the old fort, built in the sixteenth century, still remains; although the lilies of France are no longer to be traced on its tabby walls. I enjoy your historic stories and am reading Mr. Alton's "Routine of the Republic," with interest.

With kind remembrances to all lovers of ST. NICHOLAS,

I remain your reader, EFFIE R.—

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a fourteen-year-old American boy from New York, and a sincere admirer and interested reader of yours. I have been living, ever since the 15th of June, on the borders of the Lake of Lucerne, just opposite the much-renowned Rigi. Our villa is about fifteen minutes' good rowing from the town, but, in a light boat and rowing standing up, one can do it in less. Nobody ever seems to remark on this queer way of rowing, though it must look strange to an American. It is, however, much easier than the old-fashioned way (though I suppose this way is just as old among the Swiss), as one can throw the weight of one's body on the oars, and thus save the muscle. We have already had a fall of snow here, but it melted right away and was succeeded by rain. This is a terrible place for rain; on an average, I think that we must have had here six rainy days out of every ten, this summer. The German *fatuos* spoken by the peasants around Lucerne is terribly difficult to understand and very ugly; it is so guttural. There is no fishing to speak of in this lake,—that is, line fishing; with a net you can get some few fish, but it does n't pay for the trouble unless you have to earn your living by it. The hunting is even worse than the fishing, for though there are a few ducks around here, you are not allowed to shoot them in the marshes they principally frequent; so hunting does n't pay either. This summer I walked up the Pilatus, which is about seven thousand feet high, and from which the view is beautiful. On a clear day you have spread out before you the grand range of mountains called the Bernese Oberland, among which are the famous Jungfrau, Monck, Eiger, etc., which all seem close at hand, though they are in reality many miles away. The Pilatus is about a thousand feet higher than the Rigi, and I think this view is much finer. The Pilatus railway was completed this summer, but will not be open to the public until next year. It seems almost a shame to desecrate these grand old mountains with railroads. I have taken you five years, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and would find it hard to do without you now.

I remain, your friend and reader,

JOHN H. T.—

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: During the summer we live at a village on the European side of the Bosphorus, called "Therapia." On the Asiatic side, opposite us, is a tall mountain, called the Giant's Mount. I think perhaps it would interest you to know why it goes by this name. It is said that Joshua sat at the top and washed his feet in the Bosphorus, which is just at the foot of the mountain. As it is about ten or twelve hundred feet high, he must have been an immensely tall man. There is a tomb at the top, in which his great-toe is supposed to be buried, and whenever any of the natives go up the mountain, they generally go to see the tomb and tie a ribbon, string, or any little bit of rag they happen to have, to the grave, and wish. Their wishes so made are supposed to be sure of fulfillment.

I went with a picnic party up there, and all of us went to see the tomb and wish, just for fun. It was inclosed by a stone wall, and all over the bushes that surrounded it were tied rags of all shapes, sizes, and colors, which gave it a very queer appearance. We had a hard climb before we reached the top, and were rather tired; but the view was so lovely we did not regret having come. This is all I know about it, so I will stop. I am,

Your sincere friend,

ELEANOR MABEL P—.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard many letters read from your "Letter-box," so I thought I would write one and tell you some of my adventures. I am a little Maltese kitten named "Tabby," but alas! I am an orphan. My highly esteemed mother died a short time ago, a victim of misplaced confidence in man's generosity, for she ate freely of some meat that was left within her reach. It did not agree with her, as she died in a short time from the effects of the drug that was sprinkled on it. Before I had time to recover from the shock caused by her death, my little master became the owner of a little Scotch terrier who almost torments my life out. I have no peace with him. Hark! here he comes. Good-bye. Spt-spz-zz! mee-ow—! —*Fiona*

"TABBY."

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for ten years, and I have never yet written to you. I suppose you get letters from all

parts of the globe, but I have never seen one from Denver. I like the story of the "Two Little Confederates" very much, but the universal favorite is "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I think my sister and I will take the dear old St. NICHOLAS until we are old women. I am very much interested in the "King's Move Puzzle" contest, as I tried for it.

Ever your reader,

HELEN T—.

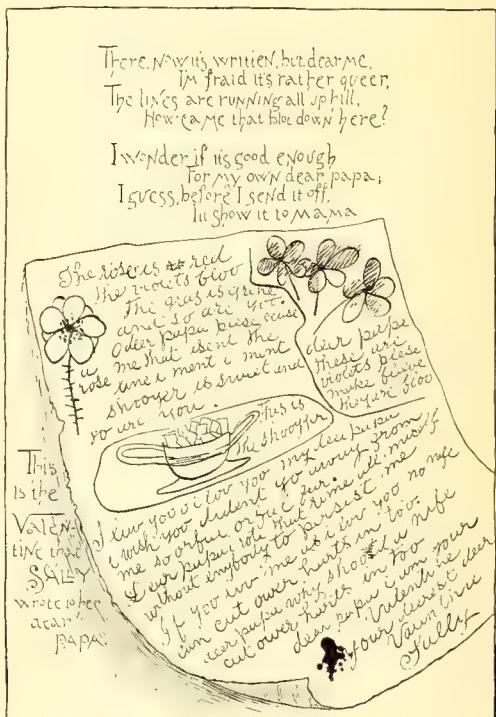
TOPEKA, KAN.

TOPEKA, KAN.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been away this summer, and so I have not had much chance to read you, but when I got home I just rolled in your lovely stories. I was quite interested in the story, "A Floating Home," for, while we were at the ocean, we found a piece of seaweed, and on it were three sea-urchins and five starfish and a very small green fish.

My sister used to take you in the time of the reports of the Bird Defender Society, and I take you now. I think that the "Brownies" are very funny folk, and I enjoy "Drill" and "Prince Fairyfoot." I wish you would publish another long fairy story.

PAUL A. L—.

We have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow, and we thank the writers:—Dick E. Rollins, W. F. W., Bess S., Edith Parker, M. W. G., Marion Stewart, Margaret R., Sybil M., Minnie Leavitt, Peachie and Helen, Helen Lovell, Mary B. Verplanck, Leah Tuttle, Elsie Lorsch, Tillie B. N., E. Badger, May Somerville, Fannie Basil, Eeryl B. Bard, Edith M. Beyer, Elsia, Elizabeth D., Frances, Maggie C. Clark, H. Stevens, Bell C., Millie G. P., Bess and Frankie, Stanley A., Robert S. Park, Edith Dugan, Frances McCahill, Helen Brown, Cordelia C. Maynard, Villa Johnson, Emma, Dora Sheerin, Frances M., Loie, Florrie Cox, Muriel Gould, Nannie Hoyt, Helen E., Clara D. Hinckley, Milie Freund, T. H. Snider, Ralph Welch, William Sheerin, Marie R., and Elijah H. Owen.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from May L. Gerrish, Isabel F. Gerrish and Emily A. Daniell — Paul Reese — Louise Ingham Adams — "Willoughby."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from F. and A. Schmidt, 1 — A. J. Snow, 1 — K. Guthrie, 1 — M. H. Ware, 1 — "Locks and Keys," 3 — C. P., 1 — Maude E. Palmer, 11 — L. D. Bloodgood, 1 — Clara O., 8 — "Alfreata," 1 — Lillian A. Thorpe, 10 — O. Evans and M. Burrows, 5 — "Miss Ouri," 4 — L. P. Coleman, 1 — "Infantry," 11 — Julia and Eddie, 1 — "Jennie, Mina, and Isabel," 10 — Ida C. Thallon, 10 — "Pandora," 4 — "Blithedale," 11 — "Jo and I," 11 — "Aunt Kate, Jamie, and Mamma," 10 — Percy, Frank, and Bert, 3 — Ward Brothers, 7 — Herbert D. Condie, 3 — S. and P., 2 — J. S. Gibson, 1 — Edna L. Farr, 1 — "Mohawk Valley," 9 — James R. Sharp, 2 — "May and 79," 8 — J. Bert Harris, 3 — Etta Reilly, 2 — Mary W. Stone, 9 — Nellie L. Howes, 8 — Ida and Alice, 9 — Harry Mattison, 1 — Tom, Dick, and Harrie, 8 — Agnes and Oscar Warburg, 11 — L. H. F. and "Mistic," 4 — Katie Campbell, 1.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A large bird. 2. A Mace-bearer. 3. Provision for successive relief. 4. To scatter. 5. A kind of settle. Downward: 1. A letter from Maine. 2. A verb. 3. A vehicle. 4. Units. 5. Small cords. 6. Scarce. 7. However. 8. A pronoun. 9. A letter from Maine.

"EUREKA."

REBUS.

The answer to the accompanying rebus is a proverb referring to the possible weakness of that which seems strong.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

EACH of the eleven following groups of words may be transposed to form one word of eleven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell a word meaning to quibble; and the diagonals, from the lower left-hand corner to the upper right-hand corner, will spell a kind of decoration.

1. Let soap tear. 2. Grant has cat. 3. I coal the log. 4. I vex, grand L. I. 5. Ate clams in D. 6. Strut Corn Co. 7. Even nice Con. 8. Hi slim cheat. 9. Nabs cruel pi. 10. A Hilt City Co. 11. Pica I rented.

CUBE.

	2
5	6
.
.
.	3	4
.
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, propriety of conduct; from 2 to 4, pertaining to a country of North America; from 1 to 3, traders; from 3 to 4, a flat iron; from 5 to 6, broiled; from 6 to 8, one who drains; from 5 to 7, brave; from 7 to 8, a tutor; from 1 to 5, any substance used in the composition of medicines; from 2 to 6, to improve; from 4 to 8, adjacent; from 3 to 7, kind.

NELL O. AND KATHERINE K.

WORD PROGRESSIONS.

In a word of sixteen letters, meaning a geometrical figure, find sixteen smaller words (without changing the position of the letters) answering to the following definitions:

1. A child's term for a parent. 2. A state of equality. 3. A Turkish coin. 4. Similar. 5. A proper name found in the Bible. 6. A sea in Asia. 7. The entire sum. 8. An exclamation. 9. To cut off. 10. What printers dislike. 11. A spot on cards. 12. A musical instrument. 13. A small pack-saddle. 14. To perform. 15. A river of Russia. 16. A preposition.

Reverse the order of the sixteen letters, and find words answering to the following definitions:

1. A word of denial. 2. To make a slight bow. 3. A knot. 4. A lyric poem. 5. A mixture of type. 6. A seed. 7. A river of Italy. 8. A measure of length. 9. Another measure of length. 10. A feminine name. 11. A household deity. 12. A Scriptural name. 13. A sharp blow.

"JOHN PEERYBINGLE."

WORD TRANSFORMATIONS.

1. Find a body of men commanded by a colonel; curtail, and leave orderly government; curtail again, and leave administration; curtail and transpose, and make to sully deeply; behead, and leave frost; reverse, and make a military commander; transpose, and make deep mud; curtail and reverse, and leave a margin.

2. Find a journal; transpose, and make a place where mills is kept; behead, and leave gay; curtail, and leave a tune; curtail again,

and leave a place "which is beside, Beth-aven"; add a letter, and make succor; transpose, and make a feminine name; add a letter and transpose, and make a hostile incursion; reverse, add a letter, and make the first word given.

3. Find an old game at cards; curtail, and leave a kind of type; again, and leave to charge with powder; again, and leave precise; curtail once more, transpose, and make to cut off; behead and reverse, and make what printers make only accidentally.

4. Find a small cloak worn by women; curtail, and leave to disguise; transpose, and make intellectual; again, and make to bewail; behead and curtail, and leave a word which occurs frequently in prayer-books; behead and curtail again, and leave a pronoun.

5. Find places where shelter may be found; syncopate a letter, and leave metallic veins; transpose, and make an island on which a very famous Greek oracle was situated; again, and make a rich tapestry hanging at the back of an altar; insert a letter, and make a pannier; remove this letter, and curtail, and leave a portion; transpose, and make short poems; syncopate and transpose, and make turf; behead and reverse, and make to execute.

6. Find a certain tree; transpose, and make ran; again, and make was inclined; add a letter, and make frightened; transpose, and make holy; behead and curtail, and make a portion of land.

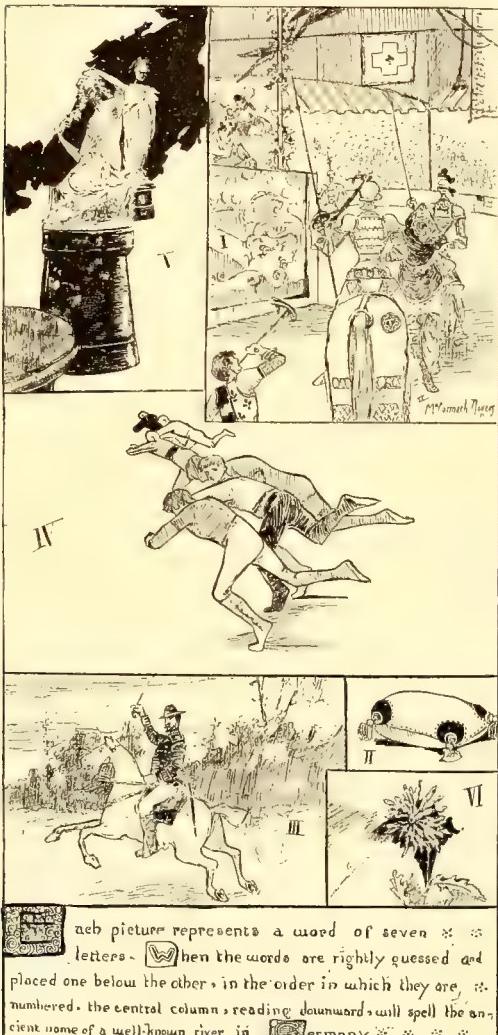
"PROTEUS."

ACROSTIC.

1. To summon. 2. A coward. 3. A military engine. 4. A pretender to superior knowledge. 5. A raptorial bird. 6. Moderates. 7. A name which forms part of the title to one of Dickens's works. 8. Blazes. 9. To cement.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters, and one of the rows, reading downward, will spell the name of a certain day in February, which is the subject of the following "pi":

Fi melascand yda eb arif dan gribth,
Enwrit hivil heareton glith;
Fi no maledcans ayd ti eb wresho dan nari,
Timrew si nego, dan wil tuo coem gania.



Web picture represents a word of seven x's
When the words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the central column, reading downward, will spell the ancient name of a well-known river in Germany.

EASY ENIGMA.

FROM the letters which spell a certain month of the year make words which may be defined as follows:

1. Withered.
2. A prophet.
3. An equal.
4. A vegetable.
5. A beverage.
6. A masculine name.
7. Most correct.
8. To stop.
9. Cinders.
10. To guide.
11. A stalk.
12. To measure.
13. Formerly.
14. Any limited time.
15. Compact.
16. Saucy.
17. An insect.
18. Precipitous.
19. Fixed.
20. To annoy.
21. To appear.
22. To be stocked to overflowing.
23. A vegetable growth larger than a shrub.
24. To encounter.
25. A favorite.
26. A plague.
27. That which measures.
28. A pool.
29. A clan or

family.

30. A merry frolic.

31. Joined.

32. A pronoun.

33. Disposition of mind.

34. To notice.

35. Gradation.

36. A certain style of dry goods.

What is the month, and what are the thirty-seven words formed from it?

E. R.

ABSENT VOWELS.

INSERT a vowel wherever there is an x in the ten sentences which follow. When they are complete, select a word of five letters from each sentence. When these ten words are rightly selected and placed one below the other, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the names of certain missives, very pleasant to receive:

1. XLL CXVXT, XLL LXSN.
2. YXX DXXG VXXR GRVNXW VYXTH VXXXR TXXXT.
3. WX HXTX DXLXV, VXT XT MXKX XS WXSX.
4. BXTTXR HXLFX LXXF THNN NX BRXXD.
5. FXNNY WXSX, PXXND FNXLNSH.
6. DRWXWNXNG MXN WXL CXTCH XT X STRXW.
7. TWX XLL MXMHS MXKX THX THXRD X GLXTTXN.
8. HXNNY XN THX MXXTH SXXNS THX PXRSX.
9. SPXRX TX SPXXK, SPYRX TX SPXXD.
10. HXSTX MNKXS WXSTX.

JOHN PEERYBINGLE.

RIDDLE.

The light of the nation, in war and in peace,
My hero he flourished in good old Greece;
And his life-blood to all he unsparingly gave,—
For though wicked, from darkness his country he'd save.

Tall was he, and slender,—and yet he was fat;
Which sounds rather strange, though 't is true for all that;
And though inwardly weak, as 'most every one knew,
He often went out when a great tempest blew.

Yet when weary mortals retire to bed,
This faithful one watches with hat on his head;
But a coat, if he owns it, he never puts on,
Though already—alas!—in consumption far gone.

And thus his gaunt form, ah, it wasted away
As the icicle melts in the sun's brightest ray;
And all that remains of this hero so brave
Are his stick and his snuff-box — which last proves his grave.

C. L. M.

OCTAGON.

1. EQUAL value. 2. Temperate. 3. Pleasing to people in general. 4. Insolent. 5. Furnished with a new lining. 6. A bird who is made the subject of a famous poem. 7. A color. G. P.

ARROW.

ACROSS: 1. Steals. 2. To elect. 3. A West Indian tree which furnishes a light, elastic wood, often used for archery bows. 4. An exhalation. 5. Otherwise.

DOWNTWARD: 1. (two letters.) A prefix denoting repetition. 2. (four letters.) Elliptical. 3. (five letters.) A large pill. 4. (five letters.) A fixed gaze. 5. (three letters.) One half of a word meaning to furnish with means. 6. (three letters.) The sun. C. B. D.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

IN the following six sentences are concealed six words,—a hint as to what the word is being given in each sentence. The seventh sentence contains a Roman numeral. The words and letter, when rightly selected, may be placed so as to form a half-square; within the half-square a five-letter diamond may be found, and within the diamond a three-letter word-square.

1. If ever Eve redeems her character she will be highly esteemed.
2. Oliver rode down to the ruins and saw the place where the fire had eaten away the wood.
3. In this relieve we discover a figure of the Indian who made a solemn promise to be always a good friend to the white men.
4. Adam and Eve denied their faults and were driven from the first garden.
5. Just before dark the sky and clouds presented a bright color.
6. We have done all we could to discountenance calling the boy by his nickname.
7. Did David drive Dick to Dartmouth to deliver a letter?

"R. H. OMBOID."



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 5.

DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

CHAPTER I.

ONE fine day in September, in the year 1863, there was quite an uproar on the Gaston plantation, in Putnam County, in the State of Georgia. Uncle Jake, the carriage-driver, was missing. He was more than fifty years old, and it was the first time he had been missing since his mistress had been big enough to call him. But he was missing now. Here was his mistress waiting to order the carriage ; here was his master fretting and fuming ; and here were the two little children, Lucien and Lillian, crying because they did n't know where Uncle Jake was — “Daddy Jake,” who had heretofore seemed always to be within sound of their voices, ready and anxious to amuse them in any and every way.

Then came the news that Daddy Jake had actually run away. This was, indeed, astounding news, and although it was brought by the son of the overseer, none of the Gastons would believe it, least of all Lucien and Lillian. The son of the overseer also brought the further information that Daddy Jake, who had never had an angry word for anybody, had struck the overseer across the head with a hoe-handle, and had then taken to the woods. Dr. Gaston was very angry, indeed, and he told the overseer's son that if anybody was to blame it was his father. Mrs. Gaston, with her eyes full

of tears, agreed with her husband, and Lucien and Lillian, when they found that Daddy Jake was really gone, refused to be comforted. Everybody seemed to be dazed. As it was Saturday, and Saturday was a holiday, the negroes stood around their quarters in little groups discussing the wonderful event. Some of them went so far as to say that if Daddy Jake had taken to the woods it was time for the rest of them to follow suit; but this proposition was hooted down by the more sensible among them.

Nevertheless, the excitement on the Gaston plantation ran very high when it was discovered that a negro so trusted and so trustworthy as Daddy Jake had actually run away ; and it was not until all the facts were known that the other negroes became reconciled to Daddy Jake's absence. What were the facts? They were very simple, indeed ; and yet, many lads and lasses who read this may fail to fully comprehend them.

In the first place, the year in which Daddy Jake became a fugitive was the year 1863, and there was a great deal of doubt and confusion in the South at that time. The Conscription Act and the Impressment Law were in force. Under the one, nearly all the able-bodied men and boys were drafted into the army ; and under the other, all the corn and hay and horses that the Confederacy needed were pressed into service. This state of

things came near causing a revolt in some of the States, especially in Georgia, where the laws seemed to bear most heavily. Something of this is to be found in the histories of that period, but nothing approaching the real facts has ever been published. After the Conscription Act was passed the planters were compelled to accept the services of such overseers as they could get, and the one whom Dr. Gaston had employed lacked both experience and discretion. He had never been trained to the business. He was the son of a shoemaker, and he became an overseer merely to keep out of the army. A majority of those who made overseeing their business had gone to the war either as volunteers or substitutes, and very few men capable of taking charge of a large plantation were left behind.

At the same time, overseers were a necessity on some of the plantations. Many of the planters were either lawyers or doctors, and these, if they had any practice at all, were compelled to leave their farming interests to the care of agents; there were other planters who had been reared in the belief that an overseer was necessary on a large plantation; so that, for one cause and another, the overseer class was a pretty large one. It was a very respectable class, too; for, under ordinary circumstances, no person who was not known to be trustworthy would be permitted to take charge of the interests of a plantation, for these were as various and as important as those of any other business.

But in 1863 it was a very hard matter to get a trustworthy overseer; and Dr. Gaston, having a large practice as a physician, had hired the first person who applied for the place, without waiting to make any inquiries about either his knowledge or his character; and it turned out that his overseer was not only utterly incompetent, but that he was something of a rowdy besides. An experienced overseer would have known that he was employed, not to exercise control over the house servants, but to look after the farm-hands; but the new man began business by ordering Daddy Jake to do various things that were not in the line of his duty. Naturally, the old man, who was something of a boss himself, resented this sort of interference. A great many persons were of the opinion that he had been spoiled by kind treatment; but this is doubtful. He had been raised with the white people from a little child, and he was as proud in his way as he was faithful in all ways. Under the circumstances, Daddy Jake did what other confidential servants would have done; he ignored the commands of the new overseer, and went about his business as usual. This led to a quarrel—the overseer doing most of the quarreling. Daddy Jake was on his dignity, and the

overseer was angry. Finally, in his fury, he struck the old negro with a strap which he was carrying across his shoulders. The blow was a stinging one, and it was delivered full in Uncle Jake's face. For a moment the old negro was astonished. Then he became furious. Seizing an ax-handle that happened to be close to his hand, he brought it down upon the head of the overseer with full force. There was a tremendous crash as the blow fell, and the overseer went down as if he had been struck by a pile-driver. He gave an awful groan, and trembled a little in his limbs, and then lay perfectly still. Uncle Jake was both dazed and frightened. He would have gone to his master, but he remembered what he had heard about the law. In those days a negro who struck a white man was tried for his life, and if his guilt could be proven, he was either branded with a hot iron and sold to a speculator, or he was hanged.

The certainty of these punishments had no doubt been exaggerated by rumor, but even the rumor was enough to frighten the negroes. Daddy Jake looked at the overseer a moment, and then stooped and felt of him. He was motionless and, apparently, he had ceased to breathe. Then the old negro went to his cabin, gathered up his blanket and clothes, put some provisions in a little bag, and went off into the woods. He seemed to be in no hurry. He walked with his head bent, as if in deep thought. He appeared to understand and appreciate the situation. A short time ago he was the happy and trusted servant of a master and mistress who had rarely given him an unkind word; now he was a fugitive—a runaway. As he passed along by the garden palings he heard two little children playing and prattling on the other side. They were talking about him. He paused and listened.

"Daddy Jake likes me the best," Lucien was saying, "because he tells me stories."

"No," said Lillian, "he likes me the best, 'cause he tells me all the stories and gives me some ginger-cake, too."

The old negro paused and looked through the fence at the little children, and then he went on his way. But the youngsters saw Daddy Jake, and went running after him.

"Let me go, Uncle Jake!" cried Lucien. "Le' me go, too!" cried Lillian. But Daddy Jake broke into a run and left the children standing in the garden, crying.

It was not very long after this before the whole population knew that Daddy Jake had knocked the overseer down and had taken to the woods. In fact, it was only a few minutes, for some of the other negroes had seen him strike the overseer and had seen the overseer fall, and they lost no

time in raising the alarm. Fortunately the overseer was not seriously hurt. He had received a blow severe enough to render him unconscious for a few minutes,—but this was all; and he was soon able to describe the fracas to Dr. Gaston, which he did with considerable animation.

"And who told you to order Jake around?" the doctor asked.

"Well, sir, I just thought I had charge of the whole crowd."

"You were very much mistaken, then," said Doctor Gaston, sharply; "and if I had seen you strike Jake with your strap, I should have been tempted to take my buggy whip and give you a dose of your own medicine."

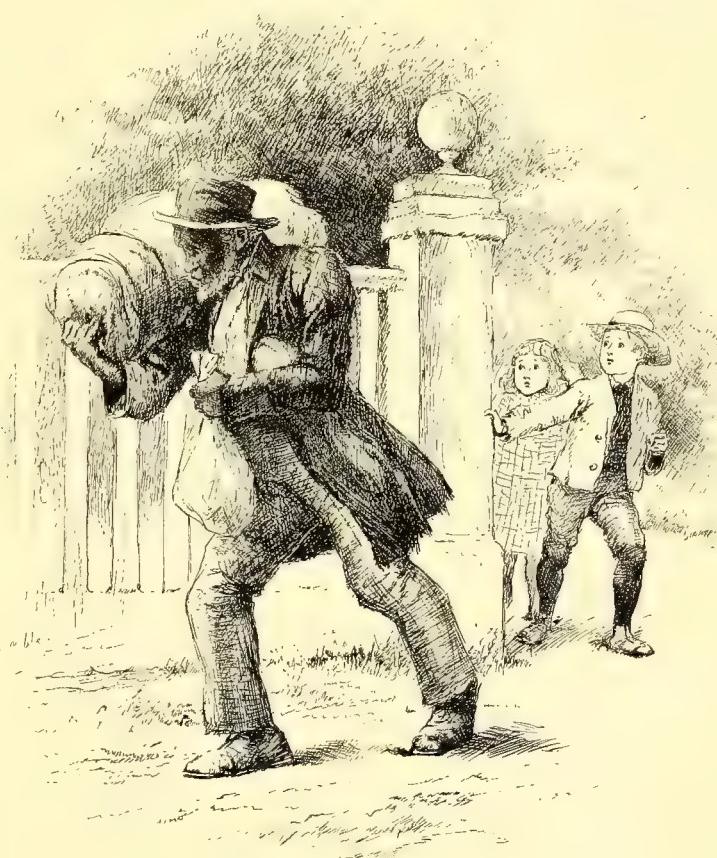
As a matter of fact, Doctor Gaston was very angry, and he lost no time in giving the new overseer what the negroes called his "walking-papers." He paid him up and discharged him on the spot, and it was not many days before everybody on the Gaston plantation knew that the man had fallen into the hands of the Conscription officers of the Confederacy, and that he had been sent on to the front.

At the same time, as Mrs. Gaston herself remarked, this fact, however gratifying it might be, did not bring Daddy Jake back. He was gone, and his absence caused a great deal of trouble on the plantation. It was found that half-a-dozen negroes had to be detailed to do the work which he had voluntarily taken upon himself—one to attend to the carriage-horses, another to look after the cows, another to feed the hogs and sheep, and still others to look after the thousand and one little things to be done about the "big house." But not one of them, nor all of them, filled Daddy Jake's place.

Many and many a time Doctor Gaston walked up and down the veranda wondering where the old negro was, and Mrs. Gaston, sitting in her

rocking-chair, looked down the avenue day after day, half expecting to see Daddy Jake make his appearance, hat in hand and with a broad grin on his face. Some of the neighbors, hearing that Uncle Jake had become a fugitive, wanted to get Bill Locke's "track-dogs" and run him down, but Doctor Gaston and his wife would not hear to this. They said that the old negro was n't used to staying in the woods, and that it would n't be long before he would come back home.

Doctor Gaston, although he was much troubled,



"THE YOUNGSTERS SAW DADDY JAKE, AND WENT RUNNING AFTER HIM."

looked at the matter from a man's point of view. Here was Daddy Jake's home; if he chose to come back, well and good; if he didn't, why, it could n't be helped, and that was an end of the matter. But Mrs. Gaston took a different view. Daddy Jake had been raised with her father; he was an old family-servant; he had known and loved her mother, who was dead; he had nursed Mrs. Gaston herself when she was a baby; in short, he

was a fixture in the lady's experience, and his absence worried her not a little. She could not bear to think that the old negro was out in the woods without food and without shelter. If there was a thunderstorm at night, as there sometimes is in the South during September, she could hardly sleep for thinking about the old negro.

Thinking about him led Mrs. Gaston to talk about him very often, especially to Lucien and Lillian, who had been in the habit of running out to the kitchen while Daddy Jake was eating his supper and begging him to tell a story. So far as they were concerned, his absence was a personal loss. While Uncle Jake was away they were not only deprived of a most agreeable companion, but they could give no excuse for not going to bed. They had no one to amuse them after supper, and, as a consequence, their evenings were very dull. The youngsters submitted to this for several days, expecting that Daddy Jake would return, but in this they were disappointed. They waited and waited for more than a week, and then they began to show their impatience.

"I used to be afraid of runaways," said Lillian one day, "but I'm not afraid now, 'cause Daddy Jake is a runaway." Lillian was only six years old, but she had her own way of looking at things.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lucien, who was nine, and very robust for his age; "I never was afraid of runaways. I know mighty well they would n't hurt me. There was old Uncle Fed; he was a runaway when Papa bought him. Would he hurt anybody?"

"But there might be some bad ones," said Lillian, "and you know Lucinda says Uncle Fed is a real, sure-enough witch."

"Lucinda!" exclaimed Lucien, scornfully. "What does Lucinda know about witches? If one was to be seen she would n't stick her head out of the door to see it. She'd be scared to death."

"Yes, and so would anybody," said Lillian, with an air of conviction. "I know I would."

"Well, of course,—a little girl," explained Lucien. "Any little girl would be afraid of a witch, but a great big double-fisted woman like Lucinda ought to be ashamed of herself to be afraid of witches, and that, too, when everybody knows there are n't any witches at all, except in the stories."

"Well, I heard Daddy Jake telling about a witch that turned herself into a black cat, and then into a big black wolf," said Lillian.

"Oh, that was in old times," said Lucien, "when the animals used to talk and go on like people. But you never heard Daddy Jake say he saw a witch,—now, did you?"

"No," said Lillian, somewhat doubtfully; "but I heard him talking about them. I hope no witch will catch Daddy Jake."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lucien. "Daddy Jake carried his rabbit-foot with him, and you know no witch can bother him as long as he has his rabbit-foot."

"Well," said Lillian, solemnly, "if he's got his rabbit-foot and can keep off the witches all night, he won't come back any more."

"But he *must* come," said Lucien. "I'm going after him. I'm going down to the landing to-morrow and I'll take the boat and go down the river and bring him back."

"Oh, may I go too?" asked Lillian.

"Yes," said Lucien loftily, "if you'll help me get some things out of the house and not say anything about what we are going to do."

Lillian was only too glad to pledge herself to secrecy, and the next day found the two children busily preparing for their journey in search of Daddy Jake.

The Gaston plantation lay along the Oconee River in Putnam County, not far from Roach's Ferry. In fact, it lay on both sides of the river, and, as the only method of communication was by means of a bateau, nearly everybody on the plantation knew how to manage the boat. There was not an hour during the day that the bateau was not in use. Lucien and Lillian had been carried across hundreds of times, and they were as much at home in the boat as they were in a buggy. Lucien was too young to row, but he knew how to guide the bateau with a paddle while others used the oars.

This fact gave him confidence, and the result was that the two children quietly made their arrangements to go in search of Daddy Jake. Lucien was the "provider," as he said, and Lillian helped him to carry the things to the boat. They got some meal-sacks, two old quilts, and a good supply of biscuits and meat. Nobody meddled with them, for nobody knew what their plans were, but some of the negroes remarked that they were not only unusually quiet, but very busy—a state of things that is looked upon by those who are acquainted with the ways of children as a very bad sign, indeed.

The two youngsters worked pretty much all day, and they worked hard; so that when night came they were both tired and sleepy. They were tired and sleepy, but they managed to cover their supplies with the meal-sacks, and the next morning they were up bright and early. They were up so early, indeed, that they thought it was a very long time until breakfast was ready; and, at last, when the bell rang, they hurried to the table and ate

ravenously, as became two travelers about to set out on a voyage of adventure.

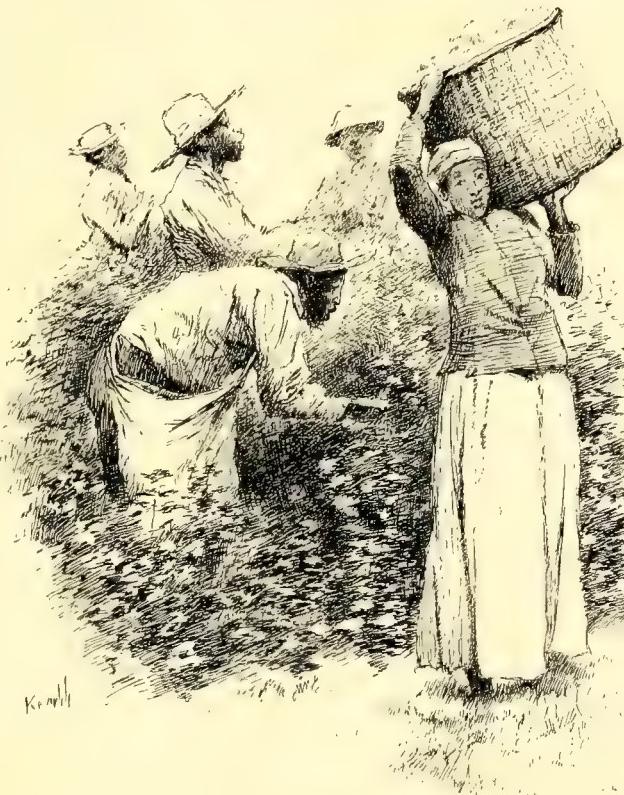
It was all they could do to keep their scheme from their mother. Once Lillian was on the point of asking her something about it, but Lucien shook his head, and it was not long before the two youngsters embarked on their journey. After seating Lillian in the bateau, Lucien unfastened the chain from the stake, threw it into the boat, and jumped in himself. Then, as the clumsy affair drifted slowly with the current, he seized one of the paddles, placed the blade against the bank, and pushed the bateau out into the middle of the stream.

It was the beginning of a voyage of adventure, the end of which could not be foretold; but the sun was shining brightly, the mocking-birds were singing in the water-oaks, the blackbirds were whistling blithely in the reeds, and the children were light-hearted and happy. They were going to find Daddy Jake and fetch him back home, and not for a moment did it occur to them that the old negro might have gone in a different direction. It seemed somehow to those on the Gaston plantation that whatever was good, or great, or wonderful had its origin "down the river." Rumor said that the biggest crops were grown in that direction, and that there the negroes were happiest. The river, indeed, seemed to flow to some far-off country where everything was finer and more flourishing. This was the idea of the negroes themselves, and it was natural that Lucien and Lillian should be impressed with the same belief. So they drifted down the river, confident that they would find Daddy Jake. They had no other motive—no other thought. They took no account of the hardships of a voyage such as they had embarked on.

Lazily, almost reluctantly as it seemed, the boat floated down the stream. At first, Lucien was inclined to use the broad oar, but it appeared that when he paddled on one side the clumsy boat tried to turn its head up stream on the other side, and so, after a while, he dropped the oar in the bottom of the boat.

The September sun was sultry that morning, but,

obeying some impulse of the current, the boat drifted down the river in the shade of the water-oaks and willows that lined the eastern bank. On the western bank the Gaston plantation lay, and as the boat floated lazily along the little voyagers could hear the field-hands singing as they picked



"THE FIELD-HANDS WERE SINGING AS THEY PICKED THE OPENING COTTON."

the opening cotton. The song was strangely melodious, though the words were ridiculous.

My dog's a 'possum dog,
Here, Rattler! here!
He cross de creek upon a log,
Here, Rattler! here!

He run de 'possum up a tree,
Here, Rattler! here!
He good enough fer you an' me,
Here, Rattler! here!

Kaze when it come his fat'nin' time,
Here, Rattler! here!
De 'possum eat de muscadine,
Here, Rattler! here!

He eat till he kin skaceyly stan',
Here, Rattler! here!
An' den we wake him in de pan,
Here, Rattler! here!

It was to the quaint melody of this song that the boat rocked and drifted along. One of the negroes saw the children and thought he knew them, and he called to them, but received no reply; and this fact was so puzzling that he went back and told the other negroes that there was some mistake about the children. "Ef dey 'd 'a' bin our chillun,"

boat took that course, but Lucien and Lillian had no sense of fear. The roaring and foaming of the water pleased them, and the rushing and whirling of the boat, as it went dashing down the rapids, appeared to be only part of a holiday frolic. After they had passed the shoals, the current became swifter, and the old bateau was swept along at a



"MAYBE HE KNOWS WHERE DADDY JAKE IS," SAID LILLIAN."

he said, "dey 'd 'a' hollered back at me, sho." Whereupon, the field-hands resumed their work and their song, and the boat, gliding southward on the gently undulating current, was soon lost to view.

To the children it seemed to be a very pleasant journey. They had no thought of danger. The river was their familiar friend. They had crossed and recrossed it hundreds of times. They were as contented in the bateau as they would have been in their mother's room. The weather was warm, but on the river and in the shade of the overhanging trees, the air was cool and refreshing. And after a while the current grew swifter, and the children, dipping their hands in the water, laughed aloud.

Once, indeed, the bateau, in running over a long stretch of shoals, was caught against a rock. An ordinary boat would have foundered, but this boat, clumsy and deep-set, merely obeyed the current. It struck the rock, recoiled, touched it again, and then slowly turned around and pursued its course down the stream. The shoals were noisy but harmless. The water foamed and roared over the rocks, but the current was deep enough to carry the bateau safely down. It was not often that a

rapid rate. The trees on the river bank seemed to be running back toward home, and the shadows on the water ran with them.

Sometimes the boat swept through long stretches of meadow and marsh lands, and then the children were delighted to see the sand-pipers and kill-dees running along the margin of the water. The swallows, not yet flown southward, skimmed along the river with quivering wing, and the king-fishers displayed their shining plumage in the sun. Once a moccasin, fat and rusty, frightened by the unexpected appearance of the young voyagers, dropped into the boat; but before Lucien could strike him with the unwieldy oar, he tumbled overboard and disappeared. Then the youngsters ate their dinner. It was a very dry dinner; but they ate it with a relish. The crows, flying lazily over, regarded them curiously.

"I reckon they want some," said Lucien.

"Well, they can't get mine," said Lillian, "'cause I *jest* about got enough for myself."

They passed a white man who was sitting on the river bank, with his coat off, fishing.

"Where under the sun did you chaps come from?" he cried.

"Up the river," replied Lucien.

"Where in the nation are you going?"

"Down the river."

"Maybe he knows where Daddy Jake is," said Lillian. "Ask him."

"Why, he would n't know Daddy Jake from a side of sole leather," exclaimed Lucien.

By this time the boat had drifted around a bend in the river. The man on the bank took off his hat with his thumb and forefinger, rubbed his head with the other fingers, drove away a swarm of mosquitoes, and muttered, "Well, I'll be switched!" Then he went on with his fishing.

Meanwhile the boat drifted steadily with the current. Sometimes it seemed to the children that the boat stood still, while the banks, the trees, and the fields moved by them like a double panorama. Queer-looking little birds peeped at them from the bushes; fox-squirrels chattered at them from the trees; green frogs greeted them by plunging into the water with a squeak; turtles slid noiselessly off the banks at their approach; a red fox that had come to the river to drink disappeared like a shadow before the sun; and once a great white crane rose in the air, flapping his wings heavily.

Altogether it was a very jolly journey, but after a while Lillian began to get restless.

"Do you reckon Daddy Jake will be in the river when we find him?" she asked.

Lucien himself was becoming somewhat tired, but he was resolved to go right on. Indeed, he could not do otherwise.

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing?" he exclaimed. "What would Daddy Jake be doing in the water?"

"Well, how are we's to find him?"

"Oh, we'll find him."

"But I want to find him right now," said Lillian, "and I want to see Mamma, and Papa, and my dollies."

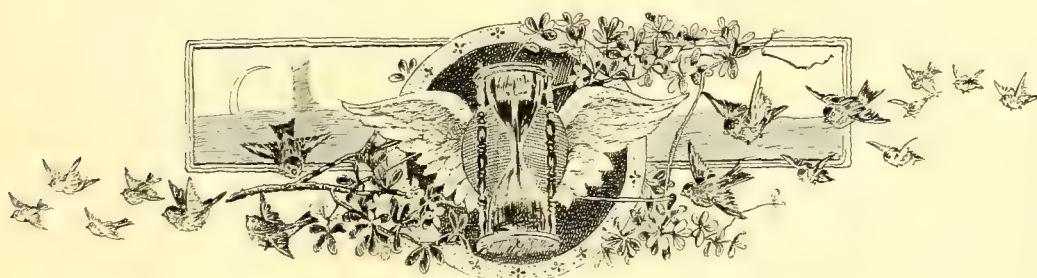
"Well," said Lucien, with unconscious humor, "if you don't want to go, you can get out and walk back home." At this, Lillian began to cry.

"Well," said Lucien, "if Daddy Jake was over there in the bushes and was to see you crying because you did n't want to go and find him, he'd run off into the woods and nobody would see him any more."

Lillian stopped crying at once, and, as the afternoon wore on, both children grew more cheerful; and even when twilight came, and after it the darkness, they were not very much afraid. The loneliness—the sighing of the wind through the trees, the rippling of the water against the sides of the boat, the hooting of the big swamp-owl, the cry of the whippoorwill, and the answer of its cousin, the chuck-will's-widow—all these things would have awed and frightened the children. But, shining steadily in the evening sky, they saw the star they always watched at home. It seemed to be brighter than ever, this familiar star, and they hailed it as a friend and fellow-traveler. They felt that home could n't be so far away, for the star shone in its accustomed place, and this was a great comfort.

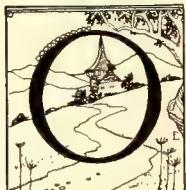
After a while the night grew chilly, and then Lucien and Lillian wrapped their quilts about them and cuddled down in the bottom of the boat. Thousands of stars shone overhead, and it seemed to the children that the old bateau, growing tired of its journey, had stopped to rest; but it continued to drift down the river.

(To be continued.)



THE FOSSIL RAINDROPS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



VER the quarry the children went rambling,
Hunting for stones to skip,
Into the clefts and the crevices scrambling,
Searching the quarrymen's chip.

Sweet were their voices and gay was their laughter,
That holiday afternoon,
One tumbled down and the rest tumbled after,
All of them singing one tune.

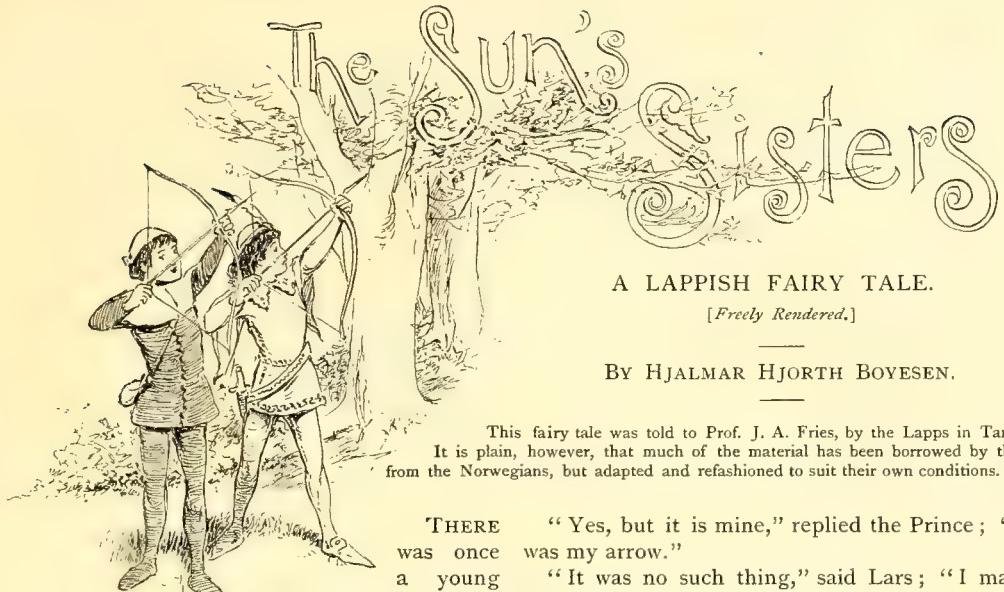
Here was a stone would skip like a bubble,
Once were it loosed from its place,—
See what strange lines, all aslant, all a-trouble,
Covered over its face.

Half for a moment their wonder is smitten,
Nor divine they at all
That soft earth it was when those slant lines were written
By the rain's gusty fall.

Nor guess they, while pausing to look at it plainly,
The least in the world perplexed,
That the page which old Merlin studied vainly
Had never such wizard text.

Only a stone o'er the placid pool throwing,
Ah —— But it told them, though,
How the rain was falling, the wind was blowing,
Ten thousand years ago !





The Sun's Sisters

A LAPPISH FAIRY TALE.

[Freely Rendered.]

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

This fairy tale was told to Prof. J. A. Fries, by the Lapps in Tanen. It is plain, however, that much of the material has been borrowed by them from the Norwegians, but adapted and refashioned to suit their own conditions.

THERE
was once
a young
Prince who had no play-
mates except a peasant

lad named Lars. The King, of course, did not like to have his son play with such a common boy; but as there were no princes or kings in the neighborhood, he had no choice but to put up with Lars. One day the Prince and Lars were shooting at a mark; and Lars hit the bull's-eye again and again, while the Prince's arrows flew rattling among the tree-trunks, and sometimes did not even hit the target. Then he grew angry and called Lars a lout and a clod-hopper. Lars did not mind that much, for he knew that princes were petted and spoiled, and could not bear to be crossed.

"Now, Prince," he said, "let us shoot up into the air and see who can shoot the highest."

The Prince, who had a beautiful gilt bow and polished steel-tipped arrows, had no doubt but that he could shoot much higher than Lars, whose bow was a juniper branch which he had himself cut and cured. So he accepted the offer.

"Let us aim at the sun," he cried, gayly.

"All right," shouted Lars; and at the same moment they let fly two arrows, which cleft the air with a whiz and vanished among the fleecy clouds.

The boys stood looking up into the sun-steeped air until their eyes ached; and after a moment or two, the Prince's arrow fell at his side, and he picked it up. Nearly fifteen minutes elapsed before Lars's arrow returned, and when he picked it up, he was astonished to find a drop of blood on the tip of it, to which clung a dazzlingly beautiful golden feather.

"Why—look at that!" cried the boy, with delight. "Is n't it wonderful?"

"Yes, but it is mine," replied the Prince; "it was my arrow."

"It was no such thing," said Lars; "I made the arrow myself and ought to know it. Yours are steel-tipped and polished."

"I tell you it is my arrow," cried the Prince in great anger; "and if you don't give me the feather, it will go ill with you."

Now, Lars would have been quite willing to part with the feather, if the Prince had asked him for it, but he was a high-spirited lad, and would not consent to be bullied.

"You know as well as I do that the arrow was mine," he said, scowling; "and the feather is mine, too, and I won't give it to anybody."

The Prince said nothing; but, pale with rage, he hurried back to the castle and told his father, the King, that his arrow had brought down a beautiful golden feather and that Lars had taken it from him.

Now, if you have any acquaintance with kings, you may perhaps imagine how the old gentleman felt when he heard that his son and heir had been thus wronged. It was to no purpose that Lars showed him the drop of blood on the rude whittled arrow; he insisted that the feather was the Prince's, and that Lars was a thief and a robber. But Lars was not to be frightened even at that. He stuck to his story and refused to give up the feather.

"Well, then," said the King, with a wicked grin, "we'll say that it is yours. But in that case you must be prepared to prove it. When you bring me the golden hen, from whose tail this feather has been shot, then I'll admit that it is yours. But if you fail, you will be burned alive in a barrel of tar."

Now, to be burned alive in a barrel of tar is not a pleasant thing; and Lars, when he heard that

such a fate was in store for him, wished he had never seen the golden feather. But it would be disgraceful to back down now, so he accepted the terms, stuffed into his luncheon-bag a leg of smoked mutton and a dozen loaves of bread, which the cook at the castle gave him, and started on his journey. But the question now arose, where should he go? Golden hens were not such everyday affairs that he might expect to find them in any barn-yard. And barn-yard hens, moreover, were not in the habit of flying aloft; and the golden feather had come down to him from some high region of the air. He became heavy-hearted when he thought of these things, and imagined, whenever he saw a farmer burning stumps and rubbish at the roadside, that it was the barrel of tar in which he was to end his days. For all that, he kept trudging on, and when evening came he found himself on the outskirts of a great forest. Being very tired, he put his luncheon bag under his head, and soon fell asleep. But he had not been sleeping long when he was waked up by somebody trying to pull the bag away from under him. He raised himself on his elbow, rubbed his eyes, and to his astonishment saw a big fox sitting on his haunches and staring at him. "Where are you going?" asked the fox.

"I was n't going anywhere," said Lars. "I was sleeping."

"Well, I am aware of that," observed Reynard; "but when you are not sleeping, where are you then going?"

"Oh, well," said Lars, "the fact is, I am in a bad scrape. I have got to find the golden hen that has lost a tail-feather."

And he told the fox his story.

"Hum," said the fox; "that is pretty bad. Let me look at the feather."

The boy pulled out the feather from his inside vest pocket, where he kept it carefully wrapped up in birch-bark.

"Ah," said Reynard, when he had examined it; "you know I have a large acquaintance among hens. In fact, I am very fond of them. I should n't wonder if I might help you find the one which has lost this feather."

Lars, who had been quite down in the mouth at the prospect of the barrel of tar, was delighted to hear that.

"I wish you would bear me company," said he. "If you 'll do me a good turn, I 'll do you another."

The fox thought that was a fair bargain; and so they shook hands on it, and off they started together.



"HE SAW A BIG FOX SITTING ON HIS HAUNCHES AND STARING AT HIM."

"Do you know where we are going?" asked Reynard, after a while.

"No," said Lars; "but I supposed you did."

"I do. We are going to the Sun's Sister.* She has three golden hens. It was one of those you hit with your arrow."

"But will she be willing to part with any of them?" asked the boy.

"Leave that to me," answered Reynard; "you know I have had some experience with hens."

Day after day they walked up one hill and down another until they came to the castle of the Sun. It was a gorgeous castle, shining with silver and gold and precious stones. The boy's eyes ached when he looked at it. Even the smoke that curled up into the still air from the chimneys was radiant like clouds at sunset.

"That 's a nice place," said Lars.

"So it is," said Reynard. "It is best, I think, to have me sneak into the poultry-yard, where the three golden hens are, and then I 'll bring out the one that has lost its tail-feather."

Lars somehow did n't like that plan. He did n't

* The Lappish words *Bacivas eabba* mean "the Dawn."

quite trust Reynard in the matter of hens; he knew the fox had a natural weakness for poultry, but, of course, he was too polite to say so.

"No, Reynard," he began, blushing and hesitating; "I am really afraid you might come to harm. And you might make too much of a racket, you know, setting the whole poultry-yard in commotion."

"Well, then, you go yourself," said Reynard, somewhat offended; "but take heed of this warning. Look neither to the right nor to the left, and go straight to the poultry-yard, seize the hen that has lost one of the three long tail-feathers, and then hasten out as quick as you can."

Lars promised that he would obey in all particulars. The gate was wide open; the sentries, who stood dozing in their boxes, did not seem to mind him as he entered. It was high noon; the watchdogs slept in their kennels, and a noonday drowsiness hung over the whole dazzling palace. So the boy went straight to the poultry-yard, as he had been directed, spied the three golden hens, the splendor of which nearly blinded him, grabbed the one of them that had lost a tail-feather, and started again in hot haste for the gate. But as he passed by the wing of the palace he noticed a window, the shutters of which were ajar. A great curiosity to see what was behind these shutters took possession of him. "It would be a pity to leave this beautiful place without looking about a little," he thought; "I can easily catch that hen again if I let her go now, for she is as tame as a house-chicken."

So he let the hen go, opened the shutter, and peeped into the room. And what do you think he saw? Well, he could scarcely have told you himself, for he was so completely overwhelmed that he stood gazing stupidly, like a cow at a painted barn-door. But beautiful—oh, beautiful, beyond all conception, was that which he saw. That was the reason he stood speechless, with open mouth and staring eyes. Of course, now you can guess what it was. It was none other than the Sister of the Sun. She was lying upon her bed, sleeping sweetly, like a child that is taking an after-dinner nap. Goodness and kindness were shining from her features, and Lars was filled with such ineffable joy at the mere sight of her that he forgot

all about the hen and the barrel of tar, and his playmate the Prince, and the fox's warning. He did not know that this was her great charm—every one who looked upon her was instantly filled with gladness unspeakable. Sorrow, and care, and malice, and hatred instantly fled from the heart of every one who came into her presence. No wonder Lars could n't think of hens, when he had so lovely a creature to look upon. For several minutes he stood at the window, lost in the rapturous sight. Then stealthily, and without thinking of what he was doing, he climbed over the window-sill, and step by step drew nearer.

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful! how beautiful!" he whispered with bated breath. "Oh, I must kiss her before I go, or I shall never have peace so long as I live."

And down he stooped and kissed the Sun's Sister. You would have supposed now that she would have wakened. But, no! She lay perfectly still; her bosom heaved gently, and the red blood went meandering busily under her soft, transparent skin, and her dazzling hair billowed in a golden stream over the silken pillow, and down upon the floor. Lars would have been content to spend all his life gazing at her. But a strange uneasiness came over him,—his errand, the golden hen, the barrel of tar, and all the rest of it came back to his memory slowly, as if emerging from a golden mist, and, with a sudden determination, he covered his eyes with his hands, jumped out of the window, and started again in search of the hen. But, somehow, the whole world had now a different look to him. Everything had changed, and the golden



"LARS CLIMBED OVER THE WINDOW-SILL, AND STEP BY STEP DREW NEARER."

hen, too. When he tried to catch her, this time, she flapped with her wings, gave a hoarse shriek, and ran as fast as she could. Lars plunged ahead, reaching out with both his hands to catch her, but she slipped from his grasp, and yelled and screamed worse than ever. Instantly her two companions set up a sympathetic cackle, and in another minute the entire poultry-yard—geese, ducks, peacocks and hens—joined the chorus, making an ear-splitting racket, the like of which had scarcely been heard since the world was made. The Sun's Sister, aroused by this terrible commotion, rubbed her beautiful eyes, and started in alarm for the poultry-yard. The dogs came rushing out of their kennels, barking furiously; the sentries who had been dozing at the gates drew their swords and flourished them savagely, and everybody in the whole castle was astir.

"What are you doing here?" asked the Sun's Sister, when she saw the boy chasing her favorite golden hen.

"Oh, well," said Lars, feeling rather bashful; "I was only amusing myself."

"Well," said the Sun's Sister, gently (for she was as good as she was beautiful), "you can't amuse yourself catching my hens unless—unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Lars.

"Unless" (and here the face of the Sun's Sister grew very sad) "unless you can rescue my sister Afterglow* from the Trolds, who carried her off far behind the western mountains many years ago."

Lars scarcely knew what to answer to that; he would have liked to consult his friend Reynard before saying anything. But the Sun's Sister looked so beautiful that he had not the heart to say her nay, and so he rashly promised. Then he took his leave reluctantly, and the moment he was outside the gate and could no more see the radiant face, his heart seemed ready to break with longing and sadness.

"Well, did n't I tell you you would get into mischief?" said Reynard, when he heard the story of Lars's exploits. "So now we shall have to rescue this Afterglow too. Well, that'll be no easy matter; and if you can't behave any better than you have done to-day, then there's really no use in our attempting it."

Lars had to coax and beg for a full hour, and promise that his behavior should be the very pink of propriety and discretion, if Reynard would only forgive him and help him in his next enterprise. Reynard held out long, but at last took pity on Lars and gave consent.

Day after day, and night after night, they trav-

eled toward the far mountains in the west, and at last arrived at the castle of the Trolds.

"Now," said the fox, "I shall go in alone, and when I have induced the girl to follow me, I shall hand her over to you, and then you must rush away with her as fast as you can; and leave me to detain the Trolds by my tricks, until you are so far away that they can not overtake you."

Lars thought that was a capital plan, and stationed himself outside the gate while the fox slipped in. It was early evening, and it was almost dark; but there shot up a red blaze of light from all the windows of the castle of the Trolds. Reynard, who had been there many a time before, and was an old acquaintance of the Trolds, soon perceived that something unusual was going on. So far as he could see they were having a ball; and the Trolds were all taking turns at dancing with Afterglow,—for she was the only girl in the whole company. When they saw the fox one of them cried out:

"Hallo, old Reynard, you have always been a light-footed fellow. Won't you come in and have a dance?"

"Thanks," said Reynard, "I am never loath to dance."

And he placed his paw upon his breast and made his bow to Afterglow, who was darker than her sister Dawn, and more serious, but scarcely less beautiful. She filled the heart of every one who looked upon her, not with buoyant joy and hope, but meditation and gentle sadness. She was sad herself, too, because she hated the ugly Trolds who held her in captivity, and longed to go back to the beautiful palace of her brother, the Sun. So when Reynard asked her to dance, she scarcely looked at him, but with a weary listlessness allowed him to put his arm about her waist and swing her about to the measure of the music. And Reynard was a fine dancer. Swiftly and more swiftly he gyrated about, and every time he passed a candle he managed to blow it out. One—two—three!—before anybody knew it, it was pitch dark in the hall; and before the Trolds had recovered from their astonishment, Reynard had danced out through the door into the hall, from the hall into the court-yard, and from the court-yard into the open field, outside the gate.

"Lars," he cried to the boy, "here is Afterglow. Now take her and hurry away as fast as you can."

Lars did not have to be told that twice; but taking Afterglow by the hand ran as fast as his feet could carry him.

Reynard instantly slipped in again and pretended to help the Trolds to light the candles. But it took him a long time to strike fire with the flint, because the tinder was damp, and if the

* The Lappish word means "the Evening Red,"—as *Bavivas onba* is literally "the Morning Red."

Trolds had not been as stupid as they were, they would have seen that the fox was making them trouble instead of helping them. After a long while, however, they succeeded in getting the can-



"REYNARD MADE HIS BOW TO AFTERGLOW."

dles lighted, and then they perceived that Afterglow was gone.

"Where is Afterglow? Where is Afterglow?" they all roared in chorus, and some of them wept with anger, while others tore their beards and hair with rage.

"Oh, you sly old fox, it is you who have let her escape," shouted one great, fat, furious Trold, "but you shall suffer for it. Just let me get hold of you, and you sha'n't have another chance to play tricks again."

Instantly they all made a rush for Reynard, yelling and weeping, and stamping and threatening. But Reynard, as you know, is no easy customer to

the point of catching him, but yet eluding them by his agility and unexpected turns and leaps. He took good care to lay his course in the direction opposite to that which Lars and Afterglow had taken; and thus, the farther the Trolds ran, the slighter were their chances of recovering her. After a while, however, Reynard grew tired of this game, and then he remembered that there was a big swamp near by, and thither he hastened. But while he sprang lightly from hillock to hillock, the heavy Trolds in their wrath plunged ahead, and before they knew it, they sank down in the marsh up to their very waists. The more they struggled to get out, the deeper they settled in the mud; and a chorus of angry roars and shouts and hoarse yells rose from the floundering company in that swamp and swept across the sky like a fierce, discordant storm. But shouting did not do them any good. The night passed, and when the Dawn flushed the east, the fox,

sitting on his hillock, called out:

"Look, there comes the Sun's Sister."

The Trolds, supposing it was Afterglow, turned with one accord toward the east, and instantly, as the first rays of the Dawn struck them, they turned into stone. For the Trolds only go abroad in the night, and can not endure the rays of the Sun. And the huge stones, vaguely retaining their shapes, can yet be seen in the marsh in Lapland where they perished.

Now, Reynard lost no time in seeking Lars and Afterglow, and toward evening he found their tracks, and before morning came he had overtaken them. When they arrived at the castle of



REYNARD LEADS THE TROLDS INTO THE MARSH.

catch; and the Trolds were no match for him in running. He led them a dance over fields, and moors, and mountains, keeping just in front of them, so that they always supposed they were on

the Sun they were received with great delight, and Dawn and Afterglow, after their long separation, kissed and embraced each other, and wept with joy. Now Lars was at liberty to take the golden

hen and depart for the King's castle; but the trouble with him now was that he did not want to depart. He could not tear himself away from Dawn's radiant presence, but sat as one bewitched, staring into her lovely face. And so it came to pass that they were engaged, and Lars promised to come back and marry her, as soon as he had made his peace with his master the King, and presented him with the golden hen. Now, that seemed to Dawn a nice arrangement, and she let him depart. Lars invited his good friend Reynard to bear him company, but when they came to the place of their first meeting Reynard refused to go any farther. So Lars fell upon his neck, thanked him for his good service, and they embraced and kissed each other. The King received Lars pretty well, and was delighted to get the golden hen. But when he heard about the Sun's Sister, whom no one could look upon without being filled with gladness, his brow became clouded, and it was easy to see that he was much displeased. So he told Lars that, unless he brought the Sun's Sister instantly to the court and gave her as a bride to the young Prince, he would have to be burned in the barrel of tar after all. Now, that was the most unpleasant thing Lars had heard for a good while, and he wished he could have had the counsel of his good friend Reynard; for otherwise he saw no way out of the scrape. Then it occurred to him that the Sun had two sisters, and that possibly he might induce Afterglow to marry the Prince. He made haste accordingly to be off on his journey, and when he saw the tar-barrels being made ready on the hill-top behind the castle, he vowed that, unless he was successful in his errand, he would be in no haste to come back again. When he arrived

at the palace of the Sun, Dawn was overjoyed to see him. But when he told his story and mentioned, in passing, the tar-barrel, then she was not quite so well pleased. However, she went to consult Afterglow; and Afterglow, after her experience with the ugly Trolds, was not at all averse to marrying a handsome young Prince. So she rode away on a splendid charger with Lars, and the Prince, when he heard she was coming, rode out to meet her, and even the old King himself vowed that he had never seen any one so beautiful. He grew so gentle, and courteous, and affectionate as he looked at her, that he forgot all about his threats; and when Afterglow asked him what that great pile of tar-barrels was for, he felt quite ashamed of himself, and answered:

"Oh, I was going to burn a wretch there; but as I suppose you don't like the smell of burnt wretch on your wedding-day, I'll give orders to have it removed."

The next day the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence; and the feasting and the dancing and rejoicing lasted for an entire week. When it was all over, Lars asked the King's permission to go on a long journey. He had no fear of a refusal, for the King had become so nice and gentle, since his daughter-in-law came into the family, that even his best friends scarcely recognized him. So he readily granted Lars's request. With a light heart and bounding steps Lars went eastward, day after day, and night after night, until he came to the palace of the Sun. And there he celebrated his wedding with Dawn, and lived with joy ineffable in her sweet presence, until the end of his days. If he is not dead, he is probably living there yet.

NED'S "PLEASE."

—
BY R. M. S.
—

SAID hungry Ned at breakfast,
 " Mamma, another cake."
 " If — " prompted she;
 " If," promptly he,
 " *I die before I wake!*"

WASHINGTON AS AN ATHLETE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

IN a certain rather cheerful house of my acquaintance live two boys, concerning whom the interests of patriotism in this year of Washington's Inauguration "centennial" induce me to disclose a sad instance of modern degeneracy.

These boys are strong and healthy, sleep well, eat three stout meals a day (not counting intermediate episodes of sweetmeats), or tear up and down stairs making noise enough for a herd of infant elephants, and, with the single exception of an acute mania on the subject of athletics, would appear to be in normal possession of their faculties. What, then, can I say in excuse for their response to a polite invitation from one of the elders of their family to hear her read aloud a chapter describing the acts and virtues of the Father of their Country? Shall I tell you what that answer was? They said: "Please, we had rather not; Washington is *such* a chestnut!" Of course, there is nothing for you to do but to shudder after hearing this. It is enough to make the Washington Monument jump over the Potomac!

"Perhaps, gentlemen," was the next remark of the elder, when she had regained control of her breathing apparatus, "in the course of your vast and varied researches into American history you have never been made aware that Washington was the best all-around athlete of his day. As a sprinter, now,—"

These phrases, unintelligible save to the initiated, had a magical effect.

"What was his record?"

"Was he up to Myers?"

"Could he do the mile-run in 4: 12?"

"Did he run on a cinder-track or a dirt-track?"

"Was he anything of a hurdler?"

"Wait a moment, *please!* If you will excuse the omission of technical phrases, and make allowance for feminine ignorance in dealing with the mighty theme, I will read you what I have written upon the subject."

No boy can imagine a better place in which to grow up than Virginia in the days of Washington's boyhood. The house of every planter in the "tide-water" region; where families first formed into what they called neighborhoods, was built in the midst of a vast estate. To go abroad meant

to tramp or ride for hours on one's own land, in glorious forests where the wigwam's smoke had scarcely ceased to curl. Deer looked with mild-eyed wonder at the passers-by. Small game of infinite variety was to be had by raising a rifle to the shoulder. Grapes and nuts grew upon low-slung branches, and springs of delicious water bubbled under foot. In the clearings the rich soil laughed when they tickled it, yielding corn and tobacco, vegetables and flowers.

As early as 1623, there was a famous plantation upon the lower James, called Littleton, where peach-trees bore luscious fruit, and in the garden of two acres belonging to the house grew "primroses, sage, marjoram, and rosemary," to remind its owner of the old country; while his orchards were filled with "apple, cherry, pear, and plum trees." Most of the plantations bordered upon majestic rivers, whose shallows supplied oysters, terrapins, crabs, and ducks, in countless numbers. The waters of such streams, warmed by the southern sun, making bathing and swimming a luxury, were alive with fish, both great and small. Whatever those old Virginians lacked, it was not good things to eat, while Nature thus emptied her horn of plenty at their doors!

Life under such conditions, with a horde of lazy, well-fed colored people to do the farm-work, guests on horseback coming, going, staying as long as it pleased them to rest their horses, was a very easy one. The occupations of the men were almost entirely out-of-doors. Hunting, fox-chasing, angling, trapping, breaking colts, and riding around their big estates, filled up their days. Until of an age to be put aboard some slow-sailing tobacco ship, and started in the captain's care to some relative or friend in England, who would superintend their schooling, the sons of the colonists followed in the footsteps of their sires.

In this way was nursed the generation that produced the band of Virginian patriots of which Washington was chief. Luckily for him and for America, Washington's bringing up was less luxurious than that of his friends and kinsmen. Circumstances, and his mother, trained the lad to be as hardy as an Indian on the war-path, and as simple and self-reliant as a New England farm-boy of the type that gave statesmen to the North. For

him, there was no voyage to the mother-country, with grand opportunities for rubbing off colonial awkwardness. His first schooling (if the chronicler Weems be right) was derived from one of his father's tenants — a slow, rusty old man named Hobby, who was sexton as well as dominie, and who, in the intervals of teaching "the three R's" to the neighbors' girls and boys, swept out the church, and, now and then, dug a grave. The next master was a certain Mr. Williams, graduate of the Wakefield school in Yorkshire, upon whom Weems bestows this rap, in passing: "Mr. Williams, George's first tutor, knew as little Latin as Balaam's ass."

Latin or not, George acquired the foundation of a fair education for that time, and to this his enormous industry, aided by much reading of good English literature in after days, supplied what was lacking.

People who have forgotten Washington's battles remember the cherry-tree and his hatchet. Weems started that pleasing tale, and it is he who tells also of a race on foot between George and his neighbor, "Langy Dade."

First, let me tell you — for boys to-day resemble the Apostle Paul in one thing, certainly: they like to prove all things — that among the many authors who have written about the youth of Washington, the one upon whose preserves all the rest have browsed, whose quaint stories have come to be our classics, was this very Parson Weems.

People who have grown up in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, where Weems was well known, are not quite sure whether there ever was a hatchet — or, for that matter, even a cherry-tree in the garden of excellent Mr. Augustine Washington, near Fredericksburg!

For Parson Weems was reputed to have a very vivid imagination. He used to drive about Fairfax County in an old-fashioned gig with a calash, peddling his own books and others, from plantation to plantation. When he succeeded in making a sale, he would whip out the fiddle that always accompanied him, and, standing up in his gig, play the merriest, maddest dance-music. The negroes, who stood gaping round his gig, could no more resist him than the rats could resist the Pied Piper of Hamelin! First, they swayed, then they beat time with foot and hand, and at last broke into a regular corn-shucking jig! When Weems remained overnight at the house of one of his patrons, he would volunteer to read family prayers, and at the moment the last "Amen" was said, would fall to playing reels and jigs upon his fiddle. His sermons were the oddest ever heard from a Church of England clergyman. He was often at Mount Vernon, and from General and Mrs. Washington he received many kindnesses. In the course of much

fireside gossip, during his wanderings from one country-house to another, Mr. Weems picked up the anecdotes of Washington's youth, which he has told in his book. And if you are ever so fortunate as to visit the rooms of the Society Library in University Place, New York, ask permission to see a copy they have there, an early edition, of this famous "Life of George Washington." It was published in 1814, with an introduction by "Light Horse Harry Lee."

And now for the foot-races, as reported by Parson Weems: "'Egad! he ran wonderfully,' said my amiable and aged friend John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew Washington well. 'We had nobody hereabouts that could come near him. There was a young Langhorn Dade of Westmoreland, a confounded clean-made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner, too. But then, he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give it up, and would brag that he had sometimes brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough.'"

As in running, so in wrestling, in the use of foils, in high-jumping, climbing, shooting at a mark, and pitching quoits, George excelled his mates. Before our war between the States, they used to show at an old tobacco-warehouse in Alexandria some weights, — one, I believe, of more than fifty pounds, — said to have been thrown by Washington in a match where first boys, then men, were surpassed and put to confusion by his achievements. His unusually long arms and immense hands were justly a source of wonder in such contests.

The river near which was his first home, — the Rappahannock, — while not so wide as the Potomac or the James, is yet wide enough to fill with astonishment the looker-on who is to-day shown where young Washington threw a piece of slate the size of a silver dollar across the river, clearing thirty yards beyond the opposite bank. Of the many who have since tried to emulate this feat, not one, it is claimed, has succeeded in clearing even the water there. Another time, Washington stood in the bed of the stream running under the Natural Bridge of Virginia, which towers two hundred feet above, and hurled a stone upon the top of the arch. And again, when older, he threw a stone from the Palisades into the Hudson.

Washington never lost his taste for this branch of athletics. Charles Wilson Peale, the soldier-artist, who portrayed several of the heroes of the Revolution at headquarters during their campaigns, was himself an adept in athletic exercises. On one occasion, in 1772, while at Mount Vernon,

there was upon the lawn a party of young fellows, playing at "pitching the bar," when Colonel Washington suddenly appeared among them, and, without taking off his coat, held out his hand to claim the bar. "No sooner," said Peale, in describing the scene to a friend, "did the heavy iron bar feel the grasp of his mighty hand than it lost the power of gravitation and whizzed through the air, striking the ground far, very far, beyond our utmost limits. We were indeed amazed as we stood around, all stripped to the buff, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, and having thought ourselves very clever fellows; while the Colonel, on retiring, pleasantly observed, 'When you beat my pitch, young gentlemen, I'll try again.'"

A tale still current in Washington's old home neighborhood in Virginia recounts how once as a stripling he sat reading under the shade of an oak-tree near his school. Some of his friends had engaged a champion wrestler of the county to test their strength in an impromptu ring. One after another fell a victim to the champion's skill, till, grown bold at last, he strode back and forth like one of the giants of old-time romance, daring the only boy who had not wrestled with him either to put his book down and come into the ring or own himself afraid!

This was more than the self-contained Washington could stand. Quietly closing his book, he accepted the challenge. Long after, when the student under the oak-tree had become the conqueror with whose honored name the whole civilized world resounded, the ex-champion told what followed, "After a fierce, short struggle," he said, "I felt myself grasped and hurled upon the ground, with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones."

With the memory of these boyish encounters in mind, and with all his sympathy for athletic exercises, think what it must have been to Washington, when Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army, to come upon a party of his young officers amusing themselves at a game of "fives," and, in spite of his evident enjoyment of the sport, to find them too much overcome with awe to go on playing. It was in vain that the General encouraged them to resume their sport; so, at last, feeling that greatness has its drawbacks, he bowed, wished his officers good-day, and walked away.

As a horseman, from beginning to end of his vigorous life, Washington had no peer. Like all Virginian boys, he took to the saddle as a duck takes to water. Once astride his steed, it was all but impossible to dislodge him. From the day when as a lad he first rode to hounds after old Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, across the county named for that worthy nobleman, he was a skilled

and dashing fox-hunter. In the army, when on horseback, riding down the line, cheered to the echo by the soldiers, who believed, with a superstition worthy of the ancients, that here was a being born to lead them, he was physically the most imposing figure present. In person, Washington showed in his maturity the fruits of the lifetime he had given to what athletes nowadays call "training." His habits, at all times, were those exacted of a "crew" or "team" of modern days, before the occasions when those heroes appear in public, to fill with despair or exultation the bosoms of their friends. From the Indians of the Shenandoah wilderness, among whom he spent weeks during his first surveying tour, he learned the swift, elastic tread that distinguished him in walking. His powers of endurance were worthy of his extraordinary physical strength, though it must be said he had few illnesses to test his constitution, and, indeed, was rarely ailing. It may be some consolation to aspirant heroes of the future to hear, while upon this topic, that Mrs. Washington said it was well the general was so rarely ill, as she could never get him to take his medicine!

"Major Laurence Lewis once asked his uncle what was his height in the prime of life," says Custis. "He replied, 'In my best days, Laurence, I stood six feet and two inches in ordinary shoes.' Of his weight we are an evidence, having heard him say to Crawford, Governor of Canada in 1799, 'My weight, in my best days, sir, never exceeded from two hundred and ten, to twenty.' His form was unique. Unlike most athletic frames, which expand at the shoulders and gather in at the hips, the form of Washington deviated from the general rule, since it descended from the shoulders to the hips in perpendicular lines, the breadth of the trunk being nearly as great at the one end as at the other. His limbs were long, large, and sinewy; he was what is called straight-legged. His joints, feet, and hands were large, and could a cast have been made from his right hand (so far did its dimensions exceed nature's model), it would have been preserved in museums for ages as the anatomical wonder of the eighteenth century."

Mr. Custis, who was Washington's adopted son, tells elsewhere of a summons once received by him, when a lad, to speak with the General in his private room. There, for the first time, he saw the Chief partially undressed. On his vast chest and arms and shoulders, the muscles stood out like a net-work of iron wire, under a thin covering of flesh. Custis observed that the chest "instead of being arched" was slightly "indented." Physical strength, bred and nurtured as was Washington's, does not desert its fortunate possessor, leaving him inert and unable to perform the feats

he glорied in while "training." Also, it endures till past the time when the ordinary man's vigor begins to wane. There is extant a striking story of a ride, in the autumn of 1799, when the General set out, in company with Major Lewis, Mr. Custis, Mr. Peake, and a servant, to go from Alexandria to Mount Vernon,—the General, then a man of sixty-seven, riding a Narragansett horse recently procured from the North for his own use. When still at a considerable distance from home, he dismounted to examine some object in the wood beside the road, where a fire of brush was burning. At the moment of resuming his saddle his horse took fright at the fire and shied violently, bounding from under his rider, who fell heavily upon the ground. At once, the others sprang from their saddles and hastened to his aid. But the General would have no help, arose with remarkable agility, and brushed the dust from his clothes, remarking dryly that, though he had been worsted this time, it was through an accident no rider could foresee or guard against. Meantime it was discovered that all the horses of the party had set off briskly in the direction of their stables. Night was falling, the gentlemen realized that they were hungry, tired, and four good miles from Mount Vernon. There was nothing for it but to walk. This they set out to do, but were luckily relieved by some negroes who, returning from work, had met and captured their flying steeds.

This adventure was popularly spoken of as "the only time a horse ever got the better of General Washington." But we have his own testimony, in the tale I heard from an old-time inhabitant of Alexandria, as to another mishap when in saddle; wherein, however, Washington ultimately came off victor. It was in his early boyhood that George was one day in Alexandria, looking at some beautiful Maryland thoroughbreds, brought by a dealer to the town to sell. Of course, the lad had no thought of buying, and after patting and admiring the fine animals, turned to leave, when the dealer jokingly offered to give him one of the most spirited of these horses, if he could manage to keep his seat on its back, as far as Mount Vernon and back again. Young Washington, with sparkling eyes, eagerly accepted the challenge, and to the surprise and alarm of the lookers-on, when the fiery creature was brought out and saddled with difficulty, managed to

spring into the saddle, and seize the reins. Like an arrow the swift steed was off and out of sight! Next day, while the gossips around the market-place were still shaking their heads over the rashness of that boy Major Laurence Washington had taken to live with him at Mount Vernon, George, sitting easily upon the now tamed and docile horse, rode gayly up before the livery-stable door. Some say the dealer desired to give him the horse he had fairly won, but that Washington declined, adding he had *not* "kept his seat," having been thrown once, and dragged, though still retaining his hold upon the reins.

A better-known instance of his daring horsemanship is his adventure with the favorite thoroughbred sorrel colt of fiery temper belonging to his mother, and pastured near their house. Some lads, going with Washington to visit the horses, dared him to try his hand at breaking-in this untamed creature to the saddle-rein. By their united efforts, they succeeded in forcing a bit between the sorrel's teeth, and George vaulted upon his back. A fierce struggle followed; the horse resented madly the double insult of a rider and a bridle; and, at last, finding himself unable by any effort to shake off his incumbrance, reared again, and with a final desperate plunge fell, blood spurting from his nostrils, dead upon the field. It has always seemed to me that not the least exhibition of Washington's bravery, on this occasion, was the immediate confession to his mother that he had killed her favorite horse. For Mrs. Washington had in abundance that quality of inspiring awe, afterward so conspicuous in her illustrious son. She was not made of yielding stuff. In her presence, even after they were "proper tall fellows," her sons were said to stand as "mute as mice." Her anger (also like Washington's in his later life) was something no offender cared to face. Therefore, it was the more creditable to both son and mother, that, on hearing of her misfortune, she made the memorable answer:

"While I regret my loss, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

"There—I have read you enough, I think, to prove that my hero is worthy to be yours."

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Wash-ing-ton—ath-lete!" was the expressive comment.

THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER X.

THE POOR BUTTERFLY.

THE next day Alvine told Madame Pelletier why she wanted to follow the grandfather when he set off up the hills.

One whole round of twenty-four hours had he staid about the cottage enjoying the girl's presence, perhaps crediting her coming home to something he had done to attract her.

He pulled his gray cap over his head-kerchief and said :

"My daughter Ursule, this is a fine morning, and all the world is sweet."

"Yes, indeed, my Petit-Père. It is so clear I have many times heard the bells of Ste. Anne."

"My son Elzear is safe at his forge."

"Yes, safe enough; smoking instead of making his fire smoke, and talking with a neighbor instead of shoeing the neighbor's horse. He is a comfortable man," added Madame Pelletier, in her husband's defense.

Her small grandfather stood on one foot, setting the other upon its instep. He looked like an elderly lad meditating truancy.

"You must be sure to kill a pig to-day, my daughter Ursule. It is probable my poor Narcisse has not tasted black-pudding since he went away."

"Petit-Père," the daughter demanded, setting her hands upon her sides, the downy, abundant hair about her mouth and cheeks showing strongly in the light, "will you wade any water to-day?"

"No, my daughter Ursule. No, my good child; I will obey your word about the wading."

"Last time you came home with your stockings wet above the bottes Sauvages. If you wade in the water you will cough, your limbs will stiffen with rheumatism, you will have to take doses from my square bottle on the high shelf."

Petit-Père wrinkled his short nose and drew his mouth into an expression of nausea.

Madame Pelletier, after this warning, turned to her work, and the grandfather started on tiptoe down the gallery steps, looking well admonished and full of the best intentions. The hill was steep climbing alongside Mother Blanchet's farm, but he took it without a pause until the first summit was reached, when he rested and looked back.

Behold! there toiled after him the girl whom he

thought he had given the slip. Her ankle made her slow. Petit-Père at first thought he would show her his heels and run. Then he thought of hiding. But his heart was tenderer than a large brother's or sister's would have been in a similar case, so he waited until Alvine dragged herself to his level, and reasoned with her, piteously twisting his little face.

"My excellent daughter, my returned child, after thy Petit-Père has said so many prayers to bring thee home, wilt thou desert me and go wandering off again?"

"Father," said Alvine, "I only wish to go with you to find my brother."

"Now, that is not thy affair." The grandfather shook his forefinger. "Do you know where my children hide themselves?"

"No, monsieur."

"The little father knows. The little father will bring the children home. Listen; do you hear bells?"

"Yes, monsieur. Mother Ursule says those are the bells of Ste. Anne."

"There will come a day when my children will all walk behind me, my returned pilgrims. And the bells of Ste. Anne will ring that day! But if as fast as I catch them they slip from me again—eh?"

Her adopted father gave her a distressed look.

Alvine, whose mind was very literal, wanted to explain that she was not one of his children, yet for the sake of truth itself she could not cross Petit-Père.

"I will not slip away, monsieur," she promised, wondering how her pilgrimage could be made without bringing sorrow to this gentle creature.

"Is it 'monsieur' you say to your father?"

"I will call you, then, nothing but father," said Alvine. "And, father, I am as anxious to see my brother as you are. He has been gone out of my sight a long time. If he sees me perhaps he may come back with both of us sooner than with you alone."

Petit-Père listened, and turned his eyes reflectively.

"You will not gallop off at his heels if he takes to flight?"

"No, father. I would gallop poorly with this limp."

He took her by the hand. As they began the

next height, he meditated on her bitten ankle and watched the halting step it gave her. "It would be a good plan," the grandfather whispered to himself with laboring breath, "to bring Gervas out after the rest of them, since my daughter Ursule says it is Gervas that caught this one. The dog of my son Elzear is a fine dog."

Standing on the second height, they could see the spires of Ste. Anne's and a great extent of the St. Lawrence. Far below them wound the Beaupré road half concealed by foliage, and cottage roofs everywhere met the eye. The ridge where they stood was a lap of stony meadow; below it stretched a field of dwarf peas. Petit-Père was unwilling to stand and look about; he hurried their steps westward, dragging Alvine's hand, a light-footed grandfather.

But when they came to a cluster of stunted trees having low forks, he could not resist stopping to drag himself up into the fork of one. There he stood laughing, and mimicked the far-off sound of bells:

"Ton, ton! ton, ton!"

"Father, what age are you?" inquired Alvine, remembering that Madame Pelletier had told her he was eighty, and thinking it impossible so old a man could do such things.

He looked ashamed, and avoiding her eyes, slid down from the tree. Alvine saw that he felt rebuked, and limping along beside him, wondered how she could atone for her question. But presently he forgot it, for they descended into a hollow full of lovely white fluted flowers inclosed in bells of green. Their smell was so sweet that Alvine gathered handfuls. Petit-Père gathered handfuls, too, but it was to lay the bells flat on one palm and explode them by a blow from the other.

"Les bateaux," * he said with satisfaction, amusing himself by repeated explosions; he could have been tracked half a mile by the bursted steamboat flowers strewed behind him.

The hollow stooped yet deeper to one of those hill-clefts made by water-courses; such spots as never tire the eye, so various and rugged are the rocks, so clear the rill caressed by verdure in the whole line of its descent, so dense the trees making twilight at noon.

Alvine heard a sound which startled her into quick hopping behind Petit-Père. It was an accordion drawing its breath, now in long strains and now in jerks, as a variable hand pulled it out and played the keys.

Bruno played the accordion. It was such an instrument she had imagined him carrying along the Beaupré road, if the boy printed about in the English papers proved to be Bruno. The only

thing he took away from home was an old accordion that had made music for a former generation of Charlands.

She could close her eyes and see her father sitting in his door,—for, it must be owned, sitting in the door was her father's principal business,—neighbors leaning on both fences, and Bruno in the path, his head on one side, his nimble fingers playing. Homeless people associate tender longing with any spot they have called their own, and Alvine's eyes grew wet as she thought of the valley and those tunes Bruno sent across it.

If this player were Bruno, he could not have his old accordion with him, for he brought nothing but his life and the clothes he wore through that break-up of logs.

There was nobody visible in the ravine. Even Petit-Père cast a baffled gaze all around. Yet you could hear the accordion strains composing themselves into the old French chanson, "Malbrouck," and presently a lad's voice broke out singing:

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra." †

"Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
But when will he return?"

Alvine first saw the musician. It was Bruno. He sat in the fork of a low sycamore or plane tree, which thrust one arm up behind him, propping his back.

She pointed him out to Petit-Père, and the old man at once shook his finger against her lips. They crept close to the tree without making any noise to attract Bruno's eyes,—bright and wild in their expression, but with the innocent wildness held in the eyes of harmless woods-dwellers. The boy showed his contact with the healing outdoor world.

Alvine wanted to call him, but it seemed so probable he would take to flight like a cedar-bird upon the least noise, that she let Petit-Père push her behind a stump, and, crouching there, she waited the best chance of approaching her brother.

He was still singing:

"La Trinité se passe,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas."

"But Trinity Term is past,
Malbrouck does not return."

The little grandfather walked carefully to a rock below the tree, and, as if he had no idea that a startled boy in the tree held song and accordion

McLennan's translation of this old song is given in the text.

* Steamboats—the name of the flower.

† Mr. William

suspended, and trembled at the point of dashing down and away, he began to spread the rock with the bait he had brought, the confiture his son Elzear had given him, some slices of bread thickly sandwiched with sour cream, and a clean white onion from Mother Ursule's garden.

This plea from the simple grandfather had its effect on the blankee mind.

Bruno, from his perch in the tree, looked without shyness at the little man, holding his accordion under one arm and moving one bare foot forward to descend, the temptation of so much food being



PETIT-PÈRE AND ALVINE DISCOVER BRUNO IN THE WOODS.

He then looked up and stretched his arms appealingly to Bruno.

"Come, my pretty Narcisse, come and eat the good breakfast thy father has prepared. Confiture, my child,—la crème. Come, Narcisse, my pigeon. Fly down."

more than a famished rover like himself could withstand.

"But I am not Narcisse," he declared, his expression clouding.

"Thou art my pretty son," wheedled the grandfather.

"But I am not Narcisse."

Bruno's gaze wandered about in search of his own name.

Petit-Père's face also clouded. His eyes dropped to his fingers, and he began to review his family and count. The wee man, in his short breeches, standing in that verdant gloom, with his red kerchief arching a perplexed forehead, and his unbelted blouse betraying a red wool shirt or underjacket, the fingers of one hand spread out and the other traveling over it with forefinger, numbering them — was a quaint sight.

Birds sang and darted, carrying an instant's sunlight on their wings. The boy in the tree, attracted by this old father and his meal of French dainties, grew visibly gentler.

"They have been gone so long," said Petit-Père. "Many winters the snows came, and our waterfall froze, and I looked out of the window for them in vain. There would also be ice in the river. My son Elzear, when he went *au fort*,^{*} the great fort, Quebec, he said young men ran about on snow-shoes, and there was a mountain of ice under the frozen falls of Montmorenci, and the toboggans shot down that mountain of ice half a moonlighted night. Yet, none of my children were abroad with snow-shoes and toboggans. They waded in the cold; they needed father. Never do I mix them in my prayers or forget the size of each. There were my son Olivier and his seven, and the nine little ones of my son Elzear — all my children; I count not Simard's daughter, the mother of Elzear. She was not to me like Ursule. Do you say I have lost a name of them?" He numbered on his fingers, "My Hermenegilde, and my Marie, and Arthur, and Louis, and Luce, and Narcisse, and my Flavie who was scalded, and grew not well. Then my little children — children of Elzear and Ursule — Virginie, Anne, and Pierre, Désiré, and Elzear the little, — Ah, black-eyed rogue! he is big enough to throw his arms around my waist; also the little Ursule, and Marguerite, Jean Ba'tiste, and Bruno —"

"That's my name," cried the youth in the tree with a shout of discovery. "I am called Bruno."

Petit-Père reasoned with him.

"My son, you are Narcisse. Bruno — he is the bébé! How could he play Malbrouck in my ear and climb a tree?"

"But my name is Bruno," insisted the boy, looking down at Petit-Père.

"Come down, then," cajoled the grandfather, winking, and by the wink distorting one side of his eager face. "Call thee Bruno, or call thee Narcisse, play tricks on the old father; but come

down and eat, and I will forgive thee all thy pranks."

The boy whom Alvine had described as a poor butterfly driven before the wind, alighted without further coaxing, and made such a ravenous meal as butterflies seldom make.

CHAPTER XI.

NEIGHBORS AND RELATIONS.

WHEN nothing was left on the rock except an onion-top, Bruno and the grandfather looked at each other with mutual favor. Alvine moved rebelliously behind her stump at being obliged to stay away from her brother while a stranger claimed him. Her tawny skin grew paler with suspense and anxiety.

"Where did you get this?" inquired Petit-Père, touching the accordion.

"I bought that in Quebec," replied Bruno.

"Who gave thee the money, my child?"

"I am strong," boasted Bruno. "I worked for it. In Montreal I helped to unload steamboats. There is more money of mine somewhere — I can not remember." He cast his eyes about in mental search after his lumbering wages which remained undrawn.

"Have the other children grown?" inquired Petit-Père wistfully.

"What other children?" asked the boy.

"Thy brothers and sisters, and also the little ones of Elzear and Ursule. I had forgot they would grow. It must be they change. I can see thou art changed."

"Father, do you smoke as much as ever?" inquired Bruno, overriding his elder's query. "I know where Indian pipes grow. I will bring you some Indian pipes."

"But Indian pipes are not to smoke in, my son."

"Why not?" inquired Bruno, staring. "They shine clear as wax. When we used to find Indian pipes I thought they were for men to smoke in."

His face puzzled itself over this confusion of a childish notion with his present.

"Who feeds you every day?" asked Petit-Père.

"It is sometimes a woman here, and sometimes a woman there, when I stop at the gate and play a tune."

"But art thou not unhappy roving away from home, my Narcisse — my Bruno? Come back with me," begged the father, stroking one bramble-marked sleeve. The boy jerked his arm away in annoyance.

* To the fort. A relic of speech among the oldest Canadians from the time when forts were centers of population.
See "Picturesque Canada."

Grief appeared in the face under the red head-kerchief.

"Father," said Bruno,—and half of Petit-Père's grief vanished,—“I am hunting that slide. I started down a slide with the last of our logs at the end of the drive, and something stopped me. I can't find it again. I can't remember what made me leave in the middle of the slide, but I dream about it all night. Do you know where I was lumbering, father? We hauled logs; at the opening of spring we rolled them in the river. You bore a hole in a log; you take a peg and a strong withe. In goes your withe,—drive your peg,—it is fast. Bore a hole in another log; in goes the other end of the withe; drive another peg; it is fast. So you bind your logs together for the drive. Then you launch your boat to follow it. That is a great life. Tea, beans, fat meat—the snow—and at night you are snug in your cabin while the frosts crack trees.”

“Pretty lad!” exclaimed Petit-Père, sparkling with pride. “My Narcisse has been to see the world!”

“But I can't find my way back,” complained Bruno, letting his head sink forward, “and I must finish my slide.”

“Wilt thou not, then, my Narcisse, come home with me?”

“Father,” exclaimed the boy, “do you think my slide was in the Montmorenci river?”

Alvine started when she heard this.

“The falls of the Montmorenci river,” said Petit-Père, —“I never saw them, but my son Elzear says they are high as a mountain. Did I not tell thee they freeze in winter and make a mountain of ice beneath them? Doubtless there is a good slide for toboggans down that mountain of ice, my son?”

“I got into a boat,” said Bruno, pursuing his own thought, “and rowed past Montmorenci falls on the St. Lawrence. What a grand slide they make. If a man started there he could not stop. Don't you think I could slide the Montmorenci, father?”

“Stand up,” said Petit-Père, sincerely, “and let me see how long your legs are.”

Bruno stood up, quite as seriously, holding his accordion with one arm.

“Turn around,” demanded Petit-Père. Bruno turned around, showing his briar-combed trousers, back, front, and sidewise, his long tanned feet working nervously upon the grass. He had taken off shoes and stockings and dropped them somewhere in the woods, because custom made his soles yearn for bare ground in summer.

“Your legs are not long enough to slide down the Montmorenci, my Narcisse,” pronounced the

grandfather, with conviction. “You should wait till they grow longer.”

“Bah!” said Bruno. “I am large; I am long-legged enough. In the lumber camp there was no man who could handle logs better. It will be nothing to slide the Montmorenci falls. And when I start over there with the last lot in the drive—then I shall go to the bottom without stopping.”

“Bruno!” cried Alvine, rising behind her stump, “you will be killed! The falls are much more than two hundred feet; you don't know what you are doing!”

Her brother heard all these words, staring at her. At the end of them, he was off like a deer up the ravine.

The grandfather and sister both ran after him, calling. They crossed the brook and climbed the opposite side of the cleft to head him away from the woods. In crossing, Petit-Père fell into the water and Alvine pulled him out. They reached high ground and panted still up the mountain, calling, but the boy had vanished like any wild creature, and they might search for him the whole day without success.

When Alvine was convinced of this, she turned downhill crying, and Petit-Père, as they restrained their descending steps, cried beside her, his tears exceeding hers. They went directly down to the Beaupré road instead of retracing their first diagonal course.

“I scared him away,” lamented Alvine.

The grandfather said not a word of reproach to her. He cried on his brown hands like the aged little boy he was. And thus they reached Simard's cottage, and found Mother Simard sitting on the doorstep with a lapful of fresh meat which she was cutting up into bits. The house was a rough-cast one, dormer-windowed, with a pine interior stained in oil. Mother Simard, who was the sister-in-law of Petit-Père, did not look greatly the blacksmith's elder, being a shapeless sunburned Frenchwoman in cotton sack and homespun petticoat. As she cut up the meat she chatted across the road with her opposite neighbor, who sat knitting in an upper dormer window; and so narrow was this dividing line that neither woman raised her voice above the ordinary tone.

When she saw Petit-Père and the stranger appear around her house, she rose up, holding her petticoat forward in bowl-shape to keep the meat from falling, and made them a bow.

“Good-day, little father, and good-day to you, mademoiselle. Will you come into the house, or sit out by the spring where the old father Simard is?”

“Thank you, madame,” replied Alvine. “If

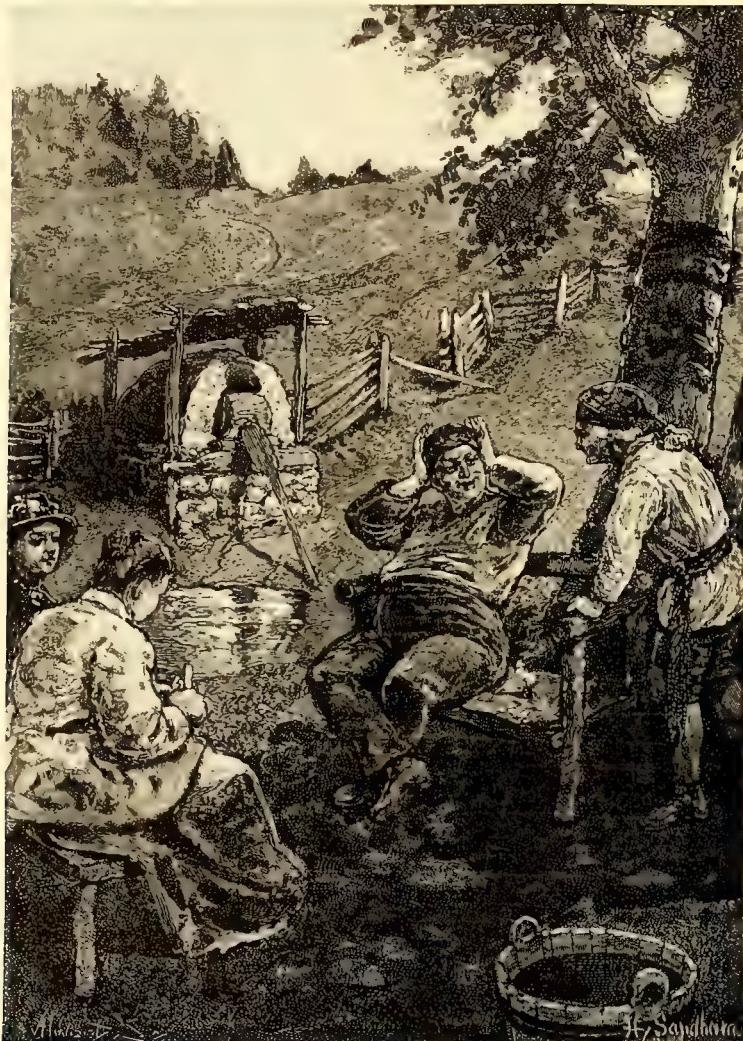
you please, we will sit and rest outdoors. By running I have hurt my sore ankle very much."

"It's you, then, that Gervas, the beast, bit! When Gervas comes here I throw my oven-wood at him — which would grieve the heart of Elzear; but he might hurt my children."

in his mind. You may have seen him with an accordion?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" exclaimed Mother Simard. "He played at our gate, and I gave him some black-pudding."

"My son Narcisse *has* had black-pudding,



"*“THUS DO I SEE HIM STANDING ON THE HILL,” ROARED THE FAT OLD FRENCHMAN, LAYING DOWN HIS PIPE AND SETTING HIS HANDS UP LIKE TALL EARS ABOVE HIS HEAD.”*

She made an outcry, as her visitors wiped their faces.

"Is there trouble at Pelletier's?"

"No, madame," said Alvine. "But we have just seen my brother and he ran away from us. I am from the Chaudière, madame, and my brother has been hurt and he is wandering around confused

then," said Petit-Père, consoling himself. From crying he turned to chuckling.

Mother Simard made a gesture toward the horizon with one hand and her head, which expressed her knowledge of all his fancies.

"The poor little father," said she, behind his back, to Alvine, as they went toward the spring.

"He chases them ever like lost sheep. He is so strong and active compared to our father Simard, who keeps his mind, but not his legs. My husband went to Ste. Anne's this morning to early service, and took the children with him."

"How many children have you, madame?"

"Only twelve, mademoiselle. But Simard took eleven; the baby is in the house asleep."

The spring, nested at the root of a tree, sent its tributary trickle to the ravine water-course. Some rustic seats were fixed here in deep shade, from which a vile odor of native tobacco came out to meet them, and it was through a cloud of smoke that Father Simard was to be seen. The fat old man looked deeply seasoned by smoking. He took his pipe from his mouth and turned lazily to greet the people approaching him. Alvine limped to a seat, and Madame Simard sat down and continued her meat-cutting near by; but Petit-Père rested his hands on the arm and back of his neighbor's bench, for the purpose of boring at Simard's deaf ear like a poised lady-bird.

"A hand's-breadth this time," shouted Father Simard, having bowed to Alvine; "thou hast shrunk a hand's-breadth since last I saw thee, Louis Pelletier. If you stop not your shrinking up and your galloping abroad, the people along the Beaupré road will take you for a rabbit. Thus do I see him standing on the hill," roared the fat old Frenchman, laying down his pipe and setting his hands up like tall ears above his head. "V't!" He snapped his fingers to intimate a rabbit's sudden flight.

"Thou lazy cabbage, sitting with thy leg fast in the ground," said Petit-Père, showing his gums. "I always outran thee. But I have been in the water this morning." He cast an anxious glance at the unheated oven, and rubbed his damp knee.

"Have a glass of drink to warm thee," shouted Simard.

"Yes, yes, yes. Let me bring you some beer," urged Madame Simard.

"We have nothing but beer in our chest under the bed, but it is good, fresh beer."

"I return my thanks to you both," said Petit-Père. "But no, no, no. Thou seest, aunt of Elzear, it clouds my thoughts of the children to drink such drink."

"He always says the same," murmured Mother Simard, as she sliced her meat and mused about

this quaint father, of a class who drink spirits as a favorite remedy, but are little drunken.

"I have seen thy girl's Narcisse this morning. He was on the hill," called Petit-Père into the ear of Simard, who opened his mouth like a fish, and then shut and drew it down among his double chins to hide his contemptuous pity.

"But this roving life will make him wild. By winter I hope to have my children all home again."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Simard indulgently.

"So many children in the world, yet we all do pine after them that have gone out of it," sighed Mother Simard low to Alvine. "My husband's brother who lives in Quebec is sending his children to make the good pilgrimage this week. They come on the pilgrim boat."

"Yes," said Alvine, "I should have come in that, but I had my brother, also, to seek."

"They will then return to Quebec along the Beaupré road, resting with us by the way. Their neighbor brought us the news. A pretty sight that will be, mademoiselle, six boys and six girls, the oldest being fifteen years old and able to direct her brothers and sisters. She is named Hermene-gilde. It is a name of the Pelletier family. You understand, mademoiselle, these children I tell you of are cousins to the little-father's grandson, Elzear."

Alvine's mind readily traced the labyrinths of French relationship. She thought it would be a pretty sight — a family of twelve brothers and sisters trudging home from the church together along the mountain-skirting Beaupré road.

The grandfather and Alvine on their return passed that ruined stone house where she had sheltered herself from the rain. Petit-Père went into it and pulled handfuls of mint growing there, which he rubbed over his person and stuffed in his pockets.

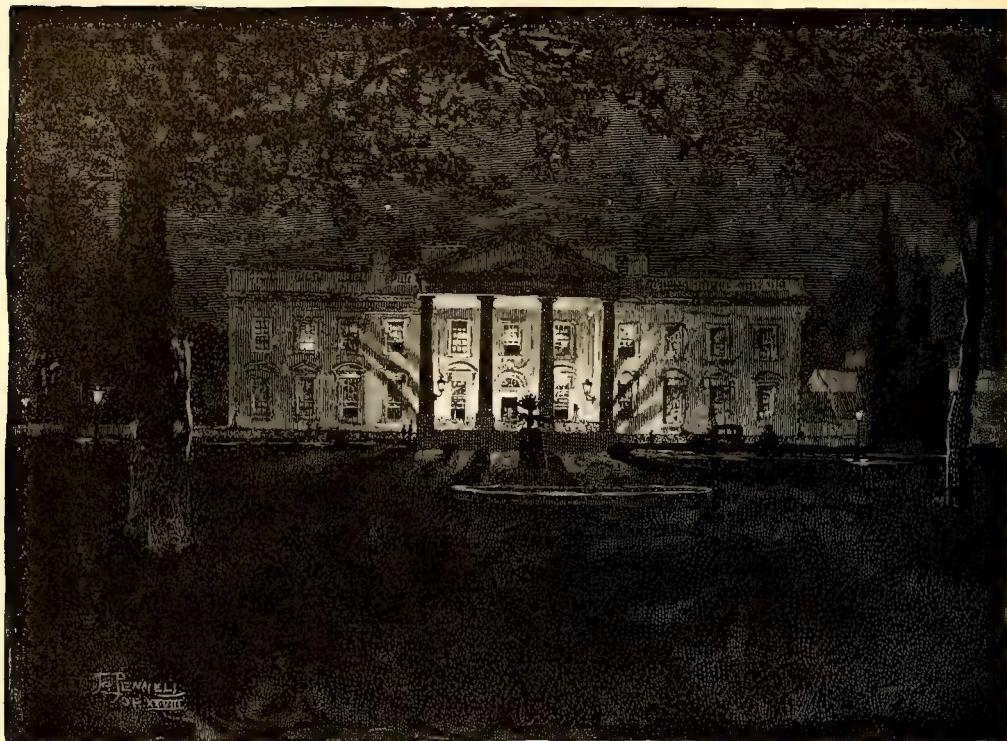
Madame Pelletier stood on her gallery and saw them coming. The sun was now hot overhead, but the grandfather's knees yet owned to his falling in the stream, and he waved the diverting mint at the eyes of his guardian.

"My daughter Ursule," he said, mounting the gallery, "smell my garments. Do they smell good? I rubbed mint on them! Mint, when one has had the misfortune to slip down in the water, is sovereign. It is even better than the stuff in that square bottle of yours — eh?" he appealed.

(To be continued.)

THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.



THE WHITE HOUSE AT NIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

COURT-FASHIONS AND CEREMONIES.

THE Government is a practical business institution, and the President, as part of the system, would offend no intentment of the Constitution should he refuse to permit any encroachment upon his time beyond the limits of his business office. State dinners and levees are entirely outside of administrative duties, and we touch upon them, in connection with other items of official etiquette, more by way of diversion than from any high appreciation of their political importance.

All through the Government service, as in private business establishments, we, of course, find the

relation of superior and subordinate, and from this relation necessarily follow certain distinctions of grade, or official classification, and certain rules of courtesy governing the business intercourse between agents of equal or unequal rank. The President is higher than a Secretary of Department, a Secretary higher than a bureau chief, a bureau chief higher than a clerk. An officer, issuing instructions or commands, disregards the conventional or complimentary forms observed by him when communicating with officers of equal or higher grade; a subordinate, corresponding with one above him in authority, is more or less deferential in his address.* This complaisance, however, extends chiefly to such harmless expressions

* On the other hand, insubordination, or conduct prejudicial to the authority of a superior officer, would obviously impair the efficiency of the service. A notable instance of administrative "discipline" occurred some months ago, when a Bureau Chief, guilty of criticising the judgment of the Secretary of the Interior, was overhauled by a vigorous letter from the Secretary, and gently "allowed to resign" (a polite alternative for "dismissal") by the President.

as, "To the Honorable the Secretary," and "I am, with great respect, your obedient servant," at the beginning and ending of letters; and is only objectionable when it becomes indiscriminate or extravagant. In strict propriety, official communications should be addressed to the "office"—not to the name of the individual holding the office; and a public office receives no augmented dignity by reason of mere wordy additions. This was the view taken by the House of Representatives at the beginning of the Government, when the Senate desired to style the President "His High Mightiness," or by some other senseless title; and the Senate, by submitting to this view, established a precedent applicable to every subordinate office.*

In writing to a high official or a member of Congress by name, the prefix "Hon." is permissible on grounds of general usage; but the employment of this title in addressing minor officers is meaningless, as also is the phrase, "To His Excellency the President"; yet, this and other errors of over-effusion are frequently made by correspondents both in and out of official circles.

In ranking the President as head of the Republic we regard him only in his public capacity. His preëminence is the preëminence of his office, and this office, as we have said, was intended to exercise business functions. The idea that he is "the first gentleman of the land,"—the chief of our social as well as of our political system,—is a fiction that might suggest to a stranger the division of the American people into "castes." There is no such division. Official and fashionable "society" at Washington, however, has conceits and festivals peculiar to itself. Starting with the President, as the head of everything, it has arranged official classes into a line of precedence, and established a code of definite rules for observance in their personal relations with one another. This order of precedence, as understood by students of official etiquette, is as follows: First, the President; second, the Vice-President (the presiding officer of the Senate, or "Upper House" of Congress); and third, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court—as the respective heads of the three great branches of the Government. Next come the President of the Senate *pro tempore* and Senators; then the Secretaries of Departments; the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court; the members of the foreign diplomatic corps and certain other foreign representatives; the Speaker of the House of Representatives and Representatives; the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy; Amer-

ican diplomatic officers; followed by others in the ranks of the Judiciary, the Army and Navy, and in other divisions of the Federal service. These distinctions are not without advantage on ceremonial occasions in preventing disorder or unseemly rush; but so far as they regulate matters of social intercourse, the practical citizen is apt to view them with some amusement and disdain. When Congress recently changed the line of Presidential succession by substituting the heads of Department in lieu of the President *pro tempore* of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, some folks in "society" construed the law as advancing Cabinet officers to a public rank above that of members of the legislative department of the Government; and, with this suggestion, came a serious quibble as to whether the "Ladies of the Cabinet" should make the first call on the "Ladies of the Senate," as had been the custom before the passage of the law, or whether the families of Senators should acknowledge the superiority of the heads of Department by reversing the established rule. As the controversy actually imperiled none of our republican institutions, we need not follow its course. Seventy years ago it was maintained that the head of each Department owed a visit of ceremony to each Senator at the beginning of every session of Congress; and the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, was called to account by some Senators for his failure to pay that mark of respect. The Secretary, in a pungent letter to the Vice-President, stated that he considered "the Government of the United States as designed for the transaction of business," and bluntly denied any obligation to pay visits of etiquette or to do anything else not within the line of his official duty. This independent reasoning he applied to other public agents and to the families of public agents, and in doing so showed plain common sense.

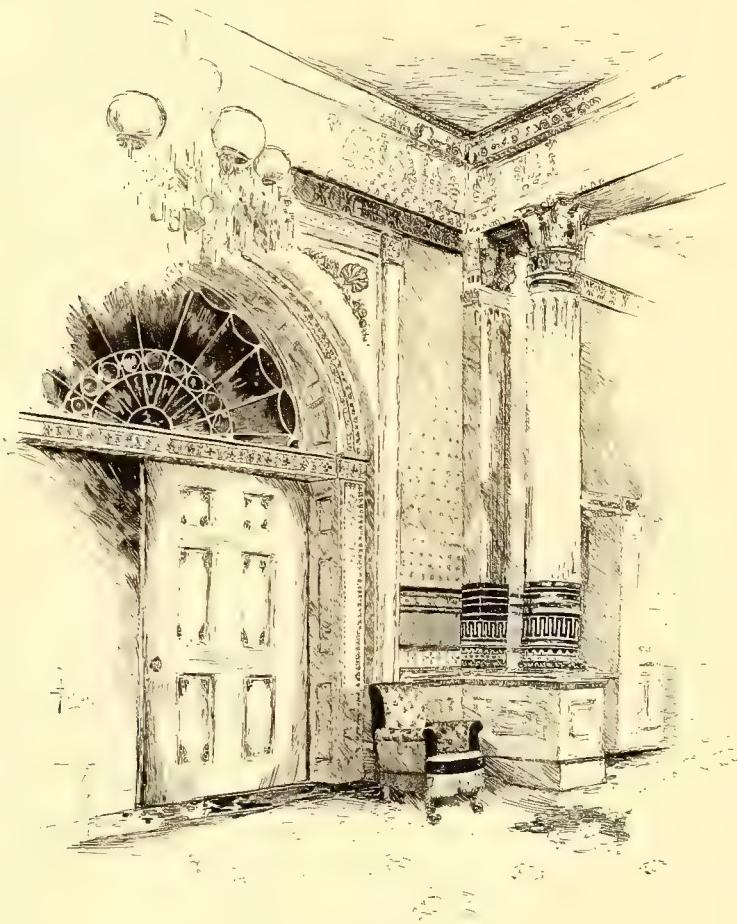
The "social obligations" of the President, as they are termed, are formal courtesies and hospitalities expected by the people, by the chief dignitaries and officers identified with the Government, and by the representatives of foreign powers, and observed by him in complimentary recognition of his public and official relations. They are mere state fashions, hollow enough when sounded, but supported by custom and by some regard for the traditions and vanities of the Old World.

Officially, the preëminence of the President is respected by the other Departments of the Government—not as an acknowledgment that the Administrative Department is, in point of power, higher

* A reference to this controversy, with some remarks about the Constitutional objection to "titles," will be found in *St. NICHOLAS* for September, 1885. A part of the ridicule which the proposition of the Senate inspired was the suggestion that the Vice-President be styled "His Superfluous Excellency."

than the Judiciary or Legislature, but as a concession to inherited notions that the executive of a government, from the constancy (or continuous nature) of its authority and presence, and from certain peculiarities of duty, is publicly most conspicuous and well-suited to the idea of a "national head."

after briefly opening their annual term in the court-room at the Capitol, and without removing their judicial robes, take carriages and depart for the White House on a visit of ceremony. Similarly, the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments call, in a body, and in full court uniform,*



A CORNER OF THE EAST ROOM.

Upon this theory,— though, also, in recognition of his functions as part of the Law-making power,—at the beginning of every session, and before proceeding with legislative business, Congress waits upon the President, through a joint committee specially appointed by the Senate and House, to notify him that both bodies have regularly convened and are ready to receive any communication he may desire to make. So, too, the Chief-Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States,

shortly after each inauguration, and on one or more occasions annually, to testify of international esteem. And so, at stated or special times, officers of the Army and Navy in the military dress of their respective grades, and delegations from other branches of the Administration, and the people by multitudes, go in formal processions, on like missions of compliment and homage to the nation's chief. Curiosity, rather than sincerity, may impel many to join these throngs; but he would be an

* That is, the uniform of foreign courts. Civilian officers of our Government (except the Justices of the Supreme Court, who wear silk gowns) always dress in plain citizen's attire, both here and abroad.

unfair critic who should fail to see some sparks of charming loyalty in it all.

These calls the President does not return; indeed, according to the refinements of etiquette, he need return calls of ceremony only in the case of an ex-President, a President-elect, or a Royal visitor.* When a newly-appointed foreign diplomat of high grade arrives at the city of Washington, he is officially "received" by the President in an audience arranged through the Secretary of State, and on the final departure of a minister, a similar audience may be had to allow him to officially present his letters of recall and to say farewell.† But the dignity and proprieties of his station do not permit the President to hold further direct official intercourse with individual members of the Diplomatic Corps (the Secretary of State being the medium between them and the Executive), nor to accept any hospitalities at their hands. General society, whether private or official, has no right to expect his presence in any drawing-rooms or at any tables other than those of State. If the President wishes to " unbend,"—a thing that, theoretically, he never does, but which, as a matter of fact, is a performance not infrequent,—and visits or dines at the house of an official or personal friend, he crosses the threshold of the White House leaving his magisterial office behind—going as a private citizen and not in the capacity of President. These are some of the fine-spun rules of fashion that hedge the details of his social life.‡

It is through certain formal dinners and receptions at his own Mansion that the President discharges such "social obligations" (to repeat an inaccurate phrase) as he may owe, reciprocating the civilities extended to him by official classes, and exchanging respectful greetings with the public generally. He annually gives one dinner to the members of his Cabinet, another to the Diplomatic Corps, a third to the Justices of the Supreme Court, and some Presidents have gone further and added dinners to leading members of the House and Senate, and to chief officers of the Army and Navy, thus entertaining, through representative guests, the Congress and the military branch of the Government. These dinners are brilliant affairs, if such things as gaudy dress of diplomats and women, blazing chandeliers, and floral decorations, combined with the silver plate and table embellish-

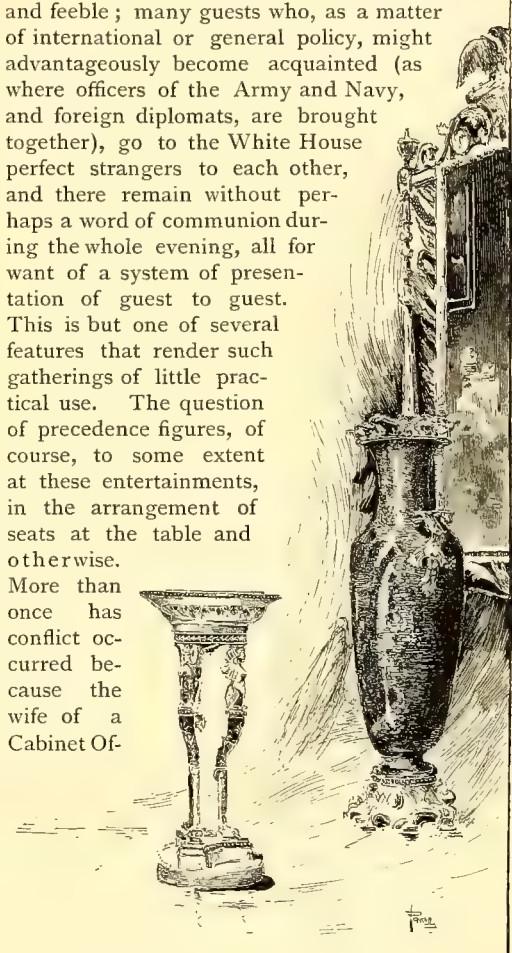
* In ordinary official communications the President is supposed to omit all complimentary forms, signing his name without an apologetic or complaisant word. When corresponding directly with a Foreign Ruler, however, as in the case of dispatches or letters of international congratulation, he addresses his correspondent as "Great and Good Friend," and describes himself, above his signature, as "Your Good Friend."

† These audiences are usually held in the State Audience-Room, or Blue Parlor, of the White House, and will be briefly referred to hereafter under another head.

‡ They are but a small part of the official etiquette of Washington society, which undertakes to regulate the status and conduct of everybody moving in its peculiar world. Cabinet dinners and receptions and kindred affairs, including the most minute curiosities of official gayety and decorum, executive, legislative, judicial, and international, have been studied by special writers and fully described in treatises intended for the use of those particularly interested in fashionable lore.

ments, constitute brilliancy. They are, also, as a rule and from the standpoint of sociability, decidedly stupid affairs. And scarcely less stupid are the state receptions given in honor of these various political classes. At some of these receptions the interchange of ideas is limited and feeble; many guests who, as a matter of international or general policy, might advantageously become acquainted (as where officers of the Army and Navy, and foreign diplomats, are brought together), go to the White House perfect strangers to each other, and there remain without perhaps a word of communion during the whole evening, all for want of a system of presentation of guest to guest. This is but one of several features that render such gatherings of little practical use. The question of precedence figures, of course, to some extent at these entertainments, in the arrangement of seats at the table and otherwise.

More than once has conflict occurred because the wife of a Cabinet Of-



A CORNER OF THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

ficer has gone into the banquet hall in advance of the wife of a foreign minister; and apparent slights to official dignity have caused more than one diplomat, used to marked deference abroad,

to inveigh against the "primitive" customs of our country. Distinctions of grade are all right in their way up to a certain degree and on some public occasions, as before remarked; but they can be overdone. The Queen of Siam was drowned, not long ago, because, as the chronicler informs us, "there was nobody present of sufficient rank to be permitted to pull her out of the water"; and equally ridiculous, if not as serious, consequences have followed in Europe from a like observance of form. The American people may be inclined to approve the ruling of the White House, that if either is entitled to distinction the wife of our Secretary of State should be allowed to precede the wife of a foreign envoy, especially when that issue is pointedly presented by the envoy as a public grievance; but they are not likely ever to adopt the rigid "proprieties" of foreign courts to the exclusion of the first principles of courtesy and wisdom.*

The exact number of state banquets and receptions given during an official season varies, of course, with the convenience of particular Presidents; the same may be said of the drawing-room receptions of the "Lady of the White House," of the informal dinners to distinguished guests, and of details regulating invitations, admission, and introductions. But there is one fixed festival of time-honored preëminence—the general reception on

New Year's day. It is then that official and unofficial society turn out *en masse*, and the historic East Room is flooded with humanity of every nationality and type. Thousands upon thousands pass before the President; each visitor (from the intellectual giant to the toddling child) is duly introduced by name through an officer detailed for that duty, enjoys the grasp of the Executive hand, receives a gentle shake or a pleasant nod from the President's wife, a smile from the "Ladies of the Cabinet," or those assisting in the reception, has barely time to glance swiftly about the room at the assembled dignitaries and to catch a strain from the music of the Marine Band, and is hurried out by the pressure of the crowd behind.†

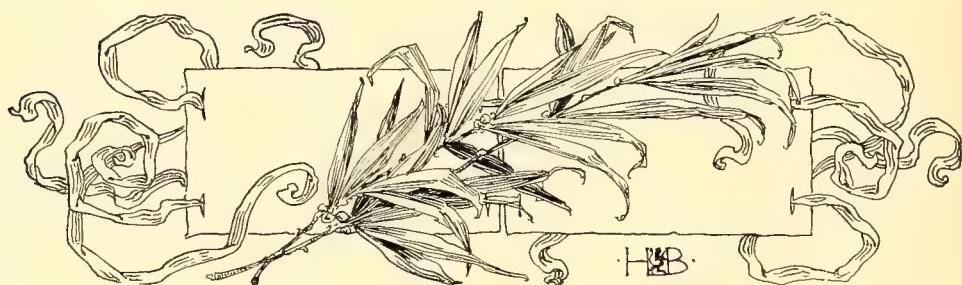
In point of numbers only one other ceremonial is at all comparable with this great annual levee—the ceremonies of Inauguration. Ushered into office with the pageantry of a returning conqueror,‡ the radiance of position encircles the President like a national halo to the end of his Administration. Then, like a fitful will-o'-the-wisp, it leaps to the head of his successor; and he drops back into the great American community, stripped of official power and prestige—a private citizen. "Society" kneels in the presence of a new leader. "The King is dead! Long live the King!" The populace takes up the shout. We are not so different from other nations after all!

(To be continued.)

* An oriental custom long observed at the White House was that of clapping the hands to summon attendants from room to room; but this curiosity "went out of office" with President Arthur. The practical ideas that have caused the substitution of electric bells may sweep away the few foibles of ceremony that still remain.

† The official programme of the last New Year's reception was as follows: At 11 A. M., the President received the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps; at 11:15, the members of the Supreme Court, Court of Claims, and the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; at 11:25, Senators and Representatives, the Commissioners and judicial officers of the District of Columbia, ex-members of the Cabinet and ex-ministers of the United States; 11:40, the officers of the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps; at 12, the Regents and the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the Commissioner of Agriculture, the Civil Service Commissioners, the Inter-state Commerce Commission, the Assistant Secretaries of the Departments, the Assistant Postmasters-General, the Solicitor-General, the assistant Attorneys-General, the heads of the bureaus and minor departments, and the President of the Columbian Institute for the Deaf and Dumb; at 12:15, the Associated Veterans of the War of 1846, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the members of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association of the District of Columbia; and at 12:35 the citizens, or "general public," who were admitted up to 2 P. M., when the reception closed, leaving hundreds of people still in line, outside the White House doors. This programme accords with the general custom. Under some administrations additional entertainment was provided for New Year's visitors, the people, after shaking hands, passing into the dining-room and partaking of egg-nogg, turkey, and other refreshments. This feature, however, has been discarded as impracticable, owing to the great increase in the number of callers in recent years.

‡ For a description of inaugural scenes, the reader may refer to ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1885.





BAS-RELIEF OF ANTINOÜS, IN THE VILLA ALBANI, ROME.

A YOUTH OF ANCIENT ROME.

—
BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.
—

IN Rome one expects to see things Roman; so we are not surprised to find that the Capitol, the Vatican, the Lateran, the semi-public collections and many private collections all have an Antinous to show—either in statue, bust, or bas-relief. So, too, since all Italy once was Roman, we may ex-

pect to find elsewhere than at Rome his delicate beauty represented,—in Florence, Venice, Naples, wherever, indeed, the gems of ancient art have been collected.

But this is far from being all. In places remote from Italy—in Paris, Dresden, Madrid—the for-

tune of art has deposited the Antinoüs statues; and even in gray, chill London his mysterious beauty frequently attracts the eye.

as Harpocrates, the god of silence; as an Egyptian divinity; or yet again as himself, with only his own attributes of peerless youth and beauty. In every



STATUE OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, IN THE VILLA ALBANI, ROME.

There is no mistaking the type. To know it once is to recognize it always, whether appearing as Bacchus, with vine leaves and thyrsus; as Mercury, messenger of the gods; as Hercules; as Vertumnus;

character there is the same exquisitely molded form, rounded rather than sinewy; the same great breadth of shoulder, and columnar throat supporting the lovely, drooping, flower-like head.

In every character, too, the face wears a singular expression of sadness, which is rather to be felt than understood. He alone could explain it, and the sad sweet curve of his lips will never part to disclose the secret. It is a sadness as mysterious as the mirth of Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, on whom we gaze with a sort of fascination. Each moment seems to promise that the next she will tell us why she smiles; yet the years pass by, and still the promise is unfulfilled. With Antinous it is different. We recognize the mystery, but also recognize that "his soul, like the Harpocrates he personated, seems to hold one finger on closed lips in token of eternal silence."

We know very little of his history beyond the record transmitted in art. That he was beautiful; that he was of Greek descent, and born in Bithynia some year between 100 and 110, A. D.; that the Roman Emperor Hadrian met, loved, and made him (probably) his page, or, at least, gave him some post from which he gradually rose into the position of chief favorite and friend—this is about all of which we can be sure.

The Emperor was more than twice his age,—a keen, Greek-cultured man, of scholarly sympathies and impulsive action. He made mistakes—as who does not?—was often blame-worthy, tried often to atone for his errors; but, somehow, failed to win much love. At last he met this beautiful youth, and, widely as they were separated by worldly place and age, they soon grew close to each other's hearts. Hadrian had been a great traveler, and now planned another extended tour. He would visit the more remote parts of his great empire, with the boy Antinous for a companion. The young would learn from the older man: while the old relieved his youth through sympathy with the younger.

So, together, they traveled through Greece and Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Arabia; reached Egypt, began a voyage up the Nile, came to Besa, —and there was the end, for there Antinous was drowned! It was an accident, some say; but there are gloomier conjectures in history: one, that Hadrian had consulted an oracle, and learned that his own life was in danger unless another life should be given in exchange. Wheretofore, say some and hint others, he sacrificed his favorite. But

probably this is a scandal without foundation. A more rational explanation is that the youth, learning the peril which threatened his patron, voluntarily devoted himself to death, to avert that doom from the other. Greater love hath no man than to



MONA LISA DEL GIOCONDO. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.)

lay down life for a friend. Heathen and Christian alike realize this; and Antinous may have felt that to the world his own existence could count for little, while Hadrian's was all-important.

However this may be, at Besa on the Nile he perished; and the Emperor mourned him with passionate grief. Moreover, that all might know the worth of what was lost, he caused it to be proclaimed that the beauty which had vanished here had only been transplanted to the sky, from mortals to immortals, and that Antinous was now a god. Whether he believed it, who can tell? Perhaps, as a modern critic suggests, there was something scenic in his display of grief; nevertheless, after his own fashion, he honored his dead.

This much is certain: about the time Antinoüs died a new star appeared in the sky; and what should it be, thought Hadrian, but his favorite's soul admitt-



BUST OF ANTINOÜS, ROME.

ted among the gods? Also, a red lotus lily was discovered; at least, the Emperor had never heard of it before (probably he was not a skilled botanist), and the flattering poets declared that the white lily had grown red in memory of the life-blood chilled in the Nile. Pancrates told the legend in verse so well and acceptably that Hadrian caused him to be entertained at the public cost in Alexandria; while Mesomedes, another rhymester of the day, was rewarded for his hymns to the deified Antinoüs by a pension so enormous that the next emperor felt obliged to cut it down.

Dion Cassius, the historian, says that Hadrian was laughed at for his belief in the star and flower. It is not likely, however, that any one laughed to his face; and the work of establishing the new god went on. Besa was rebuilt and enlarged—"Besa" no longer, but Antinoöpolis, or Antinoë, the city of

Antinoüs. A great temple was erected to him here; also another in the Greek city of Mantinea. Regular rites, and a priesthood to perform them, were established; while the anniversary of his death and enrollment among the gods was a solemn festival, at which games were celebrated, and red lotus wreaths worn in his honor. Medals were struck; statues, busts, inscriptions—all did their utmost to hand down to posterity his fame. And when, not many years ago, the hieroglyphics were deciphered on a venerable obelisk in Rome, even there was found commemorated this favorite of gods and men, the obelisk being dedicated to him in the joint names of Hadrian and his Empress, Sabina.

The Emperor survived his friend, in all probability, about ten years, but had been weary of life and the world long before death relieved him. He spent in his last days much time in his famous villa near Tivoli, and among its ruins have been



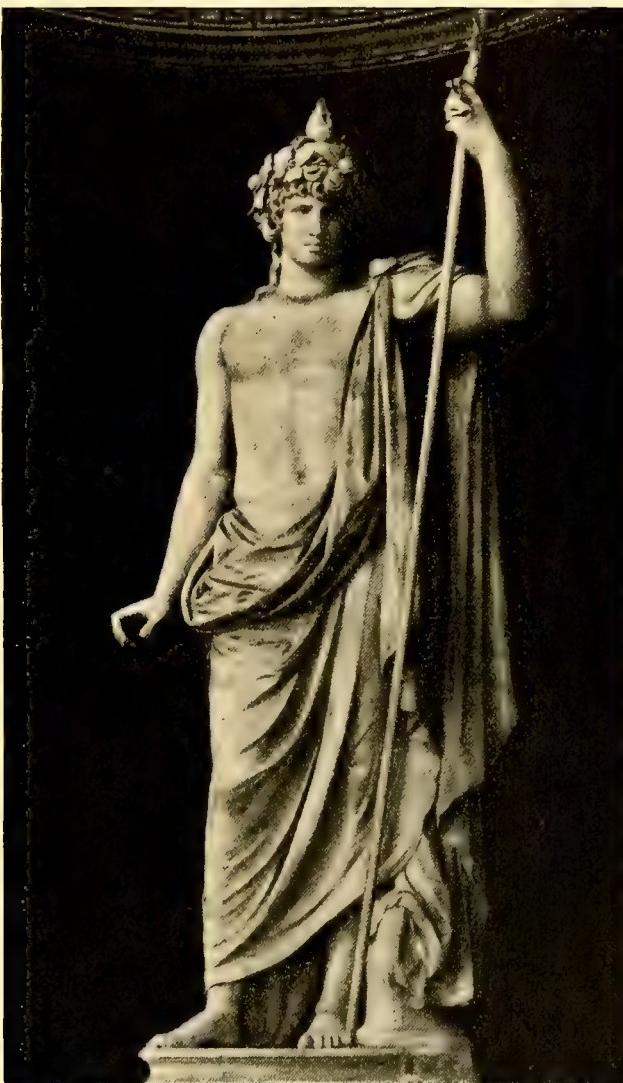
BUST OF ANTINOÜS, IN THE SALA ROTONDA, VATICAN, ROME.

found many exquisite statues, and, notably, many fine ones of Antinoüs.

More beautiful than any of these is a bust in the Sala Rotonda of the Vatican. Marble gods, god-

deses, and deified mortals surround it— Hercules, with his club; Juno, in majesty severely simple; Nerva, with wrinkles of care as well as of wisdom; Claudius, with a face too anxious and commonplace to suit his Jove-like attributes. There, too, is the deified Antinoüs, represented as Bacchus, a youth graceful beyond praise, but whose grace and beauty pall before the unadorned humanity of the opposite bust.

Ineffable sweetness curves its lips; its melancholy is hardly more than the dew of morning upon a flower. We draw near, irresistibly attracted; although marble, it thrills with life. Then a glance from beneath the drooping lids reproves us, and we draw back in awe. Now, as then, that still beauty is a thing apart. We can only gaze; we have no other share in his young life, his early immortality!



STATUE OF ANTINOÜS, AS BACCHUS, IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

STORM-BOUNDED SPARROWS.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

IT'S all very well for those who live in the country to speak ill of the English sparrow, and to tell us, as they do, that this saucy little ball of feathers and fluff, with short, hard bill, is, by its pugnacity, driving away the song-birds. I don't wonder that people harbor malice against the little foreigner if the charge be just. But I am not convinced that there is not some prejudice against the stranger on the part of those who make complaint. Of one thing I am sure, and that is that the sparrow does not drive away the brown thrush; for, last spring, two thrushes made their appearance in Union Square, New York, and remained there for a week or ten days; and I am a witness that they were more than a match for the sparrows. Many times, with a dozen or more passers-by, I have halted to watch them. Bankers and brokers, to whom the presence of these country songsters in the very heart of the city was so great a novelty that (forgetting their interest in those creatures so well known to their vocabulary, the "bulls" and "bears") they stood for a long time looking at the birds. They were absorbed in watching these two birds drive their long mandibles into the soft earth where earthworms live. Meanwhile a dozen or two of envious sparrows gathered around gazing with hungry eyes at the tempting morsels, yet without daring to enter the lists with the thrushes, although outnumbering them twelve to one. I am really sorry, if it be true, that the warblers and bobolinks are suffering from the vicious temper of the sparrows; still, being one who lives in the city and sees the country for only a few weeks in the summer, I wish long life to the plucky little strangers from over the seas. The thrush and the bobolink do not come to sing in my orchard, because I have no orchard for their accommodation, but only the ordinary city "yard," some twenty-five feet by twenty. The orioles never swing their nests from some inaccessible twig upon the top-most bough of the elm in my door-yard, because the best substitute I have for an elm-tree is an ugly telegraph-pole, scarred and torn with the stabs of many "climbing-irons" on the boots of the telegraph men.

But my friends the sparrows are a continual delight. They find some little cranny under the

cornice of the house, some angle, perhaps where the water conduit leaves the roof, and begin house-keeping. And how busily they work! Just across the street a wagon stops. It comes from the wholesale butcher's, and is laden with meat in enormous pieces. A good thick layer of straw covers the bottom of the wagon. Down swoops Mr. Sparrow. Here's material for his new home; and up he rises with a straw so long and large that it bears almost the same proportion to his size that a telegraph-pole would to mine. He fights and struggles with it. The weight is too great; he can not raise it high enough. Down drops Mrs. Sparrow, who has been looking on from the front door of the new home under the cornice; but in spite of her good will, she can not help him much, and they have to let it fall. Do you think he has abandoned it? Not at all. He takes a few seconds to rest and picks it up again. Up he goes,—has almost reached his house,—sinks ten or fifteen feet—rises again, five—a gust of wind comes around the corner of the street and tugs away at the loose end of the straw. For a moment Mr. Sparrow holds on, but the odds are too much for him. He is forced to let go, and away floats the straw to the ground, half a block distant. Now it's Mrs. Sparrow's turn,—for there is perfect concord between Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow when the house is to be made or furnished. She pursues the straw, picks it up, and waits a moment. Her feminine instinct teaches her that sometimes a thing can be done by coaxing, when all other methods fail. Winging her flight to the top of the porch, she rests there with her foot on the straw; then she takes another flight,—this time to the cap of a third-floor window. Another rest, another flight, the nest is reached, and a tier is added to their building.

Then for a soft, warm lining, the plastering and papering of their house. Every morning Jane carries out the Eastern rugs from the house, and shakes and beats those wonderful harmonies of color, woven at Bagdad or Ispahan a century or more ago, and perhaps walked on by sandaled feet or touched in prayer by cotton or velvet-covered knees when the *muezzin* called. The sparrows perch expectantly upon the fence, for (cunning little creatures that they are) they know that

French-heeled slippers and thick-soled boots have the trick of wearing the wool from antique rugs, and that after Jane has taken the rugs into the house there will be downy little flakes of soft red and gold-colored wool—just the things for baby-sparrows to nestle into.

So these birds teach me something. The Bible says that God cares for the sparrows, and tells us we may judge, since he cares for these though their value is so slight that two of them are sold for a farthing, how much more He will care for us, boys and girls, men and women. We are assured, therefore, that little birds are not beyond the care of Providence. But how they have to scurry round and work for a living! They are at work all the time, from the first silver streak in the morning to the dusky mirk which closes a city day. A maid shakes out a table-cloth. Down swoop the sparrows—invisible before, they seem to come by magic. A truckman ties a nose-bag on his horse's nose for the noon meal of oats. The horse in his eagerness shakes the bag about; a few particles of grain fall from it. Presto! a cloud of sparrows are fighting and contending for the yellow tidbits. The ash-cart rattles along the street, and in a lazy, careless, slovenly way (as is his custom) the ash-man spills some of the contents of the barrels. Ah! there are crusts there, and the sparrows are at once at work.

Surely we may learn not to fold our hands believing that we shall be cared for without effort of our own, since these sparrows have been given to us as an illustration of creatures for whom Providence provides.

Brave, plucky, and industrious little fellows! Right under the noses and feet of the horses, between the wheels of the wagons, at the feet of the busy passers-by, in crowded Broadway or in the quiet of the city parks, always seeking a living; never idle, never lazy. Neither is life all sunshine for them. Alas, they too have their ups and downs! When the cold chill rains of autumn come, and when house-tops and telegraph wires glitter with the scintillations of the diamond-like hoar-frost, the tender little feet must be so cold! For our sparrows are not like rich city people. They never go to Florida. Nor are they like the country birds, children of warmth and summer, who migrate when the chill fall comes. The sparrows take "pot-luck" with us all winter, and very bad luck it is, sometimes; as when comes that most unwelcome thing, a snow-storm in New York. When, in the country, the downy flakes sift gently from a gray sky; and when country boys and girls bring

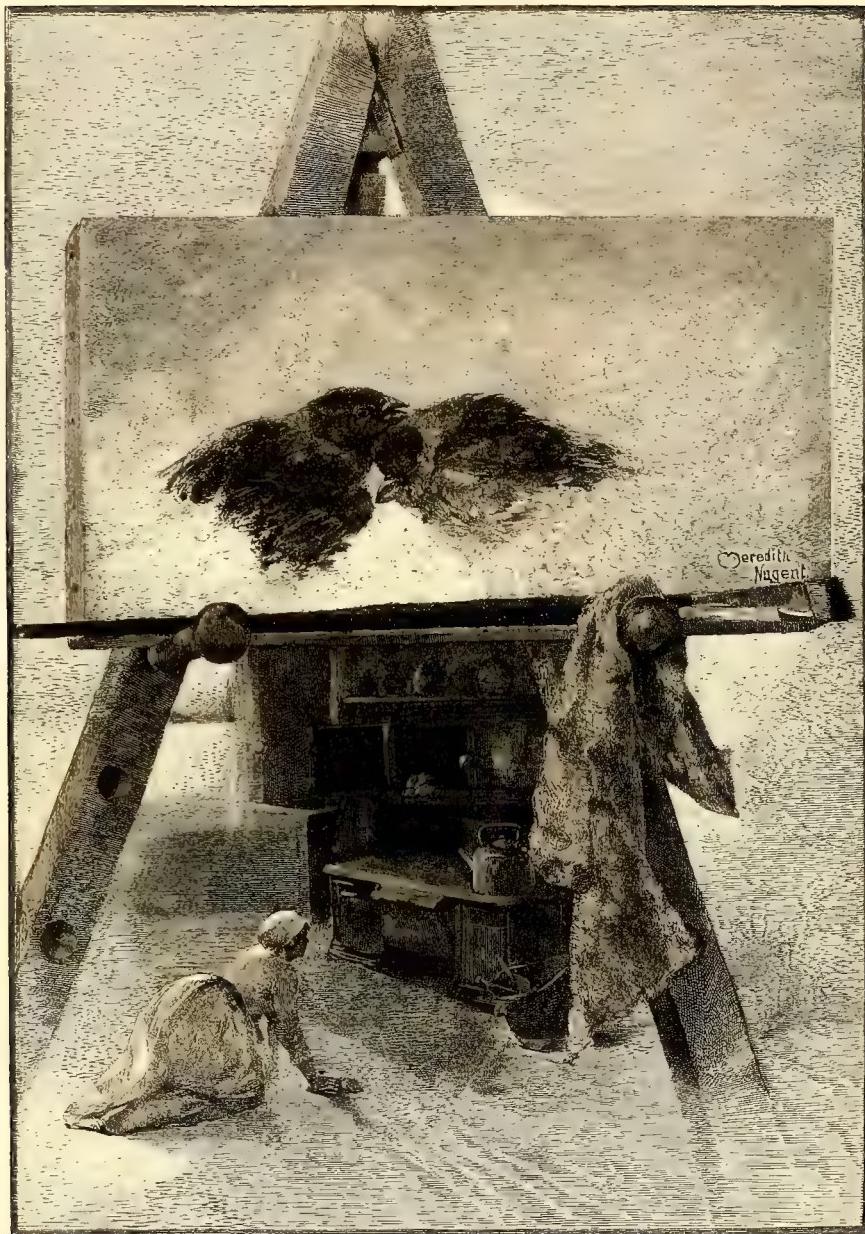
out the sleds or toboggans; and when the farmer thinks that soon he will be able to send teams into the woods, to haul the logs or the cord-wood: then we in the city wonder, when we leave the house for the office, how we shall get home again; whether we shall be able to squeeze into the overcrowded cars. Ah! then the sparrows have a sad time—a sad, cold, hungry time! For the white mantle which covers the earth covers also the cook's



BEGGING FOR BREAKFAST.

crumbs, and the oats, and the waste scraps. Then poor Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow may fly far and search long, and but for the kindness of a few thoughtful people, their little crops will be empty after all. Should the snow last many days, despite their cunning and industry, thousands of the little strangers must die of starvation or of cold.

Last winter, when the city of New York experienced the sensation of a genuine blizzard, when the snow fell in those hard, frozen particles which sting the face like tiny sharp instruments, and when in a few hours drifts had obstructed the



"SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT ANY WARNING, OUT FROM THE OVEN FLEW THE APPARENTLY DEAD BIRD." (SEE P. 363.)

streets so that all traffic was at a standstill; when people almost lost their lives traveling but a few blocks; when street-cars were left in the streets and half hidden by the drifts; when at one time it seemed even as if the inhabitants of the great city might be in danger of starving,—the blizzard having blockaded all railroads and ferries, so that no provisions could arrive,—what became

of the sparrows? Thousands and thousands perished; and after the snow had thawed, their poor little frozen bodies were collected by bushels in the parks and squares.

On the second day of the blizzard, when the drifts before our house were so high that from the sidewalk it was impossible to see even the hat of a passer-by across the street, the boy



DRIVEN IN BY THE BLIZZARD.

from the grocery, who had come to our rescue with milk and eggs and other necessaries, rang the bell. When Maria, our kitchen-maid, opened the basement door, she saw two sparrows huddled together in a corner under the stoop where they had taken refuge from the storm. Their feathers were sticking from their little bodies almost at right angles. Their heads were buried deep in their feathers, their eyes were closed, and their bodies had the swaying movement of a tipsy man. The coming of the boy had not frightened nor disturbed them; but when the warm air which rushed through the open doorway reached them they opened their eyes and lifted their heads and

seemed to look in an inquiring way, as if wondering what had happened, and whether summer had come again. Maria's heart was touched—she also is from across the sea, and perhaps a fellow-feeling made her kind. However that may be, she was in no hurry to close the door, despite the bitter cold.

"Well, well," said Maria, "poor little birdies, I wonder if you are hungry. You're very cold; I'll go and get you something to eat."

Now, I don't think the birds understood what she said, but there was that in her voice which they comprehended; for one of them fluttered his wings, shook himself together, and without wait-

ing for an invitation, or even saying "by your leave," hopped past Maria and into the passage-way. His mate seemed for a moment astonished at this boldness, and then seeing that no harm had befallen the intruder, followed.

dows, alight on the cross-bars of the sashes, and twitter to each other,—perhaps conversing about the severe weather and pitying such of their kind as had not had the good fortune to reach the semi-tropical warmth of a furnace-heated house. But



A WARM PERCH.

"Well, I never!" said Maria, and closing the door she followed them.

The birds hopped about the dark hall two or three times and thence into the dining-room, attracted probably by the light, or by the faint odor of good things to eat, which always hangs about such a room. Once there, they acted as if they had come to stay, and hopped about and twittered to each other, doubtless congratulating themselves upon having found comfortable quarters, and ungratefully cast a silent reproach upon the neatness of Maria, by pecking crumbs from the carpet beneath the table. When meal-time came, they were not in the least put out by the presence of the family, nor disturbed; but went hopping and chirping around the table and under it, picking up crumbs dropped as the reapers dropped the wheat for Ruth. When night fell they took up their quarters lovingly side by side on the gas-bracket and, warm and well fed, prepared for a quiet night's rest. When the gas was lighted they did exhibit some agitation—evidenced by their flying once or twice around the room, but they seemed to find it an agreeable surprise when another meal was served. By that hour they were so tame that they dared even to feast from the fingers of the people seated around the table.

They remained with us three days, during which time they never once made an attempt to leave the room, but would occasionally fly to the win-

on the fourth day, when the sidewalks had been shoveled clear, and huge bonfires were lighted in the snow-drifts to melt them,—when carts and wagons and street-cars were moving,—their instincts told them that it was again safe to venture forth, and the desire for liberty once more awoke in their breasts. For Mr. Sparrow is a true vagrant. They did not remember the way they had come in, for although the basement-door was often opened, they made no attempt to fly through the passage and out-of-doors, but circled and circled around the room and dashed themselves against the windows, having evidently quite lost their heads. When at last a window was opened, out they flew, without so much as twittering a good-bye or a "thank you" to Maria.

Our next-door neighbors were a young couple who had one child, a girl, one of the sweetest and dearest little tots whose loving ways ever won the susceptible heart of an Irish nurse. Of course she was the pet, not of the nurse only, but of the housemaid and the cook also,—in fact, of the whole household. On the same day that our unbidden guests left us in their ill-mannered fashion, Annie, our neighbor's housemaid, on going into the yard, saw lying on a spot from which the snow had thawed, the wet, stiff body of a sparrow. There it lay on its back in a pool of water, with eyes closed and legs cramped to its body, hard, stark, and cold. "Poor thing," thought Annie,

"I must bring you in and show you to Missy Ruby." Suiting the action to the word, she picked up the dead bird and carried it into the kitchen. But it was wet and cold, and in that condition not fit for Princess Ruby's fingers. "Sure it will dry if I put it into the oven for a few minutes, and when Mary, the nurse, comes down it will be nice and warrum," said Annie to Jane the cook.

"Do you think the mistress will let Missy Ruby touch a dead bird?" responded the cook.

"And why not?"

"Oh, because it's horrid — a cold, dead thing."

"But it won't be cold, sure; and it may please the little Missy."

"Well, we'll just see what Mary says."

So the bird was put in the oven of the range and the door left ajar. The cook and the housemaid resumed their work, the one preparing the lunch, the other on her knees scrubbing the floor. Some moments passed thus, when, lo! suddenly and without any warning, out from the oven flew the apparently dead bird, brought back to life by the warmth.

"The Saints defend us!" exclaimed Annie, as the bird flew past her and dashed at the windowpanes. "Quick, open the door, cook, and a good riddance to it! Faith, when a dead bird flies it means no good luck to anybody!"

CONSOLATION.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

WHEN Molly came home from the party to-night,—
The party was out at nine,—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on my shoulder hid,
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)
That they did n't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee,—
I am old and exceedingly wise,—
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me;
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

" This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

" And I myself have often thought,
How very much better 't would be
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

" But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is, never to mind what people say
But to do what you think is right."

WHEN THE BRIGADE CAME IN.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

If you look on the map of North America, you will find the British Territory all dotted over with the names of places to which "Fort" is prefixed or "House" appended. They, nearly every one, belong to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose business is the gathering of all the furs of this northern land, and whose officers are a governor, deputy governor, chief-factors, chief-traders, and a local governor.

Fort Simpson, the "head" fort of the extreme northern region, is within five hundred miles of the Arctic Ocean. It occupies a position at the point where the River of the Mountains (sometimes called the Liard) ends its journey from the Rocky Mountains in the waters of the Mackenzie. This fort, 3752 miles north-west from New York City, is surrounded by a stout stockade inclosing the buildings needful for living purposes, for storing all the furs brought in from neighboring forts by the Indians, and for the trappers and snarers who make the fort their headquarters in winter; and, also, the great "store-house," wherein are kept the ammunition and the articles given to the natives in exchange for furs, food, and fuel. The great store-house is replenished once every year. The time is usually in August, when the brigade of boats comes in from its long, long journey to Hudson's Bay, or to the Methye Portage, a place where boats and cargo have to be "carried" nearly eleven miles. Sometimes the furs are exchanged at this portage for the freight brought down from Fort York on Hudson's Bay, at which latter place it is left by the yearly ship from England. If this exchange is made, the brigades return to their respective forts, and the journeys can be accomplished in one season.

In this far-away Fort Simpson lived Edna Dean, one of the loveliest little girls in all the world. The nearest neighbor on the south was Fort Resolution, 338 miles away; and, up north, Fort Norman kept them company at a distance of 236 miles; while 312 more miles brought one to Fort Good Hope, desolate in situation and cold to the heart, from the icy chill of the Arctic seas.

No wonder Edna Dean was lonely! She had been born at the post, as it sometimes was called, and had never been away from it a night, because there was no place to visit in all that region. Edna's

father was living, but he was a Hudson's Bay Company's man,—a chief-trader,—and was gone from home (that is, from the fort) for months at a time, so that he was seldom there long enough to become well acquainted with his own daughter. She had a kind and very loving mother, who, being an invalid, had not been able to join in any of the simple pleasures of Edna's life; she had a brother, but he was seventeen and was very often away with their father in the far north, trafficking with the natives for skins, or gathering furs from the different forts, to make ready for the annual "send-off" to York Factory.

Twice, since Edna could remember, Chief-trader Dean had been all the way to Hudson's Bay with the brigade of canoes that carried thousands of dollars' worth of furs annually from Fort Simpson to the factory—a distance of 2000 miles—and three times he had been to the Methye Portage and returned the same summer, in season to distribute clothing and provisions to the other forts.

The Deans lived in the officers' quarters at Fort Simpson, with Mr. Adam Selwyn, who was Mrs. Dean's brother. Their only attendants, in the year of this story, were Joe, the Esquimau, and Bee, his wife. At certain seasons the post was left with not more than half a dozen persons within the stockade; while, during the winter, it was usually thronged with residents and besieged by those who fain would enter and live upon the store there gathered, rather than be forced to hunt or fish for a living.

In winter (and it usually is winter at Fort Simpson) the mercury often freezes hard enough to be used as shot, while in the fierce, short summers it occasionally shoots upward to 100° above zero, in the shade.

Edna rarely ventured to show her pretty pale face out-of-doors in cold weather without being clothed from head to foot in furs. This little maid of Fort Simpson had more sealskin suits at command than any young girl of Paris, London, or New York; and truly, she had need of them!

You must not imagine that Edna Dean was very ignorant, for her mother had instructed her in many things; and an old, kind-hearted missionary, for a time resident at Fort Simpson, had done his best

to gratify the child's eager desire for knowledge of the great world lying south of the Arctic desolation that surrounded her home. Edna was wonderfully wise and thoughtful for a girl of her years, and about Indians she really knew more than any other white girl of her age anywhere.

The problem of Edna's education was often discussed at the fort, and when Mr. Dean was again chosen by the Governor to accompany Chief-factor Smith in convoying the brigade of canoes to York Factory, the question came up anew. The opportunity was an excellent one, and it was, after due deliberation, decided to send her on the long, long journey to the Company's ship at Fort York, whence, early in September, she could go to relatives in England.

Edna never knew how her mother, with many tears, prepared herself for the separation from her only daughter. The child felt only the bliss of anticipation, and perhaps it was well, for that bliss was all that she enjoyed.

Before the time came to make ready, news arrived at the fort that war had broken out between the Dog-Rib Indians and the Rabbit-Skin Indians, two of the Chippewyan tribes.

It was decided not to risk Edna among these new dangers; but the very thought of them fired the young ambition of Edna's brother.

The lad had been honored with the name of Franklin Ross, after the two Arctic explorers, one of whom had arrived at Fort Simpson in the year 1825 with three mahogany boats and three canoes, on his way to the far, far north.

Now Franklin Ross thought, as Edna was to remain at home with their mother, that he might accompany the expedition, and he made haste to put in his plea to go with the brigade. He *preferred* to meet the warlike Indians, for he had unlimited faith in the might and majesty of the Great Hudson's Bay Company over Indians and the whole world. The Dog-Ribs had been his daily companions and his play-mates, almost from his cradle days, and, as for the Rabbit-Skins, certainly he was not afraid of *them*!

All this he confided to Edna. Franklin Ross had a way—not unusual with brothers the world over—of making Edna believe in him and in his prowess. Alas for the hopes of Franklin Ross! Chief-trader Dean denied his request, but gave the promise of a voyage to the great portage in the ensuing year.

From the last of April until the end of May, Fort Simpson was a busy place. Dog-sledges were coming in from the northern forts with loads of furs; little bands of trappers arrived almost daily, to add to the store of furry treasures; and when all was ready, they waited for the frozen River of the

Mountains to break up. The canoes were drawn to a place of safety. Ninety-pound bales of fur were made ready, and packages of like weight of food and bedding prepared. Every possible care had been taken for the journey, when, on the second day of June, the glorious thaw came on, with shout of ice and roar of water that filled the northern air with the jubilee of coming summer. The waters of the Liard came down on the frozen Mackenzie, like the sweep of a mighty army; the artillery of ice, in cakes and floes and bergs, rattled over its sleeping heart until it too awoke and arose, and joined the fray. The bed of the Mackenzie could no longer hold the raging waters which, with sudden rise of forty feet, flooded the land. Then, at Fort Simpson, the hearts of the little band stood still with awe. The thing for which they had waited was come, and—but while they feared, the gorge overflowed and the rush of waters subsided, leaving the fort unharmed. Then, in quick succession, came the furs from Fort Liard; the launching of the canoes; the storing of freight; and, all too soon for Mrs. Dean and Edna, the farewell moment.

The hour of starting was three o'clock in the morning. Faithful Joe carried Mrs. Dean outside the fort gates to a point whence she could see the departure. It was a sad parting; but, at last, it was over, and the husband and father suddenly became "Chief-trader Dean, Commander of the Brigade." He went down the bank to as motley a crew as ever paddled canoe. There, awaiting his word, were Englishmen, Highlanders, Canadian voyagers, Esquimaux, and Indians.

As the last boat swept around a curve and was hidden from sight, Joe was at hand to carry Mrs. Dean in.

Bee bore witness to her affection with tears, and then they carried Mrs. Dean back to the place where she must await her husband's return.

The day of the departure was one of great activity at Fort Simpson. The potatoes must be planted, in order to make the utmost of the very brief summer. Edna devoted her time that day to her mother, and it so happened that no one gave attention to Franklin Ross. He was secretly plotting and planning to make his escape, with the intention of following the brigade and joining it at a safe distance from home. He knew that his father could not spare a man to accompany him back to the fort; and he also knew that his father would not make him return alone. Accordingly, he believed there would be first, a stern scolding; and, after that, a glorious good time with the brigade. While he planned, his opportunity came, in the shape of two Dog-Rib Indians, who had loitered up the river with a few superior seal-skins,

which they had obtained from the Esquimaux of the coast. Being told at the fort that the brigade was gone, they went away, it was believed, to overtake it, in the hope of obtaining better prices for the skins.

At the hour for tea, Franklin Ross did not respond to the call, but it was not until sunset (that is, at ten o'clock) that the news suddenly spread through the stockade that the boy was missing. A search was made. It was in vain. Mr. Adam Selwyn walked about up and down in the twilight like one distracted. He seemed able to issue but one order, and that was that no one should tell Mrs. Dean that her only son was missing.

"Oh!" cried Edna. "She will ask me, and what shall I say?"

"Say? Say nothing!" cried that bewildered gentleman, as he tried in vain to consider what ought to be done.

It was Joe who seemed suddenly to fathom the disappearance. He had observed the unwillingness with which Franklin Ross obeyed the order to remain at home, and with what eagerness the boy had gazed on the line of boats poling up the river; and Joe said to Mr. Selwyn, "The lad shot his heart out of his eyes after the boats to-day, and he's gone with the Dog-Ribs to overtake the brigade."

"Gone off with two strange Indians! — and there is no hope of overtaking them; no knowledge of their camping-place," groaned Mr. Selwyn.

"Joe will go! Joe will overtake them. Joe will bring him back. Trust Joe!" exclaimed the Esquimau.

"You go alone? No, no! We must wait and fit out a canoe."

"We no wait! We no time to wait! You say, 'Joe, go!'"

"Joe, go!" echoed Mr. Selwyn, not in the least realizing that he had given an order. Edna heard it and hastened to follow Joe. With her own hands she packed a few pounds of pemmican, hardly enough to last a week; consulted him in haste about a gun and ammunition which she fearlessly appropriated from the stores; and, thus equipped, with one blanket only, Joe took his place in a frail canoe, to start on an unknown journey up the rapids of a mighty river in search of a runaway boy, in time of war, and with the nearest habitation more than three hundred miles away!

In the Arctic summer-night, Edna alone witnessed the departure, for Bee was ignorant of what was taking place at the river side, and Edna did not once think of *her*, until Joe called out from his canoe: "Tell my Bee, Joe will return."

Edna ran up from the bank, climbed the height,

and stepped into the stockade unobserved. She hastened to Bee with the story and the message. Bee said: "It is well," and hid her tears, but with a sorrowful heart. Edna told her mother that Franklin was missing, while her Uncle Selwyn listened at the door. Mrs. Dean made no moan. She even turned comforter to her broken-hearted little girl and upheld Bee in the belief that all would end well.

A week went by. No Joe. No Franklin Ross. No news from Fort Resolution, the next post southward.

Meanwhile, Mr. Selwyn had fitted out a canoe with provisions and crew and sent it in search of Joe and the runaway boy. Every rabbit-snarer who came in was closely questioned; every fisher among the Indians who arrived was offered a large reward to go in search; but, alas! Joe, the interpreter, was needed to make known the requirements.

Three weeks passed. The canoe returned with the news that the brigade had tarried but three hours at Fort Resolution and, having taken the skins in waiting there, had proceeded on its way. It brought no news of Joe; had heard nothing of Franklin Ross; and the party, having told the story of the missing youth at Fort Resolution, was obliged to return, as there was no possibility of overtaking Mr. Dean.

The next day a little band of trappers, coming from the South, brought word that Joe had arrived at Fort Resolution, nearly famished and worn to a skeleton by his continual tracking, paddling, and poling, but nothing could restrain him from continuing the search. So, having been fed and provided with what food his small boat could carry, he was sent off with a companion, a half-breed, who knew the country to the south-west.

At Fort Simpson they waited, as best they could, for many days. Now and then bands of feathered Indians in war-paint came within sight, but no one mentioned the fact to Mrs. Dean or Edna to disturb their repose.

To return to Franklin Ross.

While planning and contriving a way of escape by himself, the two Indians in their canoe came along, and he saw an opportunity to overtake the boats while some one else did all the hard work of getting up the river. Now, Franklin Ross, although not yet eighteen, was full-grown, and at first the Indians refused to take in a passenger; but the sight of a few large gilded buttons and the promise of a knife apiece made them consider the boat large enough to accommodate him. There was little chance for Franklin to secure provisions without awaking suspicion; and, knowing that the rivers they must pass were full of fish, and the

summer air vocal with songs of birds-of-passage, he contented himself with filling his pockets full of food from the pantry, and provided fish-hooks in plenty. Thus equipped, and with an extra coat and his gun, the lad set out, regardless of the

Fort Simpson, by poling dexterously up the river, and then came to Pine Island. At that point Franklin fell asleep. When he awoke he shared his last morsel with his companions. The boat went on and on until, at the next rapids, the shore being favorable, the party landed and drew the canoe through the swirling waters, with a line.

At mid-day the Indians offered dried reindeer for dinner, but the boy's hunger was not sufficiently keen to reconcile him to the food, and he fasted until nightfall.

The second night, having kept at the oars without rest for thirty-six hours, the Indians ran their canoe into a small river without name, one of many which flow into the greater river. They seemed to have watched their opportunity to run in while Franklin was asleep; for, unused to the sudden heat of the sun, and the cramp caused by sitting in one position all day, the lad had fallen into a doze about ten o'clock at night, just as the sun was going down. He was aroused by the touch of the bark canoe on the rocks of the shore, and was surprised to find himself within a narrow boundary of small headlands with one high rock near at hand. After the landing was effected, to his consternation his two companions leaped back into the canoe and put off down the river with frantic speed, leaving him alone on the bank! What was perhaps worse, his gun and his top-coat were in the canoe. The poor lad, in his pitiable condition, knew not what to do. He besought the Indians, by all the signs of Dog-Rib distress that he knew, to return for him, but they, gesticulating once or twice toward the shore where he stood, paddled off and were soon out of sight behind one of the headlands.



FRANKLIN BEHELD THE BRIGADE OF BOATS PASSING UP THE MACKENZIE.

voice within which ventured to remind him of his mother and sister.

The two Dog-Rib Indians had come down from Great Bear Lake, and Franklin soon found that they were pretending not to understand either his words or his signs. He thought "he knew considerable about Indians," but before midnight he was ready to make his escape, and fully resolved to do so, at their first encampment, and to find his way home on foot. To his utter surprise they did not land at nightfall, but kept on all night, passing the long rapids, fifteen miles from

far, when the mystery of the sudden departure was solved. He saw a boat, evidently a white-man's boat, and beside it, on guard, a man with a gun over his shoulder, but napping with his head held aloft. Whether it was a white man or an Indian he did not wait to learn, for at almost the same instant he saw a wonderful sight: Far out in the lingering light of the descended sun, he beheld the brigade of boats passing up the Mackenzie! One wild minute of yearning and longing; one vehement cry, tossing wildly his arms toward the canoes, and Franklin ran to the sleeping guard.

He aroused him, and besought him to launch the boat and sail after the brigade.

"It's my father, there!" he assured the surprised stranger, who awakened his companions to assist in understanding the youth's meaning if possible; but even pantomime failed. Not one of the party knew a word of English. The three men belonged to a party of Danish gentlemen who were exploring the region in the interests of science. There was nothing to be done but to stand helpless while the boats passed on their way.

Having seen them disappear from sight, the runaway crept under the canvas tent and slept, as best he could, surrounded by clouds of mosquitoes, until the sun came up, about half-past two in the morning.

From that moment, Franklin saw no more of the Dog-Ribs. Possibly they had thought themselves near a lodge of Rabbit-Skin Indians when they took their sudden departure. The party of explorers received Franklin with the utmost kindness, and continued to share with him their food and shelter. Although he believed himself to be not over sixty miles from Fort Simpson, he feared to set forth alone, lest he should lose his way, as many a wanderer had done within his memory. He therefore went with the party while it investigated rocks, and gathered flower specimens, or sought out birds' eggs. They were always finding the latitude and longitude of places, and digging to see how deep lay the strata of frozen earth. Sometimes it made him angry to see how enthusiastically these full-grown men would chase butterflies, hunt down insects, pursue mice and hares, or run headlong after the laughing geese, that were molting and could not fly.

It was the first of July when the Danish gentlemen reached their winter house, on Great Slave Lake.

Meanwhile, the brigade was nearly at the Great Portage, called Methye Portage, Portage La Loche, and several other confusing names. At this point came the message to Chief-trader Dean that he must exchange furs with the Hudson River Brigade, for the year's supplies, and return with them to Fort Simpson instead of going on to the Bay. This exchange required two weeks of hard labor.

Let us now follow faithful Joe. We shall find him on the track of the two Dog-Ribs, two hundred miles in the interior, and quite away from the pathway of the traders. Joe had seen Franklin's gun. He knew it at a glance, and the Dog-Rib who carried it made him understand that he obtained it "from the men with the skins, following the brigade," and that "no boy was with them." From encampment to encampment, from lodge-smoke

to lodge-smoke the faithful Esquimau worked his way; often eating fish raw, because he had no time to stop and cook them; always urging his companion on, whether in sudden storm of thunder or tempest of rain, lest the clew be lost. And so, searching, in the dream of a summer's night, all brightness and moonlight, the two men came, unexpectedly, upon the small house of the Danish explorers. Joe knocked at the door. Its inmates were sleeping.

They were aroused by the cry, "*Betha! Betha!*" which is the Dog-Rib word meaning "Talk!" or "Speak!"

The interpreter with the expedition did not understand, but Franklin did, and a sudden trembling seized him, as he called out in the same language: "*Addow-addlis*," which is, "What do you want?"

"Friends wait," replied Joe. "Who speaks?"

"Joe! Joe!" screamed Franklin Ross, jumping from his bed; and without ceremony seizing upon the Esquimau, he exhibited his delight by a series of hand-shakes and ejaculations which were looked upon with wonder by the Danish gentlemen. But in time they were made to comprehend that the lad had been lost, and was found. Franklin's troubles now seemed at an end.

The scientific party departed on their homeward journey the following day. Being in need of men, they offered to take Joe and his comrade across the lake and down the river, to Fort Chippewyan, where they could join the brigade on its journey northward. There could be no risk of losing it, for it was compelled to stop at that post to land stores for the fort.

The trip was accomplished in safety, and, with many thanks and true regret, Franklin bade adieu to the strangers, who had treated him with the utmost kindness.

At Fort Chippewyan, Franklin heard so much about the famous portages in the Clearwater river, and the very names were so enticing, that he gave Joe no peace, in his urgent desire to see one.

Joe himself, after a few days of enforced idleness, longed to be in action. Chief-trader Dean's son was entitled to consideration at the fort, and easily obtained a boat for a day's sail from the lake into the Athabasca river. It was all arranged that, should the brigade arrive during the voyagers' absence, it was to be detained until their return, and, with food for a two-days' picnic, Franklin and Joe set sail. The wind was fair all day, and the boat sped on its way up the river, making wonderful progress, from the rising to the setting of the sun.

They went ashore at the point of a deserted Company's House, near lofty cream-colored cliffs, drew their boat to land, and went to sleep.

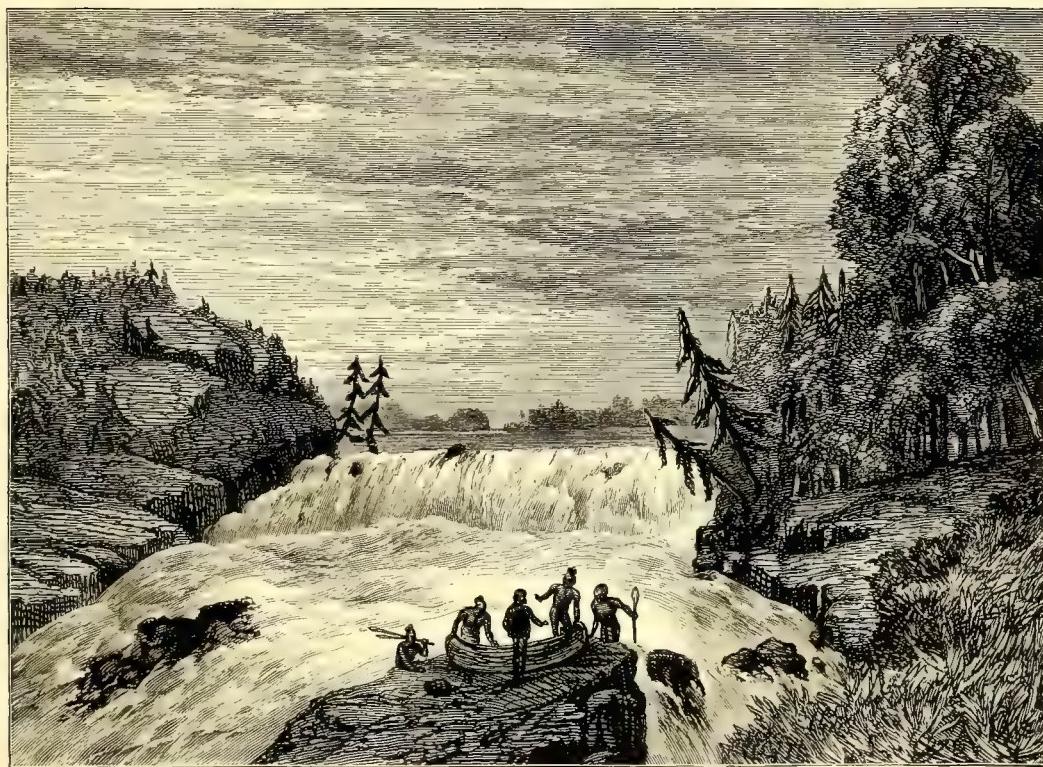
The following morning, much against his judgment, Joe yielded to Franklin's entreaties and shot into the Clearwater river before noon on that day. It being impossible now to miss the boats, there could be no reasonable excuse for turning back, and, finally, a portage was at hand. It was the last one between the Methye Portage and Fort Chippewyan, and was in length 2350 paces.

As the boat drew near, the roar of the waters broke upon their hearing. Approaching from below, a cloud of mist uprose; but, the wind suddenly veering, what was their astonishment to behold upon a rock in the very midst of the boiling current, four Indians, and one figure which, in the momentary view obtained through the mist, they were convinced must be Chief-factor Smith. Again the veil of mist was swept aside, and they saw the well-known form standing there.

and was tossed down the fall. How, no one could tell—but every man was saved alive, and even the canoe swirled up against the rock, and was secured.

The second boat, containing Mr. Dean, was about to follow the same course; but, being saved at the last instant of grace, it landed, and from the high bank that gentleman, by frantic gesture, attracted the notice of the brigade and warned it against nearer approach. At the ordinary height of the water, the course they were following would have been the right one to gain the portage.

No sooner did Joe perceive the situation, than he acted upon it. He hurried to the right bank of the river, where the stream was narrow, with rocks cropping out. Securing the boat and taking a rope, he climbed to the bank above. After many efforts, with a stout fish-hook on a line, used as a sling, the line was cast on the rock and held, and



"EVERY MAN WAS SAVED ALIVE, AND EVEN THE CANOE WAS SECURED."

It had happened thus. The return voyagers were, many of them, new to the region, and Mr. Smith had undertaken to convoy the boats, by keeping in advance. Incautiously, in the high state of the water, he advanced too near the cascade, so that the frail little canoe, finding itself in the current, danced on, in spite of every endeavor,

the rope drawn over. Then, the same hook was sent ashore with the canoe's line made fast to it and, one by one, Mr. Smith and his followers, all save one, were guided over the rapids. This one sent the canoe; then, tying the rope about his body, he gave a signal and was hauled through the boiling surge, receiving many a bruise from the rocks.

Mr. Dean, after saving the brigade from a like fate, though in the full belief that he should never see his friend and the canoe's crew alive, made all possible haste down the bank to the fall below, and his blank astonishment at meeting the entire party escorted by *Joe and his own son* crossing the river in a *sail-boat*, can be imagined though not described.

Just twenty days later, at the Fort, Mr. Selwyn was marching up and down within the stockade, thinking of the sad news that must soon come to the ears of Mr. Dean, when Bee entered, her stoical face moved to unwonted animation, and announced, "The boats! the boats!"

"The boats! the boats!" cried every voice within hearing; and two minutes later, every man and dog on the premises was out seeking confirmation of the report.

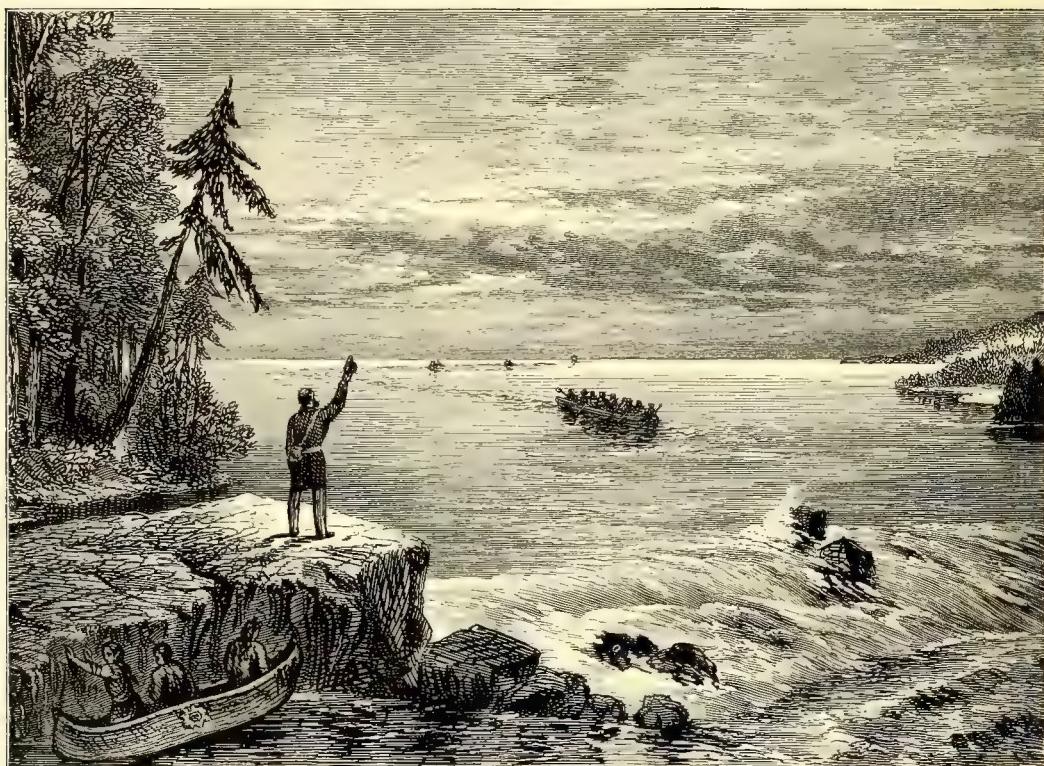
It was true. Edna ran in to tell her mother,

their best attire, the Indians in many-colored feathers, and a spirit of general joyousness evidently pervading the party. Chief-trader Dean was the first to spring ashore. No one dared address a word to him as he entered the fort. Every one sought to evade him. "Where is my wife?" said he sharply to Bee.

"Here, Papa!" answered Edna, opening wide the door. "Here she is!"

Mr. Dean did not stop even to take Edna in his arms. He stood erect in the doorway, saying, "Franklin is safe! All is well!"

And then—and then—it all happened so quickly that no one could tell the order of it, but there was Franklin Ross, larger than ever, right in the room; and Bee, running in to see, was met at the door by her own Joe, and between the telling and the hearing, between the seeing and the hand-

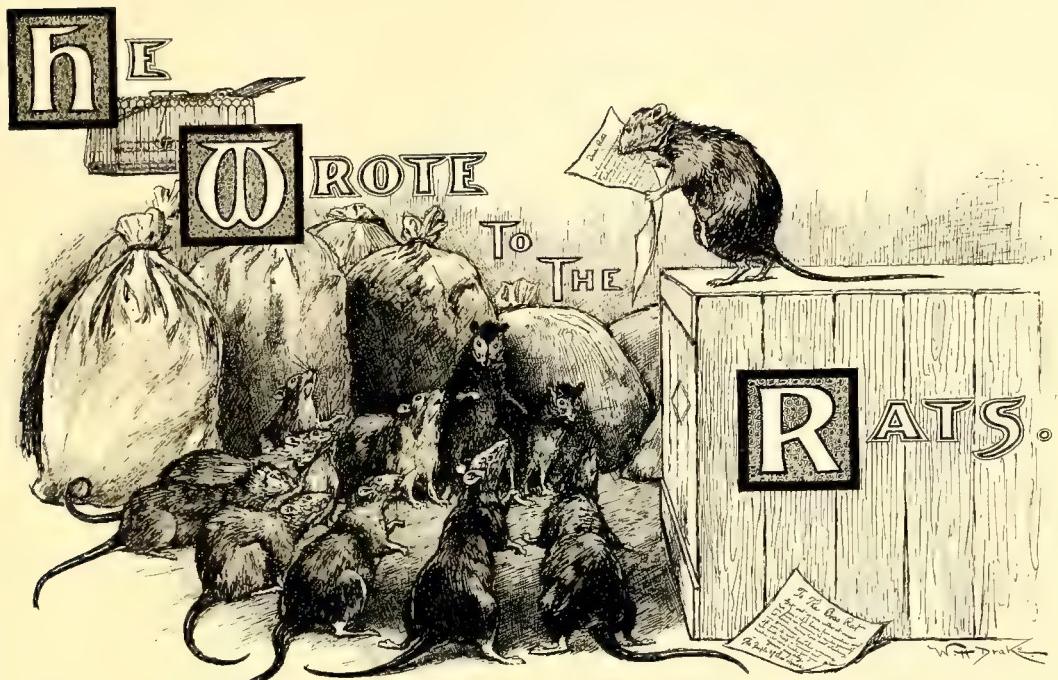


THE CHIEF-TRADER WARNING THE BRIGADE.

saying: "Oh, Mamma! who will tell Papa? He loved Franklin Ross so! and then, poor Joe! Poor, faithful Joe, who, I know, has searched himself to death for us!"

On came the brigade, a red silk flag waving from the foremost boat and all the voyagers in

shaking, Fort Simpson was so full of joy and thankfulness that it ran over in Christmas gifts to every wild child of Nature who stood in waiting at the gates next morning; for (as should have been stated earlier in the story) Christmas always comes at Fort Simpson when the brigade gets in.



BY JULIAN RALPH.

OUR suspicions were first aroused by the disappearance of a whole beefsteak. Before that we did not know we were entertaining any rats in our cellar. When we made the discovery, we were at a loss to know how to act; but one day there came to the house a poor old woman who lives mysteriously by offering needles, and thread, and pencils, and candy of sizes and kinds that nobody likes and nobody buys. At our house she gets a cup of tea and ten cents, and, to ease her conscience, she leaves a peppermint stick for the little ones. The kitchen-girl told her of the loss of the steak.

"Well," said the mysterious old woman, "I would write a letter to the rats and they will go away. That is what we used to do when I lived at home in Germany."

Fancy the surprise of the kitchen-maid! She thought the old woman had lost her mind.

The rats became an intolerable nuisance, and the news of what the old woman had recommended was brought to me. The children were anxious to have the experiment tried.

"It can do no harm," I said, and at once drew up the following letter:

To THE BOSS RAT: Get out of our cellar at once. We hired this house for ourselves, and you have no business to make yourselves at home, living here and stealing our provisions. If you do not

heed this warning we will keep a terrier and make it very lively for you. Yours angrily, THE PEOPLE OF THIS HOUSE.

I quite prided myself on this missive. I thought it was at once logical in its argument, firm in tone, and very generous, inasmuch as the rats could see that we might have hired a terrier first and written the letter afterward. I at first put the letter in an envelope; but we all agreed afterward that even if rats could read they might not know anything about envelopes, and so I tore the cover off and laid the letter on the cellar floor with its written side up.

We then waited to see what effect it would have. Alas! the rats behaved worse than ever and robbed us of everything that suited their tastes. Then the poor old German woman came again on her rounds, and the children saw her and informed her of the failure.

"Read the letter to me," said she.
It was read to her.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" she exclaimed. "What an impudent letter to send to the rats! It is a mercy they have n't attacked some of the people in the house and bitten them in their beds. I could not sleep a wink in a house where such a letter had been sent to the rats."

She spoke very gravely and with evident alarm.

I inquired very particularly about her manner afterward and was told that it seemed far from a mere pretence of being vexed.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Rats are *kings*, in their way. At least they are in Germany. They must be treated very politely. Tell your parents to write another letter at once and let it be soft and gentle and very respectful. Call them, 'Dear rats' or 'Dear friends,' and find no fault with what they do—only be sure to recommend some other place for them to go to, for it is a rule that rats will never leave a home unless they are told of a better place close by, to which they can go. Oh, dear, dear, dear!—I wonder you are not afraid to stay in the house after such a letter."

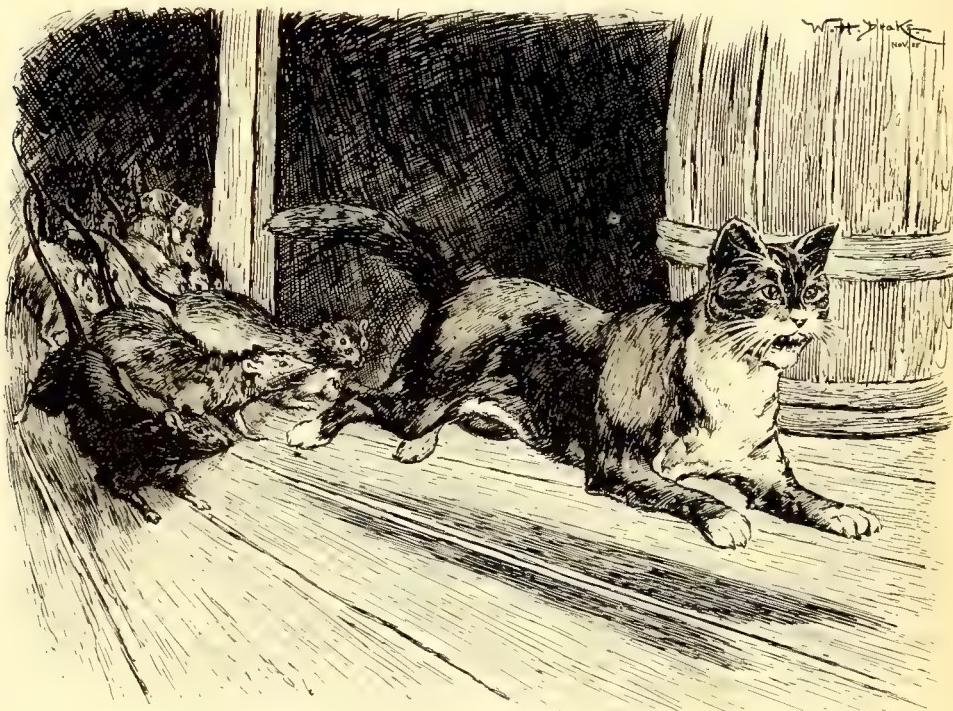
When I reached home I thought, as before, that there could be no harm in doing as the old woman said; and I confess I felt guilty of some stupidity in not having known, as every one ought to know, that politeness is always better than rudeness. There is a wealth of wisdom in the homely saying, "More flies are caught with syrup than with vinegar." It costs nothing to be kind and courteous, and as

DEAR RATS: We have discovered signs of your presence in our cellar. Perhaps you mean to honor us and pay us a compliment in coming to this particular cellar in a city where there are a hundred thousand such resorts. It may be news to you that there lives not far away a French family, much given to rich gravies, sweet-meats, delightful pastries, rare and high-scented imported cheese, and various other luxuries of which we know you to be fond. If you should go there, you would fare better than in our cellar. Of course, we should miss you,—but we feel certain we could bear it.

Believing, from what we see of your activity and appetites, that you are all very well and happy and that you have been benefited by our having the plumbing attended to the other day, we beg the right to sign ourselves, Yours politely,

THE PEOPLE OF THIS HOUSE.

That touch about the plumbing was my own; but the phrase, "yours politely," was dictated by the children, who assured me that the word "polite" must be somewhere in the letter, in some form or other. It really took me a long while to make up my mind where to tell the rats to go, and I felt no little ashamed when at last the thought of the rich gravies and pastries led me to recommend my neighbors, the French folks. To be sure, I do not know them, and no one will ever tell them what I did; but I must confess I never would have been guilty of such an unneighborly act had I



"OUR TOM CAT WAS SENT INTO THE CELLAR TO DRIVE THEM OUT."

we know that more can be done among men and women by gentleness than by anger, why might not the same be true with regard to rats? Thus I reflected, and therefore I wrote this letter:

really believed the rats would have paid any attention to the letter.

They did not. They grew more and more at home, and even became so noisy that the ladies

more than once thought that burglars had broken in downstairs. "Master Fitz," our Tom-cat, was sent into the cellar to drive them out; but after the first encounter he bounded back into the kitchen, bleeding on one cheek and one leg; and if ever a cat said anything, he plainly spoke, and very indignantly, too. "I am a tremendous mouser," was what he meant to convey, "but when it comes to eating up rats that are bigger than I am, I must beg to be excused!"

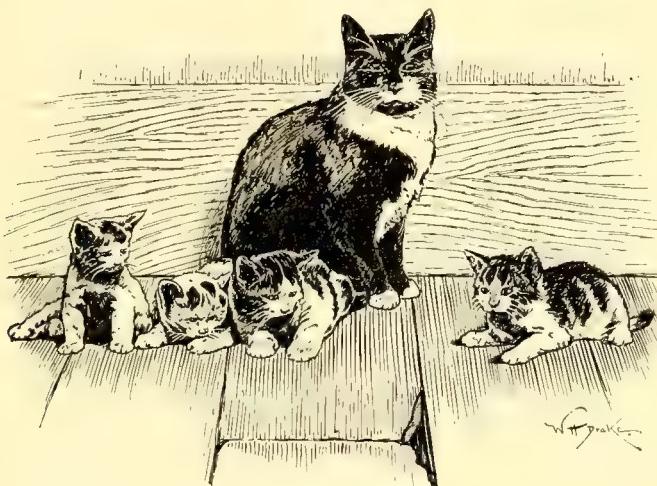
We all waited for the old woman, and when she came the children eagerly informed her of the

failure of even the most polite letter-writing where rats are concerned.

She is a shrewd old woman. She did not like to admit she was wrong, so she said she was sure that if we hadn't written that very rude first letter the rats would have gone.

"I know they would if they were German rats," she said; "but I never wrote to American rats, and perhaps they are different."

The four-footed robbers are still at home in our cellar, and not even the children believe it worth while to write to them again.



A SLEEPY LITTLE SCHOOL.

—
BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.
—

A FUNNY old professor kept a school for little boys,
And he'd romp with them in play-time, and he would n't mind their noise;
While in his little school-room, with its head against the wall,
Was a bed of such proportions it was big enough for all.

"It's for tired little pupils," he explained, "for you will find
How very wrong indeed it is to force a budding mind;
Whenever one grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head,
I make him lay his primer down and send him off to bed!"

"And sometimes it will happen on a warm and pleasant day,
When the little birds upon the trees go tooral-looral-lay,
When wide-awake and studious it's difficult to keep,
One by one they'll get a-nodding till the whole class is asleep!"

"Then before they're all in dreamland and their funny snores begin,
I close the shutters softly so the sunlight can't come in;
After which I put the school-books in their order on the shelf,
And, with nothing else to do, I take a little nap myself!"

SAILOR BOY DROMIOS.

BY H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.

VERY EARLY one bright morning, two row-boats, one flying American and the other English colors, reached at about the same moment a sandy part of the shore not far from the Egyptian city of Alexandria. Each boat had come for a load of sand, to be used in holystoning the decks. The English boat belonged to H.M.S. "Alexandra," and the other to a famous little vessel of the American fleet.

The meeting of these boats, engaged in the same duty, was a trifling coincidence; but not so the meeting for the first time of two lads, one belonging to the English boat's-crew and the other to the American. No sooner had the prows of the cutters touched the beach than each crew began to stare, one at the English lad, and the other at the American boy. The boys themselves looked at each other in mutual surprise.

"Say, Docket," exclaimed the coxswain of the American boat, "may I never see a ghost, if that ain't yours in that English uniform there!"

"Look a' there, 'Arry," sang out an old English sailor, while he pointed his big, stubby finger at Docket; "if 'e harn't your twin brother, then I'm the Prince o' Whales!"

"Don't let 'em git mixed up," piped out a third sailor, "or they won't know theirselves."

So close were the resemblances between the boys, in stature, figure and features, that, had it not been for differences of accent and uniform, it is doubtful whether they could have been distinguished. Indeed, the men declared with emphasis that if both boys should come into the forecastle of either ship wearing the same uniform, unless they should betray themselves by their speech, there could be no certainty as to which was which.

The men went to work filling the boats in great haste, for, as matters were in Alexandria at that time, it was a rather dangerous expedition. Meanwhile Docket and Harry, in spite of orders from the coxswains and growls from the crews, promenaded together back and forth along the beach, each giving an account of his personal history, and arranging for a future meeting. By the time the boats were ready to shove off, the boys were very well acquainted, and had appointed the following Saturday as the first day of meeting, when, it was agreed, Docket should visit Harry on board the "Alexandra."

Just a word about Docket and Harry. Docket, by the way, was only a nickname, given on board ship. The lad was the son of a Massachusetts clergyman. Much persuasion and no little coercion had been brought to bear to disenchant him with his romantic notions touching a seafaring life, but to no purpose. Finally he was committed to the Government as a third-class apprentice boy, United States Navy. Harry was the son of a poor London mechanic, who esteemed it a great privilege for his boy to be in Her Majesty's service, in any capacity. Each boy was very clever and mischievous, though Docket, having had better advantages, was the better educated.

It so happened that several weeks elapsed before Docket could pay his promised visit to Harry. One Saturday he was in high spirits. He had at last obtained permission to take the dinghy, of which he was coxswain, and a crew of boys for the purpose of visiting the "Alexandra." Shortly after eight bells, or the hour of noon, they set out. From the yards of his own little ship, Docket had often looked down in delighted wonder upon the vast decks of the "Sultan," the "Inflexible," the "Invincible," and the "Alexandra," anchored near by. Then, it must be confessed, he would experience a feeling of chagrin that a great nation like his own should permit its proud flag to fly over the feeblest navy of the globe. Docket loved a ship almost as he might love a person. Indeed, to him a ship almost seemed to think and feel.

Harry happened to be on the lookout from one of the "Alexandra's" cat-heads as the dinghy drew near. He had already obtained permission from the officer of the watch for the boys to come on board when they should arrive. Presently the dinghy lay quietly, hauled out at the "Alexandra's" boom, and Docket stood in the starboard gangway, staring like a country boy at his first sight of Broadway or of Pennsylvania avenue. Perhaps there is no better word than "*Immense!*" if it may be allowed, to express Docket's thought as he stood gazing fore and aft along the "Alexandra's" spar deck.

But a sailor boy soon learns better than to stare. In fact, Docket had now seen enough of the world to feel rather above showing surprise at anything; he regarded surprise as an altogether rustic emo-

tion. He therefore quickly recovered himself and fell at once into certain sailor-ways. Giving his cap a smart tilt and his trousers a spirited hitch, to intimate that he felt perfectly at home on a man-o'-war deck, he started with his custodian to inspect the ship.

It was very clear to Docket that the news of his wonderful likeness to Harry had preceded him. Everybody was staring at him, even the officer of the watch. No sooner had he reached the forecastle than the member of the boat's crew who had first noticed the resemblance, sung out at the top of his voice: "There's that there Yankee twin of

might be a little tedious for Docket, dispersed the crowd by shouting out, "Git out o' here, I tell yer! The lad hain't a 'oss as is up for sale!"

Left to Harry, Docket began his tour of the ship. If there was anything between the mighty steel prow and the powerful twin-screws that he did n't see, it must have been something scarcely worth mentioning. The caliber of each gun, the thickness of the armor-plating, the power of the motive machinery, he took particular pains to learn. With Harry he discussed the qualities of the ship as a fighter; asked if she had ever been in action,—in short, plied him with all sorts of questions. By

the time they had worked around to the main-deck battery, he had an excellent idea of the different parts of the ship, knew Harry's stations at "fire-quarters," "great-gun drills," and so on; and felt that he could almost duplicate Harry in his duties as well as in his person.

"I tell you what, Harry," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, as they stood beside the eighteen-ton gun, to the crew of which Harry belonged, "would n't I like to belong to a ship like this!"

"You'd get sick enough of it before you'd been here a week; we gets harder service than you Yankee sailors."

"It would be easy enough comin' if yer wants to ship," remarked an old quartermaster who was leisurely polishing up the gun.

"I did n't mean that I'd like to belong to *this* ship. You don't suppose that I'd desert, do you?" asked Docket, in an injured tone.

"When you gits older, you'll take higher views o' these things. I've been in three or four navies myself. I used to be first boatswain's-mate aboard the 'Lancaster.'"

An idea seized Docket. "Why not," he said to himself, "have a little fun out of this likeness? I might be Harry for an hour or two, just as well as not; and he could be Docket. We could keep our own counsel, and see whether anybody could tell the difference. Besides, I'd just like to see how it would seem to be under the British flag."

This was a bold scheme on the part of Master



HARRY CONDUCTS DOCKET OVER THE "ALEXANDRA."

'Arry's. I never seen a better match a-tween a pair o' donkeys!"

The men and boys all laughed at this parallel from the animal kingdom, and Docket did n't altogether relish it. But he made up his mind that he would be good-natured whatever might be said. A great crowd now gathered around him, and if he had stepped ashore up the Congo, and had there fallen in with a tribe that had never seen a white person, he hardly could have been an object of more curious attention. He had come to see the ship, but it was very certain that if he and Harry had been on exhibition anywhere within ten miles, the whole ship's company would have gone to see them. Finally an old petty-officer, evidently thinking it

Docket. He was sharp enough, too, to appreciate its difficulties. In the first place, could he get Harry to agree to it? If Harry agreed to it, then could he walk as Harry did? If successful in this, could he talk with Harry's accent, if obliged to speak at all? Harry had the cockney habits of dropping his h's at the wrong places and putting them in where they did n't belong, besides speaking ungrammatically. But should he succeed in his part, as he felt quite well-assured he could, how would it be with Harry? If Harry were forced to speak he certainly would let the cat out of the bag.

To tell the truth, Docket thought Harry a little slow, not to say stupid. What was his surprise, therefore, when Master Harry not only fell in with the plan, but was eager to go further than Docket had dared to imagine possible. Docket did n't know the depths of mischief that were beneath Harry's innocent exterior.

When their plan was perfected, Harry led Docket to a recess in the "starboard shaft-alley," where, unobserved, they exchanged uniforms. Everything came out right but the ties. Docket fussed a while before he could arrange Harry's to look properly "American"; and so did Harry before Docket's would take on an altogether "English" look. Everything arranged, they stood apart and looked each other over. Quite as much surprise was depicted on their countenances as at their first meeting. In truth, they seemed to have gradually dissolved the one into the other.

Holding their faces down, and introducing a heavy roll into their gaits, they started for the berth-deck. A sharp observer would have detected mischief in their eyes, and, in fact, in their whole demeanor; but as nobody suspected what they were up to, they passed along this deck unchallenged. The berth-deck, however, was a little dark;—how would it be on the main-deck? Could they escape detection there, they might go anywhere else without the slightest hesitancy. Very slowly they mounted the companion-ladder. They stood for a moment by the hatch-coamings, then, not daring to look any one in the face, they began their promenade. The men, however, only stared at them, or remarked with some attempt at humor on their wonderful likeness. The boys almost laughed outright when one of Harry's chums slapped Docket on the shoulder and requested him to assist that evening in getting a new uniform ready for Sunday-morning inspection. The "yes" which comprised the whole of Docket's reply had an accent quite English; but it did not seem to satisfy the other boy, for he gave Docket a quick glance, and looked bewildered. Before he could say anything further, Docket and Harry slipped away. Incredible as it may appear, they went

everywhere about the ship from keelson to main-top, and never an officer, man or boy, was any the wiser concerning the exchange of identities.

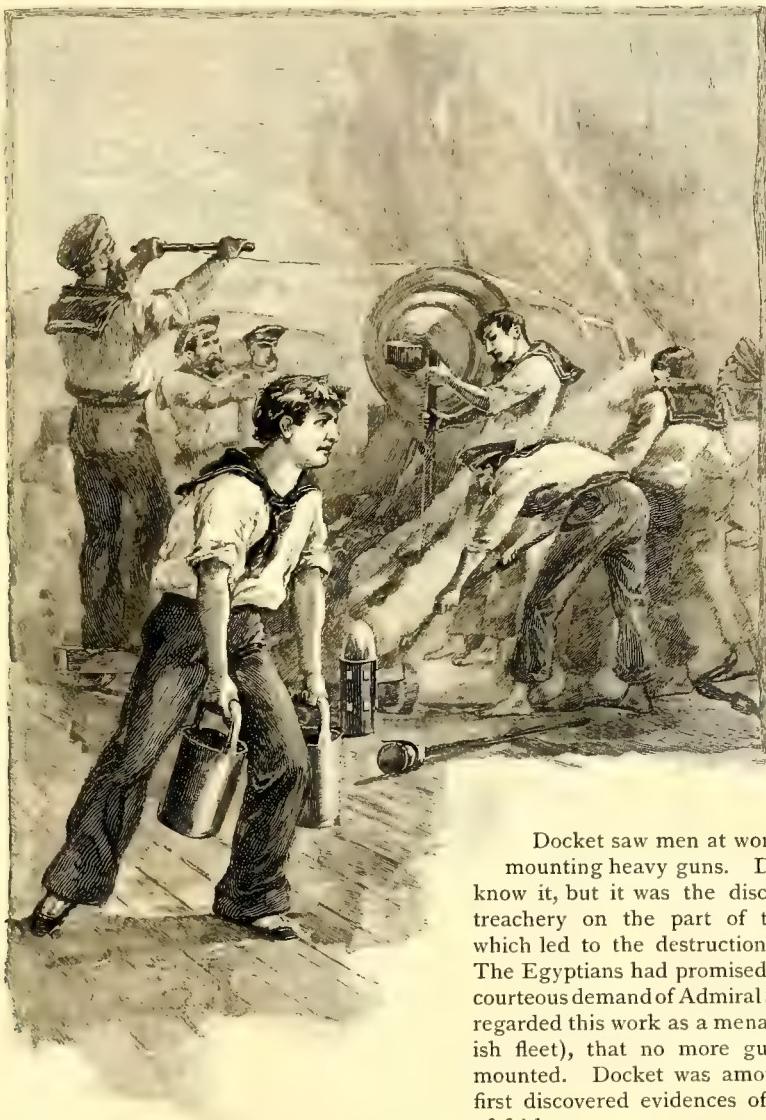
The hour for Docket's return to his ship arrived. Meanwhile Harry had proved a most skillful actor. He now, with the utmost coolness, submitted a proposition the audacity of which startled Master Docket. It was nothing less than that they should exchange ships for the night. He, Harry, would go to Docket's ship in the dinghy, and by hook or by crook get back to the "*Alexandra*," early next morning. They would then re-dress, each in his proper uniform, and Docket could take his chances in getting back on board his own ship in time for inspection.

Ordinarily, Docket would not have entertained such a proposition for an instant. But they had been so successful, and deluding people is so fascinating (particularly when no great wrong is involved, as in this case), that Harry found it not at all difficult to overcome Docket's scruples. Now the plot had so thickened that it was no longer feasible for the boys to keep their secret. Summoning the dinghy's crew, Docket at once took them into his confidence, and Harry did the same by two English apprentices. The whole party were cautioned to repress every sign of the wonder they might feel at the substitution. With rather stern self-denial, the youthful accomplices succeeded in doing so. But there was much quiet fun over the perfect innocence of everybody as to what was going on under their very noses. This interfered somewhat with the arrangement of details; but at last, everything being ready, Harry jumped into the dinghy, and she was presently lost behind the wall-like sides of the great iron-clads lying between the "*Alexandra*" and Docket's ship.

So absorbed have we been in our Dromios that we have almost forgotten to remind the reader of the alarming condition of affairs in Alexandria. The power of the Khedive had been wrested from him. Certain of the Egyptian officers, by a series of bold and successful maneuvers, had obtained control of the army. The religious fanaticism of the Mohammedans had been aroused to a dangerous pitch. Active steps had been taken to strengthen all the fortifications of Alexandria. All this was viewed by the European inhabitants with consternation. Finally, the massacre of June 11, 1882, occurred, and their gravest apprehensions were more than realized. They fled for refuge to the vessels in the harbor, and embarked by thousands in steamers sailing for European ports. Little by little, events led on to the day of bombardment just a month later. It was just about this time that Docket and Harry undertook to carry out their little hoax.

Night found Docket a little crestfallen,—in fact penitent for his folly. He had not been found out, but he had been regarded very quizzically. He had received several orders to do things about the ship, which he necessarily obeyed in an awk-

ward manner. But he became so excited before he turned in that he forgot all about these little mishaps. It happened that on that very night orders had been given to search the fortifications of Alexandria with the electric-light. By its powerful glare,



DOCKET DOES DUTY ON BOARD THE "ALEXANDRA."

ward manner. He heard the captain of the after-guard say, "That there lad is as hawkward about deck as a halbatross." He would not have been so cast down had he not, last of all, received a sharp reprimand for calling out the wrong number for Harry's hammock when hammocks were piped

Docket saw men at work in the forts mounting heavy guns. Docket did not know it, but it was the discovery of this treachery on the part of the Egyptians which led to the destruction of the forts. The Egyptians had promised, in reply to a courteous demand of Admiral Seymour (who regarded this work as a menace to the British fleet), that no more guns should be mounted. Docket was among those who first discovered evidences of their breach of faith.

Docket did not sleep very well in Harry's hammock. He was troubled with the feeling that the fun might perhaps end quite seriously. He had one dream. It was that the "Alexandra" had put to sea with him, an innocent and most unwilling deserter from his flag. He was glad when morning came, and he was ordered to "break out." The fresh air revived him. He took hold

of Harry's work about the ship even with alacrity, and by breakfast-time he felt quite exhilarated. Breakfast over, he was quickly on the lookout for Harry's return. Inspection came. All hands were mustered for the Church Service, and shortly after they were piped to dinner. "What can be the matter," thought Docket as he dropped into Harry's seat at the mess. "What if he does n't come at all? It can't be that he intends to keep my place. He would n't be guilty of such despicable meanness!" Four bells—six bells—eight bells, and no explanation. He began to grow nervous. He was tempted to go to the officer of the watch and confess the whole story. Perhaps the officer would send him back in one of the "*Alexandra's*" boats. But this would be "crying baby" too soon. When hammocks were again piped down, Docket was in an unenviable frame of mind. The fun of being a counterfeit was all over. But he had made up his mind to stay till Harry came back. He would not go sneaking on board his own ship, even if he should find an opportunity, in the clothes and the character of another.

July 11, 1882, dawned in full eastern splendor upon Alexandria. The Mediterranean outside the breakwater was as still as a painted sea, and not a breath rippled the smoothness of the inner harbor. In the darkness and silence of the night each ship of the British fleet had been stationed for action. The men-o'-war belonging to other navies had withdrawn to a safe distance from shot and shell. All merchant-vessels had been warned from the docks. Never since the time of its great founder had Alexandria seen such a picture before its walls as was now revealed by the light of early morning.

At least, so Docket would have thought had he been in an artistic mood when, after his breakfast at half-past four that morning, he climbed into the foretop to get his bearings. But Docket was not devoting any attention to natural or artificial effects on this particular morning. His heart was fairly leaping over the prospect of participating in the fight.

Presently a loud call from the deck brought him pell-mell down the rigging, and sent him scampering after his—or rather Harry's—side-arms. Docket had taken note of the order of battle. The "*Alexandra*," the "*Sultan*," and the "*Superb*" were the advance ships, facing forts Pharos, Ada, and the Ras-El-Tin lines. Many cable-lengths astern lay the "*Inflexible*" and "*Téméraire*," their black prows seeming to Docket to contract in an awful frown upon the forts and batteries directly in front of them. Far down the harbor the "*Penelope*," "*Invincible*," and "*Monarch*" held the Mex lines, all ready, at

just one little signal from the "*Invincible*," to open a destructive fire.

Almost any brave boy would go wild over such a sight; especially if he were on board one of the great ships, and had caught the enthusiasm of the gallant and eager crew. We do not therefore wonder at Docket's excitement as he buckled on his belt and ran to join his—Harry's—gun-crew. The silence which quickly settled over the ship was a matter of surprise to him. He had been disciplined to man-o'-war silence, but the absolute stillness pervading the ship at such a momentous time seemed almost unnatural. It made him think of that awful hush at sea which sometimes goes before the crash of a sudden tempest. The excitement was intense, and it was a matter of wonder how a mere word could hold it under such sublime control.

At one moment, a fear that the Egyptians would not fight ran like an electric current from man to man. A look of disappointment appeared on the stern faces of the crews waiting so impatiently to serve their guns. It was curious to see the flush of hope come into the resolute countenances at each tinkle of the engine-room bell, or when the quiet order, "Starboard," or "Port," broke the silence of the deck above. This was interpreted to mean that the flagship had given the welcome signal for the "*Alexandra*" to lead the fleet into action. But the great ship was only maintaining her position against adverse currents.

All at once there was a commotion on deck. Something very important had happened. A signal had been made from the "*Invincible*" ordering the "*Alexandra*" to fire. In less time than it takes to tell it, a shell from Docket's gun went crashing into the earthworks of the "*Hospital*" battery. Then, when the "*Alexandra's*" shot drew the fire of the forts, the whole fleet opened its batteries upon them. The roar of the great guns, the scream of the enemy's shells, filled the air with incessant tumult. How excited Docket was, amid it all!—and yet how coolly he tugged at the falls, helping to lift powder and shell from the magazines and shell-rooms for the use of his gun! He heard scarcely anything of the outer confusion. But the sounds of his own ship thrilled him. The sharp orders, the clatter of swords and cutlasses striking stanchions and decks as the officers and men hurried hither and thither to or from their stations, the suppressed cheers which rang out whenever a shot had told, kept him for a time in glorious fighting trim.

His ardor, however, began to cool a little as the Egyptian artillerists got the ship in range. He did n't exactly enjoy the shudder of the great ship when some well-directed shot scraped her iron side,

And when the shot and shell began to penetrate the unarmored parts and to come on board, he felt just a little like ducking as the pieces came his way. Why not? Even an admiral has been known to dodge a shot. The scene became very lively. Boats were stove in; skylights were smashed; rigging, stanchions, and ladders carried away; glass, splinters, and pieces of exploded shell flew about in every direction. Now and then would come awful crashes, when shells burst in the different cabins. A shell with its fuse burnt down almost to the powder rolled to Docket's feet, when quick as thought a brave fellow caught it in his arms and threw it overboard. One man was killed very near to Docket, and several more were wounded. More than sixty times the ship was struck. Twenty-four shot and shell penetrated her hull, causing the damage above mentioned. The wonder was that the casualties were so few. Docket would have been an unnatural kind of boy not to have wished a dozen times, amid all this din and danger, that he were safe on board his own ship; but this did not keep him from fighting as gallantly as any man or boy on board. When all the forts had been silenced and cheer after cheer went up from the English fleet, nobody was prouder of the achievement and nobody cheered more lustily than Master Docket.

The bombardment of Alexandria is a matter of history. Our only concern now is to know how it fared with our Dromios. Of course the hoax was very soon detected on board both ships. At first the English sailors regarded it as a piece of sharp practice on Harry's part. He was known to be a

great admirer of the United States navy. But Docket would not allow this piece of injustice. He knew well enough that Harry had done his best to get back, and that he must have felt terribly chagrined over the outcome, especially at being away from his ship during the fight. Docket stood up for his friend very stoutly, and he was right. Harry had even gone to the officer of the deck and begged to be sent back; but this was impossible, as all the boats were busy in bringing off people who were fleeing from the city.

One morning, after everything had quieted down, a boat flying American colors pulled alongside the "Alexandra," and Master Harry stepped out after the midshipman in charge and followed him rather sheepishly up the gangway. The affair was explained to the officer of the watch, who, of course, knew all about it, and Harry and Docket were sent below to shift uniforms once more. How the men laughed, and what they said as the boys went below, will not be described, but there was considerable fun over the affair. Docket did n't regret it, for it was the most natural thing in the world that he should receive all the glory. As Docket left the ship the men gave a cheer for the boy who had fought as gallantly under the British flag as he would have done under his own.

It is only necessary to add that so grave an offense could not be wholly overlooked by naval discipline, and each boy was "quarantined," or confined to the ship, for a month. This did not, however, prove a severe punishment, since no one in the fleet went ashore at Alexandria simply for pleasure at that particular period.

DOWNHILL WITH A VENGEANCE.

—
BY W. H. GILDER.
—



HERE is in Siberia a mountain-pass which in the sharpness of its declivity is, I think, without an equal among all other known roads. Perhaps I should not use the word "road" when referring to this trail, over which the Russian traders carry their merchandise even to the shores of the Arctic ocean, and by which they return laden with the furs received in exchange. It was early in the month of May,

1882, while *en route* from the Lena Delta to Irkootsk, in Southern Siberia, that I had to cross the Werchojansk mountains over the steep pass mentioned, and the passage was so remarkable an experience that it made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. Two circumstances united to make my journey at this time particularly disagreeable. The sun was rapidly coming north while I was just as rapidly pushing south, so that summer seemed to have suddenly jumped into the lap of spring; and the snows everywhere melting, and the swollen rivers bursting from their icy bonds, so

flooded the land that traveling was fraught with great difficulty and danger.

There is always in that country at the season of the year at which I was traveling a period of from eight to ten days when intercommunication is entirely cut off, and it is the aim of the unfortunate traveler to reach some place where food and shelter can be obtained. For this reason, it was my object to arrive at the Aldan river, the largest branch of the mighty Lena, and to cross to the southern side, where there was an occupied post-station, before the ice in the river was broken.

It was, however, my misfortune, owing to a lack of animals at the post-stations, and to the difficulties of the road in consequence of the melting of the snows, to reach the northern bank of that river the very day the ice broke up, and to see the huge hummocks and fields of ice rushing down-stream at the rate of ten miles an hour. It was just at dark when this unwelcome sight burst upon our anxious gaze, and to return to the hut, which we left in the morning, over a route that had been barely possible by daylight, was not to be thought of at night. In the morning my guide found that the water had risen around us so rapidly that retreat was cut off; and there, in the woods, without food and without shelter, other than what we could improvise from brush and twigs cut with our knives, we had to wait during the eight or ten days required for the rapid current to clear the river of ice.

On the other side of the Aldan, which is here two miles broad, we could see the smoke curling up from the log-hut that served as a post-station, and could almost smell the cooking beef, bread, and tea that we might have shared had we been there, while we had really nothing. We were not in danger of starvation, and after selecting the highest piece of land we could find, we encamped. There we had to remain for nine days until the river cleared sufficiently for us to cross in a boat that came from the other side. But in the mean time we had seen the water come up around us and into the little brush hut which, covered with the skin of the dead horse, had been our only shelter. It had put out our fire, and once had so covered every part of the land that it was only by putting our feet on the trunk of a fallen tree that we could keep them out of the water. There we sat and gazed with ill-concealed anxiety at the ancient water-marks, four or five feet from the ground, on the trunks of the trees around us, and wondered how long it would take the flood to reach that height. We were not, however, doomed to be drowned, for in about an hour and a half the waters began to subside, and continued to do so until the day when we crossed the river. All over

the land was a deposit of mud, so thick that our effects were easily drawn to the river bank on a bull-sled which had been brought over in the boat for the purpose.

It was to avoid all this unpleasant experience that my anxiety on the road to have the broken ice of the Aldan behind me had been so great, and that is why I had made every exertion to reach that point in time. I had succeeded in covering two stretches of post-road with reindeer, after leaving the town of Werchojansk; but from there onward we were dependent upon horses for transportation, and often we had to pick them up on the tundra,* and drive them ahead of us as far as the next station, in order to continue our journey.

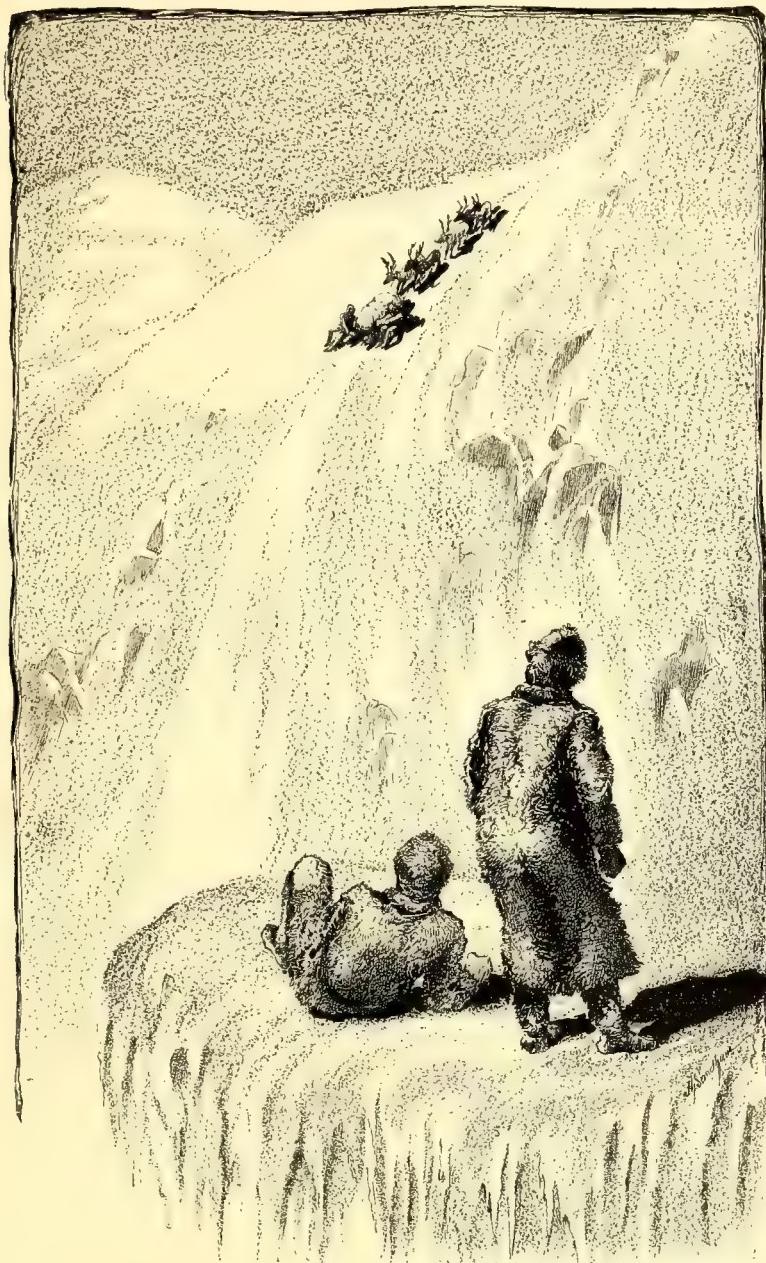
Arrived at Kingyarak, the last station north of the Werchojansk pass, I was disgusted to find not only neither horses nor reindeer, but even no inhabitants. Time was pressing and delays were exceedingly dangerous at this juncture, so I induced one of my drivers, by a liberal offer in money, to hunt up some of the savages who live scattered around ten or twenty miles from the station. Before evening some of them came, and I made a bargain with an old Yakoot starosta † to take me forward on my journey. It was about ten o'clock that night when he arrived at the station hut, with five sleds and fifteen reindeer, and we set out at once for the foot of the mountain, about ten versts (almost seven miles) distant. All that night we were trudging slowly along, the drivers walking ahead of their teams, and sounding with long poles to find the beaten track. The snow in the valley was about eighteen or twenty feet deep, and under the rays of the sun, which were every day increasing in power, it became so soft that it was impossible to proceed except in the track that had been beaten down and packed by the winter's travel.

During the whole night I had watched my drivers, too much interested to sleep, and every now and then would see one or the other of them disappear when a false step took him out of the path and into the deep snow. It seemed to me that since leaving the line of the woods we had been traveling along a high white wall, and now it seemed directly in front. Presently, near the top of this wall, I saw three or four long black objects that seemed to be centipedes moving slowly down, and suddenly it flashed upon me that this wall must be the snow-covered mountain far away and towering up into the blue sky; while the "centipedes" were, in all probability, sleds descending toward us. On inquiring I found my supposition to be correct. Very soon the sleds were beside us, and we learned that the road on the other side of the mountain was simply indescribable; a little later we found it to be so by actual experience.

* A rude cart. † A village-official, a bailiff.

It was not long before the ascent became very abrupt; I also had to go afoot with the others. It was hard labor to climb that mountain, but the

mit. It had been impossible for me to advance more than seven or eight steps without resting. The snow was soft, and at every step I had to lift one foot and plant it in front of me, and then throw my weight upon that and drag the other foot to the front, and so on until I would drop in my tracks from sheer exhaustion. On arriving at the crest of the mountain, I found it to be not more than ten or twelve paces broad. The wind was blowing with such force that I really feared that I would be blown off bodily, and I sat down to avoid so unpleasant an accident. My guide called me to his side, where he stood on the edge of the descent, and indicated by gestures his wish that we should go ahead. I looked down the slope, and it was so steep that it made me giddy. About one hundred and fifty yards below it seemed to end abruptly in a precipice, and I was absolutely afraid to try the descent until, after giving me a stick to be used as a brake in case my velocity increased too rapidly, the guide took another and showed me how to apply it. Sitting down, he began to move himself along very slowly, burying his heels in the soft snow at the side of the sled track, which was harder and more slippery, and consequently, all the more dangerous. I soon found myself moving along rapidly and approaching that point



"IT SEEMED AS IF THE SLEDS AND MEN WERE LYING FLAT AGAINST A PERPENDICULAR WALL."

northern side I found to be nothing in comparison with the southern slope. After the most fatiguing climb I ever remember, I at last reached the sum-

where the road seemed to terminate in a precipice; but before I could arrest my progress I slid over it, not far behind Michaila, who had already disap-

peared from view. I found, however, that this was not a precipice, but simply a steeper place in the road, which was here almost perpendicular. My speed was accelerated most uncomfortably, and I found myself gaining momentum so that it almost took my breath away. I knew that from the crest of the mountain to the valley on the southern side was ten versts (nearly seven miles), and when I saw what was before me my hair stood on end with terror. But just then I saw Michaila, the guide, come to a halt on a sort of platform at the side of the road. This resting place appeared to have been devised by man or furnished by nature to avert collision with a big black rock that lay right in the path, contact with which would probably prove fatal.

From this level I could not see the top of the mountain, where the drivers were preparing to descend with the sleds and deer; but, from a second level, some distance below, I could see them quite plainly, though they were a long way off. They had lashed the sleds together, side by side, and fastened all the reindeer behind. The drivers placed themselves on either side of the sleds and held back with all their might, planting their heels in the snow, and the sure-footed reindeer also held the sleds back, being fastened behind them. From where I sat looking up, it seemed exactly as if the sleds and men were lying flat against a perpendicular wall and that the reindeer were standing on their heads on the back ends of the sleds.

It took the guide and myself only three-quarters of an hour to reach a part of the descent where we could walk or run; but the sleds required nearly twice that time. We were still a long distance from the foot of the mountain, but the descent was so steep that when we again took our places on the sleds the animals were forced into a gallop to keep out of our way. When I looked back at the road, even from the bottom of the valley below, it seemed impossible that I could have come down the mountain-side along that way.

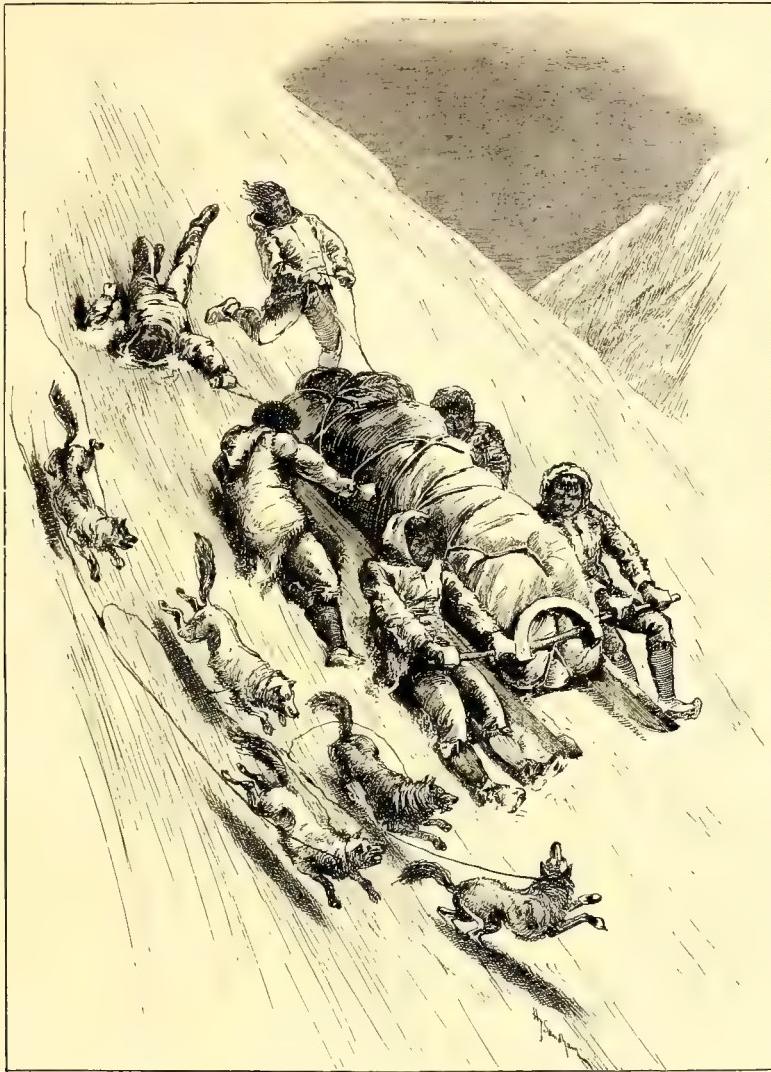
I had heard of this pass before leaving the Lena Delta from Bartlett, the assistant engineer of the "Jeannette," who, with the other survivors of that ill-fated vessel, had crossed it on the road to Yakootsk during the winter just passed. He said that his party consisted of himself and Iniguin, the big Esquimau hunter, one of those taken aboard the "Jeannette" at St. Michael's, in Alaska. The road at the time they crossed was harder and much more slippery than when I passed over it. On ar-

riving at the crest of the mountain, Bartlett's guide gave him a stick and by motions showed him how he was to use it as a brake, and told him to go on. In obedience to the instructions, he sat down and started; but, finding himself to be going too rapidly, he attempted to apply his brake, whereupon the stick flew from his hand, and away he went, staring with dismay at the big black rock which seemed certain to seal his fate in a few sec-



"LOOKING AROUND, HE SAW INIGUIN COMING LIKE THE WIND."

onds! Just then, however, he slid easily out upon the first platform as if he had been switched off on a side-track. Looking around, he saw Iniguin coming like the wind. He too had lost his stick, and his speed was something frightful. His head was bare and his long black hair streamed straight out behind. Both elbows were level with his shoulders and his eyes and mouth were stretched to their full extent. Bartlett prepared to throw himself out of the way to avoid the threatened collision; but the frightened savage kept right on to the second level, his speed increasing every second until it seemed only by a miracle that he reached the lower platform in safety. There Bartlett soon joined him and forgot his own fears in the recol-



ESQUIMAUX DESCENDING A HILL WITH A HEAVILY LOADED SLED.

lection of the comical spectacle presented by Iniguin's terrified countenance as he flashed past on his frightful slide.

"How do you like that sort of traveling, Iniguin?" said Bartlett.

"Me no likee," was the reply. "Too muchee quick! — too muchee burnem! No *can* likee."

Down ordinary descents, and quite steep ones, too, it is the custom to allow the reindeer to trot and increase the rapidity of their motion as the sled pushes upon their heels, until at last they gallop at the top of their speed. Near Bulun, which is two days' journey from the mouth of the Lena river, there are several very steep grades, and the reindeer scampering down like the wind,

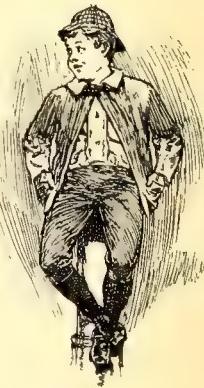
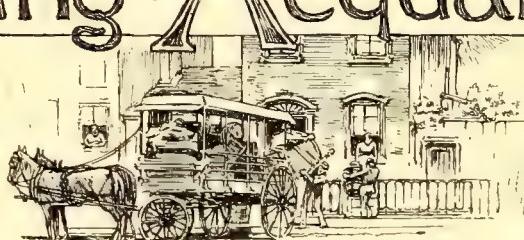
the drivers shouting at the top of their voices, and the sleds bounding over the rough places make up a scene well worth witnessing.

The Esquimaux of North America, on land journeys, often encounter hills where it would be very dangerous to attempt a descent with a heavily loaded sled drawn by dogs. When such a place is reached, they unhitch the dogs and let the sled descend by its own weight. All the men act as brakes to prevent, if possible, a descent so rapid as to land the equipage a complete wreck at the bottom. The two strongest of the drivers take their places on the sides at the front of the sled, and the others hold on where they can; all pull back

as strongly as possible when the speed increases. Some plant their feet straight in front of them and send the snow flying as if from a snow-plow. Others find themselves taking leaps that would astonish a kangaroo, are dragged furiously along, or, maybe, come rolling to the bottom after the sled. The dogs regard the whole affair as a joke, and

with their traces tied together come dashing along in the wild chase, some barking joyously, others yelping distressedly as, caught in the traces, they are dragged to the foot of the hill by their reckless companions. It often seemed a wonder when, even with all our exertions, we could land sled and party at the bottom in safety.

Getting Acquainted



'By Sydney Dayre.'

"I got acquainted very quick
With Teddy Brown, when he
Moved in the house across the street,
The nearest one you see."

"I climbed and sat upon a post
To look, and so did he;
I stared and stared across at him
And he stared back at me."

"I supposed he wanted me to speak
I thought I'd try and see—
I said, 'Hello!' to Teddy Brown
He said, 'Hello!' to me."



THE BUNNY STORIES.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

MORE TROUBLE FOR THE BUNNYS.

A NEW KIND OF CIRCUS.

THERE were two sides to Runwild Terrace.

On the south side, where the Bunnys lived, there were many cosy cottages, well-kept lawns, and pretty flower-gardens.

The Bunny children and their playmates who lived in these pleasant homes were taught to be kind and gentle, and were usually neatly dressed and tidy in their habits.

On the north side of the Terrace there was another village, where many poor families were huddled together in dingy blocks or small, shabby houses.

The streets were narrow, the door-yards piled with rubbish, and both the old and young were poorly clothed and looked hungry and neglected most of the time. The young Bears and Coons



and their neighbors of the north village were commonly called "Cubs," and their names, when they had any, were generally nicknames.

Bunnyboy and Browny had sometimes met two of the bear cubs, Tuffy and Brindle, in the fields, and liked to play with them, because they were large and strong, and were usually planning or doing some mischief.

Deacon Bunny soon began to notice that both

Bunnyboy and Browny were becoming rough and clownish in their manners and sometimes used bad words while at play.

He told them the bear cubs were not good company, they must keep away from them in future.

One day in September Tuffy Bear met Bunnyboy and asked him to come over and play circus that afternoon.

When Bunnyboy asked his father whether he might go, the Deacon said "No," but that they might play circus at home and invite their playmates to come and spend the afternoon with them.

Like a great many others of his age, Bunnyboy was willful, and this did not suit him at all, for he wished to have his own way in everything.

He thought his father was very hard and stern; and after sulking awhile, he told Browny to ask their mother whether they might go berrying.

Mother Bunny said "Yes," if they would come home early; and off they started over the hills.

When out of sight from the house, Bunnyboy said he was going to the north village to ask Tuffy and Brindle where the berries grew thickest.

He said this to satisfy Browny; but he knew it was only a sneaking way of going to see what the bear cubs were doing, and an excuse for disobeying his father.

On the way they met Spud Coon and his grandmother, who lived in the north village.

Spud asked them to stop and play with him, or to let him go with them.

Bunnyboy looked scornfully at Spud's torn jacket and bare feet, and replied, "We don't wish to play with a ragged cub like you. You had better stay where you belong, with your old granny."

This word "granny" was one he had picked

up from the bear cubs, and he thought it would be smart to use it, because Spud's grandmother was old and feeble and miserably poor.

He forgot all he had been taught at home about



being polite and respectful to the aged, and he did not stop to think how angry it would make him to hear his own dear grandmother called "granny" by a saucy youngster.

Grandmother Coon looked sharply at Bunnyboy and said she was sorry his manners were not so fine as his clothes, and led away Spud crying and wishing he was big enough to thrash the fellow who called them names because they were poor.

Browny was ashamed and would have turned back, but Bunnyboy urged him along until they met Tuffy and Brindle, who supposed they had come to play circus.

Here they began to race about in a circle while Brindle played he was a clown, repeating a lot of stupid words at which they all laughed, pretending they were having great fun.

When they were tired of this, Tuffy said they must have a trained donkey, and if the bunnies would help him he would catch one of the young goats in the pasture on the hill beyond the woods, and make him play donkey for them.

While Tuffy was catching the goat, Brindle was sent to get a long piece of clothes-line, and when he came back with it, the goat was dragged through the fields to the ring.

Then began a great racket; shouting at the frightened creature, tripping him up, and laughing to see him tug at one

end of the line with Tuffy at the other, while Brindle beat him to make him go round and round in the ring.

At last, this rough sport was too much for Browny's tender heart, and he begged the cubs to let the poor goat go.

This made them angry, and they said that he was trying to spoil the fun, and it would serve him just right to make him play monkey and ride the goat.

Bunnyboy began to see what kind of company they were in, and tried to take Browny's part. Then Tuffy struck Bunnyboy, and a quarrel began



Tuffy said he knew just the place for a circus-ring and led the way to an open field, a little way out of the village.

in which the bunnies were roughly handled and thrown down on the ground.

Tuffy was so strong he could easily hold Bunny-

boy, and he told Brindle to tie Bunnyboy's hands and feet so that he could not get up.

Then they put Browny on the goat's back and tied him on, with his feet fastened under the goat's



neck and his hands under his body, so that he could not fall off nor get off, and they said he made a good monkey.

They beat the goat to make him go faster, and hit Browny because he cried, while Bunnyboy had to lie helpless and see his little brother abused.

When he tried to call for help they stuffed his mouth full of grass and leaves, and told him to keep still or they would tie up his mouth with a handkerchief.

While this was going on and the bunnies were

Though he shouted for help until he was hoarse, no one came. Then he hoped Tuffy or Brindle would come back and untie him before dark, but they did not.

Evening came, and the moon rose over the hills, and still he lay there alone, wondering what had become of his brother and what would happen if he had to lie there all night.

At last he heard voices in the corn-field near by, and called again for help as loud as he could.

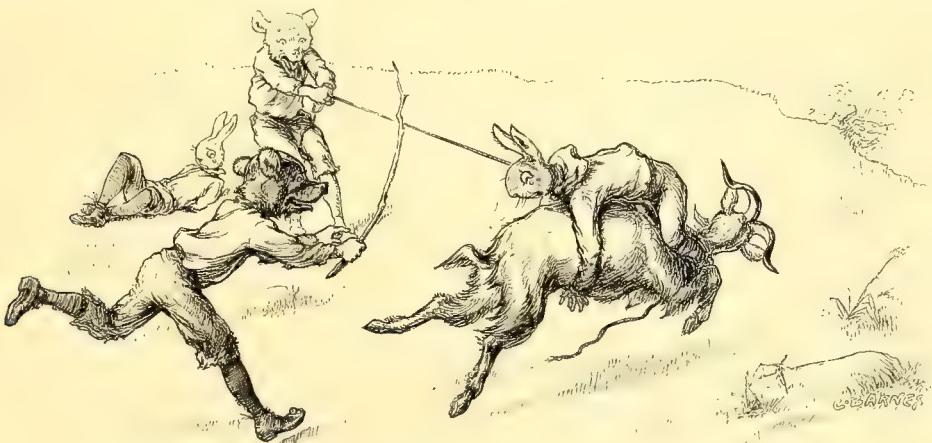
Some one answered, and he felt sure help was coming; but he hardly knew what to think when he saw bending over him the same Grandmother Coon and little Spud, whom he had met on his way.

Spud knew him at once and cried out, "Oh, grandma, here is the same Bunnyboy who called us names this afternoon."

Bunnyboy thought his last chance was gone, but begged of them not to leave him any longer in his misery, for the cords were hurting him and he ached all over from lying bound and cramped so long.

Spud said, "Good enough for you!" but his grandmother told him that was wrong, and quickly untied Bunnyboy and helped him to his feet.

Then she said, "If you are one of Deacon Bunny's sons, I know your mother. She is a kind



wondering how it would end, they heard a pack of hounds barking, not very far away.

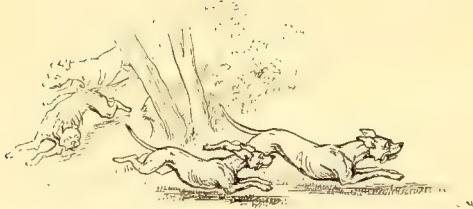
Tuffy and Brindle did not like dogs, and were afraid of being caught playing such cruel tricks on the bunnies, and they ran away home as fast as they could.

When the goat found he was free from his tormentors he started for the pasture with Browny still tied on his back, leaving Bunnyboy bound hand and foot, alone and helpless on the ground.

friend to us poor folks, and has often brought us food and comforts when we have been sick or in trouble. You behaved badly to us to-day, but I am glad to help you now for her sake, if for no other reason."

Bunnyboy thanked her, and was glad enough to use his stiffened legs once more to hurry home, by the same road he had come but with very different thoughts.

He felt a great deal more respect for his father's



opinion of bear cubs, and of what was good company for him to keep, than he had felt when he first left home. The family had already begun a search through the neighborhood, and were just planning what to do next, when Bunnyboy reached the house.

When they asked for Browny, he told them that the last he saw of him was that he was being carried off on a goat's back toward the pasture beyond the north village.

The Deacon knew where the goat-pasture was, and started at once, with Cousin Jack, to find Browny.

In about an hour they returned bringing Browny, who was dreadfully frightened, and badly bruised and scratched by the bushes and fences against which the goat had rubbed, in trying to rid himself of his burden.

They had found Browny still tied to the goat, and both lying on the ground, with a dozen or more goats standing about in the moonlight staring at the strange sight.

When Browny had been bathed and had eaten his supper, the family sat down to hear how it all had happened.

Then the whole story came out, for Bunnyboy was honest enough to tell the whole truth about



going to see the bear cubs, and of the first as well as the last meeting with the Coons.

He owned to his father that he knew he was dis-

obeying him, and never thought of making a bad matter worse by telling lies about it.

When he had finished the Deacon looked very sober and said to Mother Bunny, "I think I ought to give up my mission Sunday-school class in the north village, and see what I can do for our own little heathen in this family."

"I am ashamed," he went on, "to try to teach other folk's children, when one of my own sets such



an example, by mocking at misfortune and by being rude and unfeeling to the old and poor, as Bunnyboy has done to-day."

Mother Bunny made no reply, but cried softly to herself, and it almost broke Bunnyboy's heart when he saw her trying to hide her tears behind her handkerchief.

Cousin Jack said it reminded him of the old proverb, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and if Bunnyboy would take it for a text for his next Sunday-school lesson, he thought he would not need a dictionary to tell him what the big word meant, or how hard the wrong way always is,—especially for those who have been taught a better way than they follow.

Then Deacon Bunny turned to Bunnyboy and said, "When I was a boy the only whipping my father ever gave me was for disobeying him, and perhaps I ought to follow his example."

Bunnyboy thought a whipping would be the easiest part of his punishment, if that would blot out the record of the day, but he did not say so.

After thinking a moment Deacon went on to say, "You all know that my father's plan is not my way of teaching you to do right. I think if a boy with such a home, and such a mother as you

have, can not learn to be a good boy without whipping, he will not learn at all, but will keep on

to get into just such scrapes myself, when I was young and thoughtless."

This made Bunnyboy feel better, but more like crying. He pressed Cousin Jack's hand very hard.

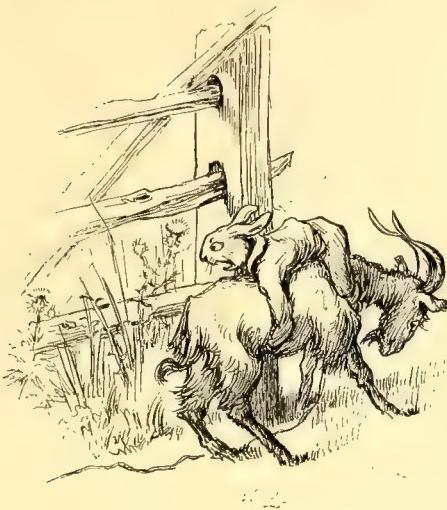
"I have noticed," said Cousin Jack, "that some boys seem to have these attacks of lying, boasting, and disobeying their parents, just as they have the measles, chicken-pox, or whooping-cough, and when they have suffered as Bunnyboy has suffered for his disobedience to-day, they are not likely to have the same attack again."

Bunnyboy looked very gratefully at Cousin Jack for helping him out, and told them all he was truly sorry and would never do so any more, and that early next morning he would ask Grandmother Coon's pardon in good earnest, and give Spud the best toy he had in the house. As for Tuffy and Brindle, he had seen enough of them, and their kind of a circus, to last him a lifetime.

Mother Bunny looked at the clock, said it was time the bunnies were asleep, and led them away to bed. When his mother kissed him good-night, Bunnyboy whispered to her, "Don't cry any more about it, Mother, for I will try not to make you cry for me again, the longest day I live."

And the best part of the story is that he never did.

Many years after, when Bunnyboy had grown up, the sweetest praise he ever received, was when his



doing wrong, until he has brought sorrow and shame on himself, and on all who love him."

"Well, well!" said Cousin Jack, "there is always one good thing that may be saved from the wreck of a bad day, and that is a good resolution."



Then calling Bunnyboy to his side, he said, "My poor boy, I am sorry for you, and I know just how you hate yourself for what has happened, for I used

mother told him he had been a good son and a great comfort to her, ever since the day he played circus with Tuffy and Brindle Bear.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

WHEW! How the dried grass in my meadow dances about! Even the bare branches twirl and caper at times, and the evergreens nod and bow in the breeze, and the very air blusters like a Master of Ceremonies. March is coming.

Well, let us take advantage of a quiet moment, and speak of

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LITTLE JOKE.

I AM told that ST. NICHOLAS gives you this month an account of George Washington as an athlete. If so, why may not your Jack, in this centennial year of Washington's inauguration, allude to the Father of Our Country as a joker? To be sure, there is perhaps only one joke by the great man on record, but it was a good one; and here it is, right out of history:

"It was during a debate in the Continental Congress on the establishment of the Federal Army. A member proposed that it should never exceed 3000 men, whereupon Washington moved an amendment that no enemy should invade the country with a force exceeding 2000 men."

A THOUGHTFUL GOVERNMENT.

Now is the season of thaws, and, consequently, of damp feet. And damp feet, my beloved, are the parents of many ills. Ask the doctors if I am not right. I am told that in one of the cantons of Switzerland all the school children are provided with slippers at the public expense, in order that their damp boots may be taken off and dried by the fire during school hours.

If this is true, the children of that canton are safer than the children of our Middle and Eastern States at this oozy season, or my name is not Jack,—that is to say, *if the children use the slippers.*

FANCY FEET.

TALKING of feet,—a little friend has sent a letter to this Pulpit all the way from Medora, in Dakota, to tell us about the queer feet of the grouse and the sage-hen, whose habits she has been trying to study. The foot of the sage-hen, she says, is covered with little feathers almost down to the toes; while the foot of the grouse is quite different. It has little quills down on all the toes, about an eighth of an inch long.

The little lady asks my boys and girls if any of them are acquainted with birds having feet "as fancy as those of the sage-hen and the grouse in Dakota?"

PUSSY-WILLOWS THE YEAR ROUND.

HERE is a good hint from your poet-friend, Mrs. Mary L. B. Branch:

Take a brisk walk into the country on some of these crisp cold days, and gather all your hands can hold of pussy-willow twigs, before the "pussies" have thought of peeping out. When you have brought them home, place them at first in a sunny window where they will dream that April has come, and the pretty buds will begin to swell, then to open, and the soft, silvery gray will appear. They will look just as furry and pussy-like in February as those you left in the thickets and hedges will toward May. In this way you may have pussy-willows for your vases two or three months ahead of time, and they will not lose by their early awakening. You may leave them standing on your mantel for months with no water in the vase, and the little, soft, gray pussies will stay perched in their places without dropping off, unless, indeed, you handle them too roughly. I have had a vase full of them for ten months, and they are as pretty now as on the day they were brought to me. I thought that day, when I saw a smiling boy, his hands filled with them, standing framed by the doorway, the outer air full of snowflakes, that the picture was prettier than any Christmas or Easter card ever designed.

TOSSSED OFF.

YOUR Jack knows of a little girl thirteen years old, named Nannie Branch, who has a poetic soul; and what did she do the other day but toss off from it this pretty description of a bubble:

ALL sunshine glowing, a fancy fair,
With the exquisite tints of a rainbow bright,
It quivers and wavers and floats in the air,
It sails, a clear globe of miraculous light.

It mingles with purple and melts into blue,
It glimmers with crimson and shimmers with
green,
It is gleaming with gold of ethereal hue
And the loveliest colors that ever were seen.

A fairy-like bauble, a marvelous sphere,
Its tints are of heaven, so lovely they seem :
A ravishing brightness that floats in the air—
And it's vanished away, like a beautiful dream.

AN OSTRICH RACE.

LOS ANGELES.

DEAR JACK: Somebody in our city sent a letter to the "Philadelphia Press" which I have enjoyed very much, it is so true; and I now send a part of it to you, all printed, so that the boys and girls throughout the country may enjoy it also.

At a command from the Doctor one of the Madrasese keepers opened the doors of one of the pens, and in response to the Doctor's call, two superb ostriches came running to him. After caressing the gentle creatures for a few moments, he showed them a handful of figs, of which they were extremely fond. Two of his men then restrained the birds by placing nooses about their legs, until he and myself had walked to the other end of the course. Then, at a signal from the Doctor, the birds were released, and the race began. It was a rare sight. Ornithologists tell us that the stride of the ostrich when feeding is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, twenty-six inches; and when terrified, from eleven and one-half feet to fourteen feet. It seemed to me that in this race for a handful of figs from their master these gigantic birds covered the last-named distance at every stride.

Like the wind they came, their great necks stretched forward and upward to their utmost length; their wings, like arms, working with a motion similar to that made by their legs, and filling the air with a mighty sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. Nearer and nearer they came, their speed increasing with every moment, till I was almost terrified lest they should run us down, feeling certain that we could not withstand the shock. They kept very well abreast for nearly half the distance, and

then one began to forge ahead. He steadily increased his lead until within a few feet of us, when he turned his head, and seeing that his competitor was considerably in the rear, he slackened his pace, and jogging up to the Doctor, received his reward in figs and caresses.

A NEW TOWN IN AFRICA.

DEAR JACK: A letter has just come to me from Johannesburg in the Transvaal, South Africa, dated October 21st.

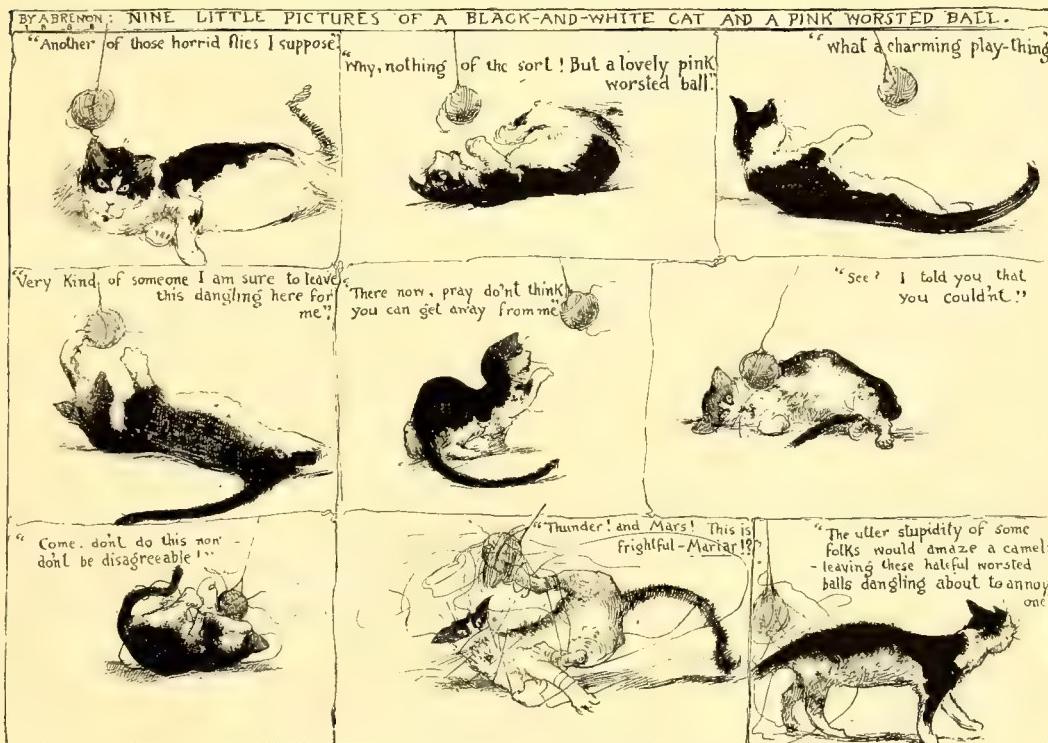
"This is a mining town, the center of the new gold-fields," my correspondent tells me. "Only three years ago there was no such place, and now it has ten thousand people, and it displays brick houses, a theater, shops, and all the appurtenances of life."

"The amount of dust and dirt," he goes on to say, "is almost incredible. At this altitude, about six thousand feet above the sea level, there is nearly always a gusty wind, and 'Afric's golden sands,' as the hymn hath it, obscure the air like a snow-storm, making the streets almost impassable."

"The 'nurse-maids' here are mostly little black boys, and they seem to take great care of their charges. Very few of the women live in the towns, but come trooping in on market-days; their full-dress is a garment formed of old gunny-bags, or sackcloth, and a favorite ornament with them is a piece of bone, shaped like a cigar, which they use as a snuff-box. It is worn through a hole in each ear!"

Fancy carrying your snuff-box in your ear! I may say with truth I have heard of a box on the ear, but a snuff-box, never. So I thought I would transcribe a portion of this letter for your amusement.

Yours affectionately, JILL.



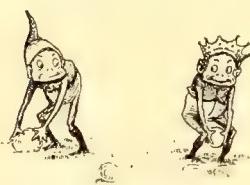
THE BROWNIES' SNOW MAN.

BY PALMER COX.



WHEN snowdrifts blocked the country roads,
And trees were bending with their loads,
The wind grew mild which had been raw,
And winter yielded to a thaw;
That night the Brownies stood to stare

In wonder on the village square.
Said one, "This plot where drifts now roll
Seems like an acre from the Pole.
I have a scheme which nothing lacks:
Now while the snow so closely packs,
And may be molded in the hand,
We'll build a statue tall and grand



Which here shall stand
at morning prime,
To be the wonder of the time."
Another cried, "That suits us all.
To work let every member fall.

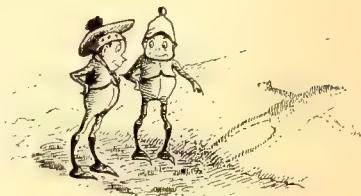
When once the task we undertake
Be sure no dwarfish man we'll make;
But one that proudly may look down
On half the buildings in the town.

I know the place where builders keep
Their benches while the snow is deep;
The poles, and ladders too, are there,
To use when working high in air.
While some for these with me will fly
Let some their hands to snow apply,

And not a feature of the man
Shall be neglected in our plan."
The snow that night was at its best
And held its shape however pressed;



Like dough beneath the baker's hand
It seemed to answer each demand.
The rolls when tumbled to and fro,



Increased with every turning, so
First like a cushion on they sped,

Then like a pillow, next a bed,
Until the snow, adhering there,
Would leave the grass or pebbles bare.

As higher blocks of snow were laid

Still higher scaffolding was made,
And ladders brought to use instead

Of those too short to reach the head.

Thus grew the form from hour to hour,
For Brownies' hands have wondrous power,

And let them turn to what they will
Surprising work will follow still.
Some shaped the legs or smoothed the waist,



Some saw plump arms were rightly placed;
The head was fixed with proper pose,

Well fashioned were both ears and nose.
So close thronged Brownies high and low,





As well was seen when they were through.

The rounded form and manly port

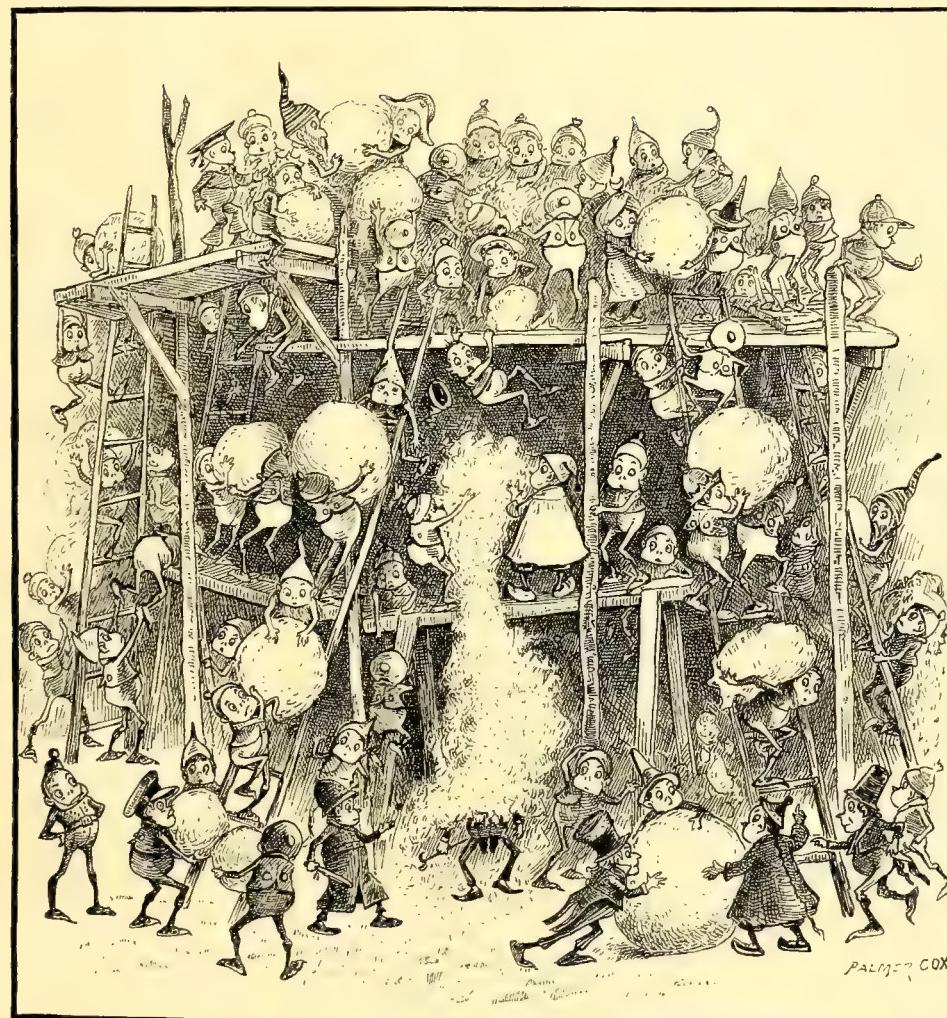
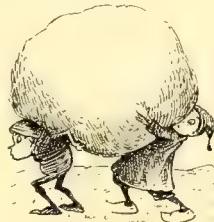
Showed modeling of rarest sort,
While charcoal eyes, so well designed,

They seemed to read the very mind,

A looker on would hardly know
What plan or shape the busy band
Of cunning Brownies had in hand.
But plan they had, and deftness too,



Long icicles for beard and hair,
Were last affixed with taste and care.
And when the poles around the base
Had been returned each to its place,
And every ladder, bench, and board
They had in use, again was stored,
The Brownies stood around awhile
To gaze upon their work and smile ;
Each points at head, or hand, or toe,
His special handiwork to show.
In truth, they had good reason there
With joy and pride to stand and stare,





That seemed to guard the County Hall.
And after drifts had left the square,
When roads and shingle roofs were bare,
When ice had left the village pond,
And sheep had sought the hills beyond,
The Brownies' statue, like a tower,
Still bravely faced both wind and shower—
Though sinking slowly all the while,
And losing corpulence and style,
Till gardeners, on the first of May,
With shovels pitched the man away.

And contemplate the object white
Which loomed above to such a height,
And not unlike some hero old
For courage famed, or action bold,
With finger pointed out as though
To indicate the coming foe.
But morning light soon came to chase
The Brownies to their hiding-place,
And children on their way to school
Forgot their lessons and the rule
While gazing on the statue tall



SWEET MEMORIES.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORVELL.

CLYTEMNESTRA was as well behaved an elephant as any circus would care to possess. She had "tantrums" as seldom as any elephant in the herd; she would go through her performances dutifully; she could be trusted to carry children on her back, and was generally a mild mannered, good-tempered beast. It was for all of these reasons that no one was prepared for what she took it into her big head to do, and did, one fine morning.

The circus which "Clytie" belonged to was traveling through the country parts of England, halting at small towns to give performances. One night the caravan stopped at a little place called Hythe, and the tents were pitched and the animals made as comfortable as might be. Transporting a circus and menagerie, even over the good roads of England, is fatiguing work, and when a stop is made and the necessary arrangements for camping are completed, men and animals are, as a rule, very glad of the rest which follows. On the night of the stop at Hythe the work was no easier than usual, and everybody went to bed tired out and ready to take advantage of every moment's sleep.

Everybody but Clytie, at any rate. But a scheme was working in that massive head of hers and she did not sleep so long or so soundly as her fellows. By three o'clock in the morning she was wide awake. She was very wide awake. Nobody had ever known Clytie to be so very wide awake before.

The first thing she did was to lift her foot and strain gently at the chain which prevented her from being a free elephant. Then she stepped forward as far as the chain would permit and threw her whole weight against the chain. It was a stout chain, but she was a strong and heavy elephant, and so it happened that the chain snapped at one of the links and Clytie found herself free.

She was not at all surprised, for it was precisely what she had intended, and what she had striven to achieve. She had already studied the situation and was ready to act without any loss of valuable time. Almost as softly as a cat could have done it, she stepped over the low rope that was around the elephants, and made her way to the door of the tent. The door was closed, but that did not matter to her; she merely put her head down and walked straight ahead. Fortunately the canvas flaps gave way; for, if they had not, Clytie was prepared to carry away the whole tent.

Even after she was free from the tent she did not behave riotously, as if she did not know the difference between liberty and license; she walked soberly away from the tent and along the path across the common, until she came to the main street of the town. She was very deliberate and very quiet and did not pause once until she stood before a little shop which was as tightly closed up as shutters and blind-doors could make it.

It was too early for anybody to be stirring in the little place, but Clytie's manner was that of one who was not to be deterred even if there had been somebody to see her. She was very, very much in earnest.

She stepped up to the little shop and felt about its door and window with her trunk for a moment or two. Then she drew back from the door with her head held low, and lunged suddenly forward with a tremendous rush. The door was not elephant-proof, and so it crashed inward without trying to keep up even the appearance of resistance. Clytie followed without any haste, but with every evidence of complete satisfaction.

She had found her way into an elephant's Paradise, and she knew it. In another moment she had overturned the boxes and jars which stood on the counter and was stuffing the sweetmeats into her greedy mouth. She had broken into a candy and fruit store. She seemed to realize that it only happens once in the lifetime of an elephant to have the freedom of a confectioner's shop, and she acted as if she intended to improve the opportunity to the utmost. She sampled everything she could reach,—and she could reach almost everything in the shop,—and she did not think of stopping merely because the man who owned the candy rushed hurriedly into the store from the back room, and then rushed still more hurriedly out again yelling, "Ow ! Ow !" at the top of his lungs.

Nor did she stop when the whole neighborhood took up the worthy man's cry of "Ow ! Ow !" She went on eating and eating until a little man named Job came running up, and cried out in a sharp voice:

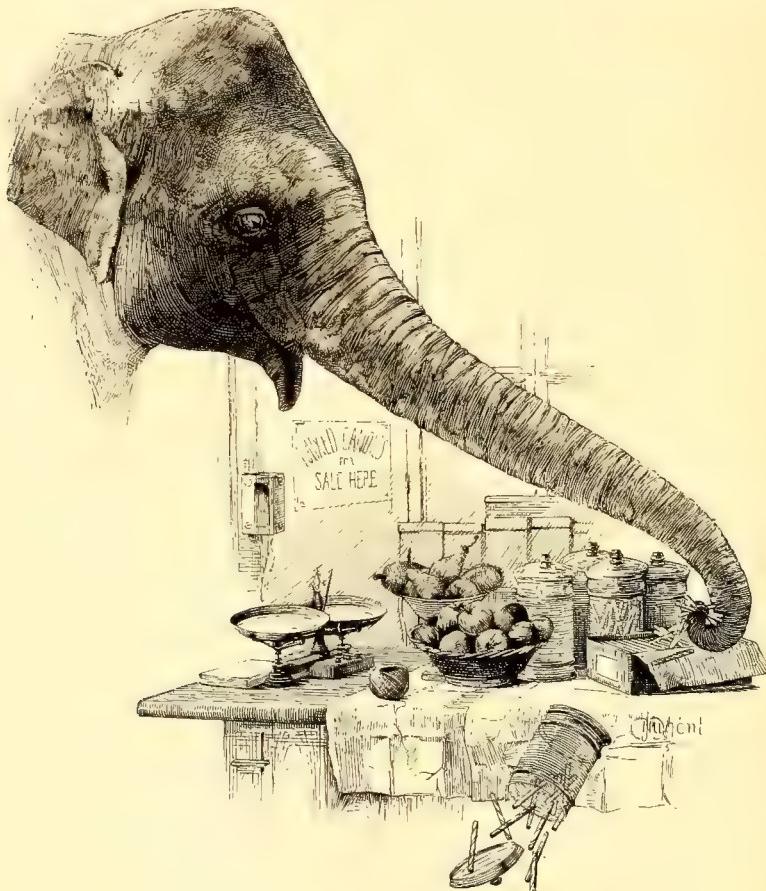
"Hi, there, Clytie ! What d' ye mean ? Come out o' that now, d' ye hear ?"

Then she backed out in a great hurry and looked very much afraid of the little man. And she was afraid of him, for he was her keeper and she had

great respect for him, and knew he could punish her if he chose to do so. But, after all, she had eaten her fill of candy, and so, what did it matter?

But the question was, how did she manage to distinguish a candy-store from any other? Of course she could not read the sign over the win-

way to go directly to that store? Everybody was puzzled for a long time, but at last the man who kept the store offered the solution. He had fed an elephant from his shop as many as twelve years before. Was Clytie that elephant? More inquiries were made, and the fact discovered that she was



dow, and it was almost as unlikely that she could tell by the smell, even when she reached the spot. The difficulty is, how should she have known the

the very elephant that had been fed there a dozen years earlier.

Her memory was better than her gratitude.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CORINO, ITALY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an Italian girl, and for the last three years, thanks to the kindness of my uncle, who is now at Washington, I have the pleasure of reading and enjoying your delightful magazine. You are one of my dear friends, and I have always a hearty welcome ready for you when you arrive. I like your stories very much, and sometimes I relate and explain them to my numerous brothers and sisters (five,—all younger than I am), who regard ST. NICHOLAS as an important personage, and long for the time when they will be able to read English.

I am fifteen and very busy with my studies, which, however, do not prevent me reading (I should say devouring) you with the greatest pleasure. If the wishes of a foreign subscriber could be agreeable to you, I would wish you every success for the coming year, and every happiness to your other little friends.

Your constant reader and admirer, MARY.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a French girl, fifteen years old, and I am already five feet six inches tall, and growing all the time. I wonder when I shall stop.

Although my home is in France, yet I have been there but once, though I hope to go there next year. Since I was seven years old I have never lived longer than two months in one place. I have seen Germany, Spain, Italy, England, and been as far north as Archangel, where it is,—oh, so cold! I am at present in Japan, which, next to France, I like best of all. You do not know how very much I enjoy you. Indeed, I think you give more pleasure to me than to any other little girl who reads you. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" better than *any* book I have read. With repeated thanks,

Your most constant reader, RUBIE DU B.—

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not very long ago I was down at the Ladies' Exchange here, in Cincinnati, and, among other things, I saw a whole tableful of little "Brownies." They looked exactly like Mr. Cox's in the pictures—the policeman, and the dude, and Chinaman and all. They were made out of velvet and brown net, with leather feet and hands.

I like your magazine very much. My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," and "Juan and Juanita."

I am afraid I am making my letter too long, so I will close. Your little reader, EMMA E.—

EXETER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you allow me to point out a mistake in a story in the December number of your splendid magazine, entitled "The Curious History of a Message," by Frank R. Stockton? In this interesting tale the writer states that if a bird was perched on

the stump of a broken telephone wire, a message of four words passing along the wire would *stun* the bird, while a longer message would *kill* it. Now, if four words alone knock it off the wire and stun it, why should not the first four words of a message of any length do the same thing without killing it? I may be mistaken, but, nevertheless, I hope you will put this letter into your "Letter-box."

LEONARD K.—

MORRISON, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Rocky Mountains, Colorado, and I am four years old. I love the "Brownies" best. I have a shepherd-dog named "Berne," after the city of Berne, Switzerland, because when he was a puppy he looked just like a little bear,—and Berne is the old German word for bear. I can hardly wait for the new ST. NICHOLAS every month. I have a German *Tante*, and she teaches me some German. I can speak German. *Ich liebe dich.*

Auf wiedersehen, MONTGOMERY R. S.—

SAVANNAH, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your last number I saw a letter from Lillian H. H., saying you and she "were born the same year." I can come nearer than that, for I was born the day your first number was issued. I do not remember ever to have seen a letter from any one so exactly your age in your charming magazine.

Being of French descent, I take great pleasure in the liberty of reading your entertaining articles, in the equality of our ages, and the twin-brotherly feeling that exists—on my side, and I hope on yours.

E. B. H.—

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a riddle I made all myself. I am six years old.

Tommy Tit goes to bed through the day;

But Tommy Tit gets up at night to play.

The answer is a gas jet. Mamma said I might send it to you.

PHILIP C. H.—

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I read over the letters of the many little subscribers to your splendid magazine, I noticed that in most of the lists of their favorite stories "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is mentioned, and I did enjoy myself so much when Papa took me to see it played. It was so natural, and the little boy who played the part of "Ceddie" did it so well that we waited at the close of the play to see him come out of the theater, and to congratulate him, and we did. I am going again to see the little girl play the part, as most of the people say she is the better of the two; but I don't yet see how she possibly can be.

I have read the story twice with great interest, and think you have such lovely stories within your covers.

Your constant reader, ZOE H.—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a regular visitor in our family for ten years, and although I was not at first old enough to appreciate you, I have done so thoroughly for the last four or five years. I am now fourteen.



"GLENCHORA."

I have a very beautiful Irish setter dog named "Glenchora," for a pet. Her great-great-grandfather, "Blarney," is the finest Irish setter in the world.

She is very intelligent, and knows a great many tricks. I think her cutest one is, if you put a piece of meat or cake before her and tell her, "It costs money," she will not take it until you say, "Paid for." She also sits up, speaks, and shakes hands. Every morning she brings Papa's paper to him, and if she wants to go out she brings either his hat or cane to him if they are within reach. And, altogether, we think her the nicest dog that ever lived.

The picture which I inclose of her and her family is a perfect likeness.

Your appreciative reader, ETHEL.

AMHERST, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and I have no brothers or sisters. I came back from the sea-shore last September, and we went to the White Island Light at the Isles of Shoals, and I thought you would like to hear about it. First there was a little slanting passage-way, and there was a notice saying:

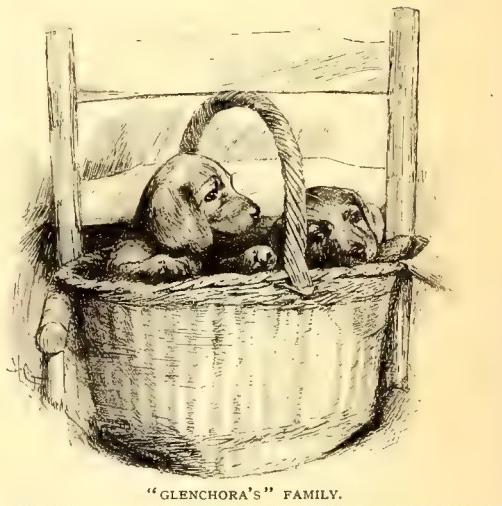
"PLEASE-DO-NOT-SMOKE OR-WALK-ON-THE-WHITE-WASH."

Then we got to the end and into the light-house. We went around and around till we got to the top of the tower, and then there were four little iron stairs that went inside of the lantern, and I went inside by the little stairs, and the lantern had three wicks. After that I came out; and there were twenty lenses, and they were all white cut glass, and every other one had a red pane of glass over the white one.

The keeper said there was a red flash every thirty seconds. Then we went outside on the balcony, and we had a lovely view of the waves as they dashed on the rocks. When we went down, we all ran down the passage-way as fast as we could.

I am getting a collection of stones. I have some trilobites that were once little animals, and that was thousands of years ago, and then they buried themselves in the mud and turned into stone.

Your loving reader, MILICENT TODD.



"GLENCHORA'S" FAMILY.

THE young friends whose names follow have written us pleasant letters, which we acknowledge with our thanks: Harrie, Mabel Benson, Amelia Hamilton, Althea Badeley, "Little Girl Who Had Nothing To Do," D. L. and O. McL., Lydia H., J. Glen Fassett, E. Marller, M. F. P., Charlie Clement, E. J. Jackson, Robert W. Ritchie, Vera Eckart, Helena Jockmann, The Two "M's," Willard Wheeler, Dora E. Marshall, Lou Henry, O. F., Clarence H. Smith, Treasure Richards, Tom-Boy, Sis, and Bub, Gertrude C. S., Edith Ran-nage, Carrie S., Clara Ennemoser, Grace M. Perry, Frankie Ball, Ola and Claudie Ball, Helen R. M., Nellie N. Nast, Lillian See, Maggie Coyle, Elsie Bushell, Celia B. Miller, May Birdie B., Anne E. Davidson, Ethelyn Phipps, Katherine A. L., Blanche Fairbanks, Harriet Barrows and Florence Capron, M. S. L. and H. M. W., Mary C., Cecil Krutz, Jessie M. and Elaine S., Grace Perry, Arthur M. Perry, Sybil Latimer, Margaret S., A. P. H., N. Birdie Parsons, "Roberta and Jack."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

REBUS. "A chain's no stronger than its weakest link."

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals: Prevaricate and Papier-maché. Cross-words: 1. Parasollette. 2. Tragacanths. 3. Theological. 4. Driving-axe. 5. Declaimants. 6. Constructor. 7. Convenience. 8. Hemispherical. 9. Republicans. 10. Catholicity. 11. Parenticide.

CUBE: From 1 to 2, decorum; 2 to 4, Mexican; 1 to 3, dealers; 3 to 4, sadiRon; 5 to 6, grilled; 6 to 8, drainer; 5 to 7, gallant; 7 to 8, teacher; 1 to 5, drug; 2 to 6, mend; 4 to 8, near; 3 to 7, sort.

WORD PROGRESSIONS. Parallellopipedon.

WORD TRANSFORMATIONS. 1. Regiment; régime; régime; grime; rime; emir; mire; rim. 2. Diary; dairy; airy; air; Ai; aid; Ida; raid; diary. 3. Primer; primer; prime; prim; rip; pi. 4. Mantlet; mantle; mental; lament; amen; me. 5. Lodges; lodes; Delos; doses; dorsal; dose; odes; sod; do. 6. Cedar; raced; cared; scared; sacred; acre.

ACROSTIC (third row of letters). Candlemas. Cross-words: 1. beCkon. 2. crAvEn. 3. caNnon. 4. peDant. 5. faLeon. 6. chEcks. 7. DoMbey. 8. flAmes. 9. faSten.

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
If on Candlemas Day it be shower and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Rhenus. Cross-words: 1. touRney. 2. cusHion. 3. genEral. 4. runNers. 5. figUres. 6. bloSsom.

To our PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Louise Ingham Adams—Maud E. Palmer—Paul Reese—K. G. S.—"Willoughby"—Arthur Gride—Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley—E. A. Daniell—Maxie and Jackspar—May L. Gerrish—Grace Olcott—Jo and I—"Infantry"—Aunt Kate, Jamie, and Mamma—No Name—"Mohawk Valley."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from J. B. Swann, 4—Edith Sloan, 1—A. E. Dyer, 1—Tommy L., 1—Ethel M. Harmon, 1—Katie V. Z., 2—"Roseba," 1—Marion and Mary, 1—Kate Cummins, 1—Mamma, Jessie, and Mamie, 1—Lisa Bloodgood, 1—Gréta Hamilton, 1—A. Clark Robinson, 1—"Aunty," 2—Mary P. Pratt, 1—Papa, Mamma, and May, 1—Harry Silcock, 1—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 5—Helen L. Whiton, 1—A. G. Field, 1—Maria and Hetty, 1—Etta Reilly, 2—Clara O., 3—Paul P. Lyon, 1—Alice Gillet, 1—A. Scott Ormsby, 1—Eva I. Moseley, 1—A. W. B., 2—May and 79, 5—Helen C. McCleary, 7—Edward W. Sheldon and Bella Sheldon Owen, 4—Hattie A. Richardson, 5—A. F. T. A., 4—Minnie McDougal, 1—Ida and Alice, 5—Nellie L. Howes, 4—Julian C. and Joslyn Z. Smith, 2—John and Tom Gregory, 3—Charles C. Norris, 6—Tom, Dick, and Harry, 4—Mary T. J. Bryan, 1—Ida C. Thallon, 7—N. and W., 2—"Miss Flint," 5—Mabel W. B., 1—Anna and Emily Dembitz, 4—D. F. Verdenal, Jr., 1.

ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

EXAMPLE: A month and a vowel. Answer, Augusta.

1. An animal and dexterity. 2. Yeast and value. 3. A master and a weight. 4. Fresh and an old boat. 5. Base and a measure. 6. Swarthy and a church. 7. To hold fast and to disembark. 8. A jump and a meadow. 9. Fresh, a conjunction, and inclines. 10. An animal and a crossing. 11. A feminine name, a garment, and bounds. 12. A human being, a box, and to sin. 13. A toy, to knot, and a statesman. 14. A feminine name and a sphere. 15. A masculine nickname, a vowel, a person, and to strike gently. R. D.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

My first means to seize, or to hold with the hand;
To take forced possession of chattels or land.

My second's a term in arithmetic used,
And oft with proportion its meaning's confused.

My third is to expiate; make an amend;
To make reparation to foe or to friend.

My fourth is a trigonometrical word,
And often with cosiness 't is coupled and heard.

My fifth is a gift which few persons possess:
No more will I tell you, but leave you to guess.

L. G.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. THE son of chaos and darkness. 2. A brother of the most beautiful woman of ancient times. 3. A celebrated island near Arcania. 4. One of the Gorgons. 5. A wild and mountainous country lying between the Ionian Sea and the chain of Pindus. 6. One of the seven wise men of Greece. 7. An ancient name for Greece.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Macaw. 2. Macer. 3. Relay. 4. Strew. 5. Setee.

EASY ENIGMA. September. 1. Sere. 2. Seer. 3. Peer. 4. Beet. 5. Beer. 6. Peter. 7. Best. 8. Rest. 9. Embers. 10. Beer. 11. Stem. 12. Mete. 13. Erst. 14. Term. 15. Terc. 16. Pert. 17. Bee. 18. Steep. 19. Set. 20. Pester. 21. Seem. 22. Teem. 23. Tree. 24. Meet. 25. Pet. 26. Pest. 27. Meter. 28. Mere. 29. Sept. 30. Spree. 31. Met. 32. Me. 33. Temper. 34. See. 35. Step. 36. Rep. 37. Ere.

ABSENT VOWELS. 1. All covet, all lose. 2. You dig your grave with your teeth. 3. We hate delay, yet it makes us wise. 4. Better half a loaf than no bread. 5. Penny wise, pound foolish. 6. A drowning man will catch at a straw. 7. Two ill meals make the third a gluton. 8. Honey in the mouth saves the purse. 9. Spare to speak, spare to speed. 10. Haste makes waste. Valentines: coVet, grAve, deLay, brEad, peNny, caTch, thIrd, hoNey, spEak, haSte.

RIDDLE. A candle.

OCTAGON. 1. Par. 2. Sober. 3. Popular. 4. Abusive. 5. Relined. 6. Raven. 7. Red.

ARROW. Across: 1. Robs. 2. Vote. 3. Lancewood. 4. Aura. 5. Else. Downward: 1. Re. 2. Oval. 3. Bolus. 4. Stare. 5. Ena(ble). 6. Sol.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Half-square: 1. Revered. 2. Eroded. 3. Vowed. 4. Eden. 5. Red. 6. Ed. 7. D.

8. A fabulous Phoenician princess. 9. One of the muses. 10. The capital of Laconia and the chief city of Peloponnesus.

When these names have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of the brother of Prometheus. MARGARET LACHENOUR.

PENTAGONS.

I. 1. A letter from Halifax. 2. Dejected. 3. A masculine name. 4. An American novelist who was born on March 1st. 5. A masculine nickname. 6. To glide. 7. A prophet.

II. 1. A letter from Jerusalem. 2. Equal value. 3. Walked. 4. A President of the United States who was born on March 14th. 5. To dwell. 6. To be evasive. 7. Want.

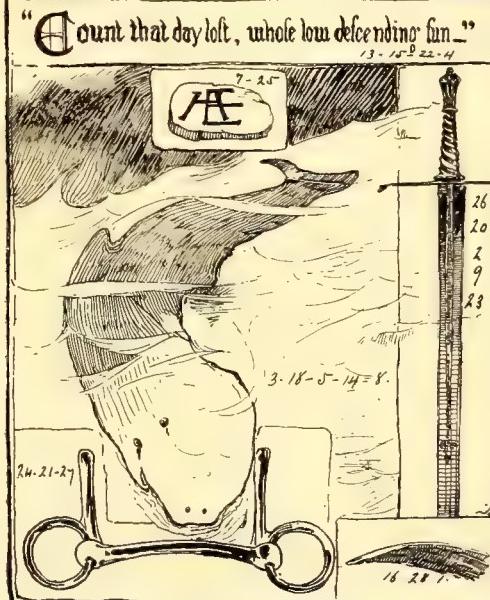
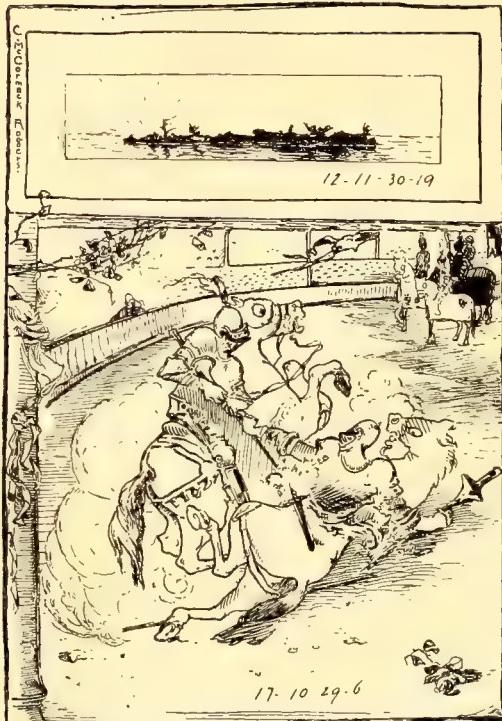
III. 1. A letter from Germany. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A pupil in a military school. 4. A President of the United States who was born on March 17th. 5. An instrument for pounding. 6. Certain taxes. 7. A habitation.

IV. 1. A letter from Constantinople. 2. Part of a circle. 3. Loudly. 4. An astronomer who was born on March 23d. 5. The name of a certain captain mentioned in a novel by Charles Dickens. 6. Distributes. 7. Repose.

V. 1. A letter from Scotland. 2. A metal cup. 3. To tinge. 4. A statesman who died on March 31st, 1850. 5. A simpleton. 6. Sways. 7. A collection of boxes.

F. S. F.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty letters, is a couplet relating to windy weather.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A noted city of ancient times. 2. Beloved by the aeronaut. 3. A spicy plant. 4. One of a tribe of nomadic Arabs.

5. A church benefice. 6. A small leaf. 7. A small musical instrument.

The diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, spell a title of honor; from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner spell an inferior crown worn by noblemen.

NOVEL RHOMBoid.

ACROSS: 1. A carnivorous animal found in India. 2. The mythological habitation of the dead. 3. A turning point. 4. The father of Abraham. 5. An insurgent.

DOWNTWARD: 1. In valor. 2. An exclamation. 3. A pipe. 4. To prepare for publication. 5. A mechanical power. 6. Sensitive. 7. The latchet of a shoe, fastened with a string or otherwise. 8. A pronoun. 9. In valor.

UPWARD: 1. In valor. 2. An exclamation. 3. A slight blow. 4. Course. 5. To carouse. 6. A name for Cupid. 7. An animal. 8. An exclamation. 9. In valor.

F. S. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in snow seen, but never in rain,
While lake, but not pond, doth my second contain;
My third is in pitcher, in bowl it is not;
My fourth is in kettle, though absent from pot;
My fifth is in strait, but is no part of sound.
In all of these places my whole may be found.

F. M. B.

DIVIDED WORDS.

Example: Divide to amend, and make a demon and to wander.
Answer: Imp-rove.

1. Divide a time, and make a body of water and a masculine relation. 2. Divide diminishes, and make smaller and existence. 3. Divide lying down, and make a place for rest and an insect. 4. Divide feeding on shrubs, and make the edge of a hill and to carol. 5. Divide a precious stone carved in relief, and make arrived and a bone. 6. Divide a certain time of the twenty-four hours, and make middle and darkness. 7. Divide to introduce novelties, and make a tavern and egg-shaped. 8. Divide mournfully, and make a plant and completely. 9. Divide a kind of primrose, and make certain animals and the edge. 10. Divide to attach, and make to conclude and a spike of corn. 11. Divide inclined, and make a meadow and a masculine nickname. 12. Divide a city in Ohio, and make the light and a measure of weight.

After the foregoing words have been rightly selected and divided and placed one below the other in the order here given, the last letters of the first words will spell the name of a day observed by churches this year in March; the first letters of the second row of words will spell the time which the above day commences.

CYRIL DEANE.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC.

.	.	I	.
.	.	*	.
.	*	*	.
3	*	4	.
.	.	5	*
.	.	*	.
.	*	*	.
.	*	*	.
.	.	2	.

ACROSS: 1. Manner. 2. Discriminating. 3. A musical instrument. 4. Pertaining to the great poet of Greece. 5. Disorder. 6. A coat of mail. 7. Evident. 8. Weak.

From 1 to 2, the poetical name of a European country; from 3 to 4 and from 5 to 6, what that country wishes to secure.

F. A. W.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters.

I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. An inclosure formed of pickets. 2. A state of insensibility. 3. The nutritious part of wheat. 4. To forge on an anvil.

The third row of letters, reading downward, spell a feminine name; the last row, a color. When read together they form the name of a poem.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A showy trifle. 2. A cavern. 3. A treasurer of a college. 4. Fervent. 5. A masculine name.

The third row of letters, reading downward, spell what may be found in any newspaper; the last row, price. When the two words are read together they name the writer of the poem mentioned in the first acrostic.

DYCIE.



your little friend
Elsie Leslie Lyde

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1889.

NO. 6.

"FAUNTLEROY" AND ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

I THINK it was during the year 1884 that the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS asked Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett to give her a serial story for young readers. Mrs. Burnett was already well known as one of the most popular writers of the day, but I believe that up to that time she had written no long story for children, or with a child for hero or heroine. It is always interesting to know how anything we care for and have come to think of almost as part of our own every-day life, began; so, I think, to all readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and, indeed, to every child who can read, the history of "Fauntleroy" must have its interest and charm. "Fauntleroy," who began his dear little life, so useful in more ways than we can know, in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, is now telling to hundreds of people daily what one sweet child can do; what message of peace and good-will one little life can bring to many who doubtless have battled more with the pride and evil and hard-heartedness of their own natures than they might care to admit, but who may absorb the lesson of Fauntleroy's life, taught all unconsciously by him.

In due time there appeared in ST. NICHOLAS the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which has hardly a rival in the juvenile literature of our century. Mrs. Burnett had a model for the hero in her own boy Vivian, whose quaint sayings and doings suggested the character to her mind. Around them she wove the incidents of the story. In his ways and speech Vivian was just such a

boy as Fauntleroy might have been, and so she devised the pretty romance with this child as its center and moving impulse. It is by no means an improbable story. In England there is that—to us—unfamiliar law of entail. Titles and estates must descend in some instances to the nearest of male kin. For instance, Fauntleroy's grandfather was an earl, which is an old title in England, introduced before the days of William the Conqueror, when Great Britain was under the rule of various nobles who were like sovereigns on their own territory. In those days such nobles had almost unlimited power, and their lands and castles were guarded and fortified so as to resist all attacks from neighboring nobles; the peasants and tenants—the dependents,—young men and maidens, squires and pages,—all who were within the castle gates and the domain of the earl or baron, were under his rule and his protection; they must swear loyalty to him; must defend his rights; and though bound to serve the king, their first idea of what was called fealty was to the earl or baron whom they served; in tournament, or in battle, they represented him. So of course he felt himself a great authority, and his title, and usually the estate, went to the eldest of his sons, and to the male heirs of this son. If the eldest son died without a male heir, then the second son succeeded, and so on. But an estate can for a time be tied up by its owner, so that it shall go with the title, and if this be done, a subsequent possessor can in no way prevent the

property from descending to the next holder of the title. Now, although the old days of fortified castles, of dispute and warfare between neighboring barons or earls, have passed away, the titles—the power of entail—and the great, splendid, often lonely, castles remain; and an earl, who, like Fauntleroy's grandfather, loses his eldest son, knows that wherever on the earth's surface the next heir may be found, be he rich or poor, high or low, he must one day, by law, come into the family name, estate, and power.

You can easily fancy how many complications, how much trouble, this might bring about. Fauntleroy's case is entirely possible. His father, young Captain Errol, was the third son of the Earl of Dorincourt. "Errol" was what they call the family name. An earl, like a duke, has a title; for instance, the Earl of Dorincourt. Many of these titles were given hundreds of years ago, either for some deed of valor or for property bestowed upon a noble, or perhaps seized by him, or granted as a matter of favor from the king. But he and all his children have a family name, by which the latter are addressed. The family name of the Earl of Dorincourt was Errol. The heir to an earldom has usually a title of his own which belongs to him until he becomes earl. In the Dorincourt family "Fauntleroy" had for generations been the title of the heir. Whoever was acknowledged to be the heir to the earldom was at once to be called Lord Fauntleroy. Had Cedric's father outlived his older brothers, he would have had this title, but when the earl's three sons were all dead, and there were no other children in the Dorincourt family, you see it turned out quite naturally, although very unexpectedly, that the little son of Captain Errol, born in America, and knowing next to nothing of his English relatives, and certainly having no expectation of succeeding to the title, became "Lord Fauntleroy," or, according to an English custom, "Fauntleroy." The Earl of Dorincourt, writing a letter, would sign himself simply "Dorincourt"; Cedric, after his inheritance, would be spoken of in the same way, and would sign his name "Fauntleroy."

The honors and powers which by tradition and English rule belong to the families and descendants of the nobles ought to make the English nobility very anxious to be worthy of their responsibilities and their names. You know Cedric felt this, when he found himself for the first time in the castle library with pictures of his ancestors on all sides and the old earl watching him so critically.

With this leading idea, Mrs. Burnett wrote a story which, I think, preaches its sermon as clearly as do the wild-flowers which God sends every spring-time to the woods and hillsides. There is this little

child, brought up by his American mother, never dreaming of honors and worldly distinctions, but believing that everything on earth must be fair, and good, and kindly, because he has never seen nor heard of anything else. I need not even outline the story of Lord Fauntleroy to readers of this magazine, in which it originally appeared. It was read widely during 1885 and 1886. Published in book form, it maintained its popularity; always, it taught its lesson. And it seems to me that lesson is best condensed in the text with which we are all familiar, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thoroughly to appreciate Cedric's character is to understand the meaning of these words, spoken nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

Before "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Burnett had written for ST. NICHOLAS a short story called "Editha's Burglar," the story of a little girl who tries to influence a burglar not to "burgle" loud enough to wake or frighten her mother.* Mr. Augustus Thomas dramatized the story, making a charming little play which Mr. Frohman of the Lyceum Theater wished to bring out. The question was, who could act "Editha"? It must be a child, of course, and a child who would enter into the spirit of the part. So it came about that a little girl named Elsie Leslie Lyde was chosen; and all who saw her know how well she embodied the character. Her success as Editha led naturally to her playing the part of Fauntleroy; and now the little girl is inseparably associated with her perfect personation of the little lord.

Let me tell you something of her own life.

Elsie Leslie Lyde is not yet ten years old. She was born in New Jersey, not far from Newark, of mixed English and American ancestry. Her mother's family are English, but they have for some years been settled in America. On neither side have there been any actors, though there have been a few writers and more clergymen. Elsie's dramatic genius is a surprise to every one, and it is as great a surprise that she has preserved her entire unaffectedness, her simplicity and childish charm, when we consider that much of her life is passed before the footlights, and that applause is constantly ringing in her ears. But this only proves that she can act Fauntleroy because she is like him in heart, and spirit, and feeling. She had been playing for a time with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," before she undertook "Editha." As "Meenie" and "Hendrick" her ability was clearly shown, and when Fauntleroy was dramatized by Mrs. Burnett and brought out in England, Elsie was engaged to create the rôle in America. The child, in her home life, is admirably trained and very judiciously cared for. Un-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1880.

doubtedly she possesses a genius, which, sooner or later, surely would have asserted itself. And she has her future to consider above all things. She is to be well educated, and I think her professional life at present tends toward that. No child's performance could be better than her "Fauntleroy." Through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS the story had spoken to thousands; and dramatizing it was only to extend its sweet influence. There had never before been a play all centered about a child; with

trations by Mr. Reginald B. Birch were so admirable that, in arranging what is called the "business" of the play, they were of great service. It is interesting to observe how closely these popular pictures are followed. The costume of the little heir, as shown in Mr. Birch's drawings, has been carefully imitated upon the stage. Children in the audience recognize with audible delight the Fauntleroy they know,—the dear little boy who has smiled upon them from the printed page,—who,



"CEDRIC ERROL, LORD FAUNTLEROY." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ELSIE LESLIE LYDE, BY G. C. COX.)

no love-story; very little side-plot; the moral lesson just what the child's life taught. Here, at last, was such a play, and I think of all children I have ever known, Elsie was best fitted to take the part of the hero.

I was asking her the other day whether she enjoyed it. Her face glowed. "Oh, yes; because Fauntleroy is so *beautiful!*" Elsie, you see, was one of the many children who read and loved the story, and it has come quite naturally to her to embody the part, because out of something in her own gentle and loving nature she understands that of Cedric, Lord Fauntleroy.

When Elsie came to play "Fauntleroy," it was necessary to remember the hold the story had upon the affections of the public. The well-known illus-

by the way, was first drawn from a portrait of Mrs. Burnett's son Vivian. They are equally pleased to see Hobbs, the round-faced and didactic grocer, and Dick, the "professional boot-blacker." They recognize also the dignified Mr. Havisham, with his carefully poised arms and hands, and, finally, gaze with respect at the Earl, his features clear cut and "high," as the English say, his gouty foot stretched out, his aristocratic profile turned toward the audience while he watches Fauntleroy writing his first lordly letter, in that charmingly familiar pose in the great chair. In the well-known scene, where the old Earl goes out to dinner leaning heavily upon Fauntleroy's sturdy shoulder, the reproduction of Mr. Birch's drawing is exact.

Elsie entered so thoroughly into the meaning of the play that she was able to make various suggestions, and to put in many amusing touches which have emphasized the childish charm of the character; but this belongs entirely and only to her stage life, of which she rarely speaks. She is interested in many other things,—her friends most of all,—and she is the most delightful guest, always pleased, readily amused, and unaffected in her enjoyment of what is done for her entertainment.

Once she called to see the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS when several friends were present. It was, I am

told, quite a memorable occasion to Elsie, for a neighbor who was one of the company sang a pretty song which delighted her very much. Then, to the little girl's surprise, the singer, handing her the manuscript sheet, told her that both the music and the words had been composed on that very afternoon, and that they were dedicated to Elsie Leslie. [This pretty song will be found on page 466, of the present number of ST. NICHOLAS.] Several of the guests congratulated Elsie, among them Mr. Birch; and whether he translated aright the wistful look in the child's eyes as he held the sheet of



FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY R. B. BIRCH.

music, or received a hint from one of Elsie's "trustable" friends, I do not know, but he at once laid the music upon the library table and took out his pencil. Then, while the guests stood watching, Elsie pressing closest and most interested of all, he rapidly drew on the back of the music-sheet a sketch of Lord Fauntleroy making his bow to Elsie. Only once was the silence broken. As Lord Fauntleroy's figure took shape upon the paper, under the artist's deft fingers, Elsie, with her sunny head nearly touching the table, exclaimed softly:

"Oh! Why! How long are his poor legs going to be?"

This sketch, a reduced copy of which you see here, of course enchanted the little girl. The souvenir is among her special treasures; and these are many—carefully, I may say sacredly, kept by this little maiden, who seems to value all such tributes just in proportion to her affection for the donor.

Among the chosen few very dear to Elsie's heart, is Mr. Gillette, the dramatist, author of "Held by the Enemy" and "The Professor." He corresponds with her charmingly, and her letters, with many points of character and action in the child's life, suggest to my mind dear "Pet Marjorie" (the little girl whom Sir Walter Scott so loved), whose story Dr. John Brown has so touchingly written.

Not very long ago Mr. Gillette took Elsie out in Central Park upon a tricycle, and, as her hands became very cold in spite of her little gloves, he lent her his large fur gauntlets, which she thought great fun. But she was surprised and delighted the next day when there arrived the dearest little pair of fur-lined gloves, with these verses prettily written for her in red ink and black by this loving friend:

*To my little love
With the sunny hair
In golden strands,
I send a little glove
For her little pair
Of dainty hands.*

*Those precious hands so dear
I could forever hold,—
Little Loves,—
I'd have them always near,
I'd keep them from the cold,
Without gloves.*

*But 't would be cruel to her
To be before her face
Without end;
I'm sure she'd much prefer
That now to take my place,
Gloves I send.*

*When we are apart
In far distant lands,—
Which may be,—
Will the little heart
That owns the little hands
Think of me?*

*If we have to part
Will the Chain of Love
Broken be?
Will the little heart
Referred to just above
Care for me?*

"Ah," says Elsie, "Mr. Gillette is so *trustable!*"

And this pet word of hers is the key to much in her character. Deceit, or even exaggeration, is impossible to her, a fact the more commendable when we consider that she has a vivid imagination and revels in fancies and dreamland. But touch *reality* and Elsie is practical, downright, and to the point, while, like "Fauntleroy," she believes all the world to be kindly and expects nothing but what she herself has always given—love, and tenderness, and sympathy.

It was in Boston that one evening she went on the stage eager to see a certain person in a proscenium box, for she had just received the following letter, which, like the others in this sketch, is now printed with the consent of its writer:

BOSTON, Wednesday.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL: I found your pretty letter waiting for me when I arrived yesterday morning, and as soon as I had read it I felt quite sure we should be friends. Every one tells me what a dear little Fauntleroy you make, and I am looking forward with great pleasure to seeing you play to-morrow night. When you see in one of the boxes a little lady in a yellow brocade dress, who smiles at you and looks delighted, you will know who it is. Then after the play I shall try to see you for a few minutes, because of course I shall want to kiss you and tell you how pleased I am. I have no little girl of my own, but I have two boys, and one of them used to be just like Fauntleroy, and they both have always called me "Dearest." That was why I made Fauntleroy call his mother so. I know what a sweet little name it is. Mr. Gillette told me in New York how beautifully you play. I am sure he loves you as you say.

Your Affectionate Friend,

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Mr. Edwin Booth is Elsie's ideal artist. Her interest in his performances is intense, appreciative, and among her treasures is a little note written just after the famous tragedian saw her play.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1888.

DEAR LITTLE LADY: Mr. Barrett and I were delighted with your charming performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and we both wish you health and happiness.

EDWIN BOOTH.

New York. Nov. 12th
'88

dear little lady

Mr. Barrett and
I were delighted with your charming
performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy,"
and we both wish you health &
happiness.

Miss

Elsie Leslie

Doris Booth

You can imagine, too, the delight with which she received the following letter from America's distinguished comedian, Mr. Joseph Jefferson. It was written, appropriately, on St. Valentine's Day.

ORANGE ISLAND, LA., Feb. 14th, 1889.

MY DEAR ELSIE: I write this to congratulate you on your recent great success.

You see your fame has reached me. And so now you are a bright little star illuminating thousands of happy mortals; I hear, too, that your good fortune has not spoiled you,—that is the best news of all.

I am glad to know that you began your career upon the stage with me,—though you owe me nothing, for you were so bright that teaching you would have marred rather than benefited you. I am going to see you act as soon as I get an opportunity.

Good-bye.—That you may always be happy and useful is the wish of your old friend, J. JEFFERSON.

"Editha" interested her greatly. It was such "fun," she says, to play it, and her faith in the power of "moral suasion" as therein shown was recently illustrated in a most amusing way. A queer sound was heard by the family at night; some one seemed to be trying to break into their apartment. Elsie was awake; she sat up in bed listening eagerly. Whoever or whatever it was, ceased; nothing more was heard, but afterward, Elsie, in telling a friend about the occurrence, said very gravely: "I had made up my mind that if it *had* been a burglar, I would have *done Editha to him!*"

To Mr. E. H. Sothern, who played the "Burglar," she wrote not long ago this quaint little note:

October 24, 1888.

DEAR MR. SOTHERN: It is just one year ago since we were playing the Burglar and now we are playing Lord parts. Do you like Lord Chumley as well as the Burg-

lar? I like Lord Fauntleroy better, it is longer you know. Love to all, especially Mr. A—; is Dora a good girl, and does she do her part well? I water-color-painted the little picture on the front page, but did not draw it. With love from your little friend,

ELSIE LESLIE.

And here is his answer:

MY DEAR OLD ELSIE: I received your very sweet letter to-night. It was delightful of you to think of me. I am so glad of your great success. I wish I could see you in your lord, but I fear I shall not have a chance to do so. I like my lord very much, but I still have some affection for the poor old burglar, although you took all the piece away from poor me, no matter how hard I cried nor how well I "burgled." Dora is a very good girl, and has done splendidly in her part. I think your water-color painting is lovely, and I think the little yellow girl is just like you. Mr. A— sends his love to you and so do all the others, and even your old burglar sends a lot of love too.

God bless you, dear!

Yours,

E. H. SOTHERN.

Many people in Elsie's audience—"grown-ups" as well as children—would like to know something of the home life and the surroundings of the dear little girl who is helping to make "Fauntleroy" a classic with us. Her hours at the theater are, of course, not easy ones. She has to be "on time"; for it is business as well as pleasure. She is earning money wherewith to educate herself, so she can not indulge in the thousand and one caprices which govern many small people of my acquaintance who think it a hardship to have "lessons" every day. No, Elsie has her work in life to do—and she does it cheerfully and, as we all know, well. The moment she is off the stage

home life begins. There is no affected, silly chatter about her theatrical triumphs. When the play is over, Lord Fauntleroy's suit and hat are laid aside and left at the theater, and little Elsie Leslie Lyde is popped into her dress and cloak and driven home, to be put to bed cosily and comfortably in her pretty room. This room, which she enjoys in the mornings before she takes her walk, or her ride on her pony, is very sunshiny. A flood of light streams in upon Elsie's own particular corner, which contains her special belongings. There is her desk—the one given to her by a member of the Progress Club—such a pretty little desk: exactly the right height for a little girl nine years old. Upon it she has her own pens, pencils, and stationery, and paper for her dolls, too! These dolls are very important people in Elsie's life. On the upper shelf of the desk is a row of books which have been given her, many containing inscriptions from the authors. For instance, when Mark Twain sent her "Huckleberry Finn," he wrote on the fly-leaf that it was "one of the stateliest poems of modern times."

On this desk is her diary, which she tries to keep regularly; but it is hard work, as she has too

many interruptions and must attend punctually to her exercise, her rest, her meals. The dolls sit around the desk and are well cared for, and whenever the busy little "mother" can spare an hour or has a congenial little visitor, she is glad enough to play with them. Not long ago one of the dolls—I suppose it must have been the favorite daughter—wrote a pretty letter to the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS.

To be sure, the dolly's mamma helped her to write it, but then the doll's letter sounded very like "the child," as Elsie calls her.

Here is Elsie's letter.



ELSIE AT HER LITTLE DESK. (DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. B. BIRCH.)



SOME OF ELSIE'S DOLLS.

January 30th, 1889.

MY DEAR MRS. DODGE: You must not expect very much from my little daughter because she is only 5 years old, and she teased me so hard to let her write to you that I could not say no, and you must excuse her bad writing. I hope you will love her as much as she loves you, because she is all the time talking about you, and I hope you will get this letter because the child is so anxious to have you get it.

Your little friend, ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

And here is the doll's letter:

January 30th, 1889.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I am Elsie's little dolly, and I thought I would write you a letter, because my mamma is going to write to you and I can put my letter in hers, and I just wanted to write to you and say that I love you very much, because my mamma told me all about you and I think you must be lovely.

Your faithful friend, ELSIE'S LITTLE GIRL.

Well, Mrs. Dodge's dog Fido answered it, and Mrs. Dodge wrote the following note with Fido's letter, which is given below. (The paper, you might like to know, has a pretty four-leaved clover in the corner for good luck.)

MY DEAR ELSIE: Your lovely letter and the very sweet note from your little daughter have pleased me ever so much. . . . I have a walking toy-dog named Fido, and he says he would like to write to your little girl. I hope you will not object to this, as he is a very good dog, and is always most polite to persons smaller than he is. When next you come to see me, I shall be glad to introduce him to you. He is not on wheels, but he moves his legs beautifully when he walks, and turns his head with much feeling. Good-bye, dear Elsie.

Your sincere friend, MARY MAPES DODGE.

And this is Fido's letter:

MY DEAR VERY LITTLEST MISS LYDE [that, of course, means Elsie's "daughter" doll]: Mrs. Dodge showed me the lovely letter you wrote her, and I am astonished that a little girl of five years can write so nicely. I am only Mrs. Dodge's little toy-dog Fido, and my paws are pretty stiff, so you must excuse my poor penmanship. Mrs. Dodge takes a great deal of pains in educating me, but as there is no Harvard Annex for dogs, I never can be very well educated. Still, a dog can be very agreeable without knowing Latin and Greek. I can nod my head and wag quite nicely. Can you? And do your eyes open and shut? Mine don't. I have a red collar with bells on it. . . . I wish you and I could go to the park together if your dear mamma is willing. Mrs. Dodge sends her love to you, and says she loves you because you are Elsie Lyde's little girl. Good-bye. I forgot to say I have to be wound up with a key. Do you? Good-bye again. Give my love to your mamma. Does she have to be wound up before she plays Lord Fauntleroy?

Your little friend, FIDO.

Perhaps I could do no better than to give my readers an account of an actual day in Elsie's life—a chance day I take as an example—one of many happy days I have spent with her; but it will let her young friends see something of the home life of

the child who is just now attracting an amount of attention and admiration that, were it bestowed on some little persons of my acquaintance, might be very dangerous and bewildering.

I have told you of Elsie's sunny room—there, late in the morning, she awakes. Meta, her French nursery-governess, appears, and Elsie is bathed and dressed and has a simple, wholesome breakfast. I think sometimes it must be hard work to dress her, for she is "on the hop, skip, and jump," wanting to take up this, that, or the other, and not liking a bit better than any other little girl to have the tangles combed out of her profuse golden hair. [And just here I may mention for the benefit of interested readers that Elsie never wears a wig. The shower of golden tresses which "Fauntleroy" tosses about are all natural, as she knows to her sorrow many a morning.]

As to her dress, she wears guimpes and Greenaway gowns at home—simple, childish, and pretty, and she has a keen sense of color and tasteful adornment, though I have never detected any vanity in her. Naturally she likes to find something to make a train out of and to walk about "playing lady"—I should be sorry for her if it were not so!

After breakfast, she plays with her dolls or amuses herself at her desk. Meanwhile Elsie's mother has received the many letters which come for the child daily and which contain all manner of things, from requests for autographs to friendly invitations. The other day came a note which delighted Elsie. A lady wrote to say she had a new little girl—a baby just born—whom she had named "Elsie Leslie." Well, Elsie would like to answer everybody—to acknowledge every kindness—to show her real appreciation—but how can she? Writing is to her just what it was to darling Pet Marjorie: The "thoughts come but the pen won't always work"; and although Elsie has a loving, careful sister, like Marjorie's "Isabella," there is not time in the little life, nor would it be right, to allow her to undertake too much, especially as Elsie can do nothing carelessly. This sister, by the way, is so important a part of Elsie's life that no sketch of the little girl could be complete without tribute to her. Eda Lyde is all devotion to her little sister; proud of her, tender with her, but conscientious, and a capital matron when needed. I am sure all of Elsie's friends will be interested to know that not many years ago, when Eda was a child herself, she showed such dramatic ability that her recitations became too popular among her mother's friends for the child's peace of mind. She *felt* too intensely what she recited. Her heart was nearly broken over the woes of the heroes or heroines of the poetry she learned and repeated, and so she was obliged to put it aside for a time, al-



Little Lord Fauntleroy

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ELSIE LESLIE LYDE, BY G. C. COX.

though she since has been successful in dramatic work of another character.

Regular study just now is forbidden Elsie, as her mind is sufficiently exercised, but she is learning French with extraordinary rapidity and very little trouble to herself. So anxious was she to prove her progress to me that she wrote me a letter in French soon after the arrival of her governess, the ideas and writing all her own, but of course the French dictated. Indeed, I think I liked it best because of Elsie's saying in her conscientious fashion, "You know of *course* I did n't know the French words all myself. You see of *course* I did n't." In the letter she put in—"Elle [the governess] me dit comment écrire les mots."

Mid-day sees her in the park for a walk or at the riding-school for her ride, then home again bloom-



ELsie IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

ing and gay. If there are visitors the little girl, approaching them, politely holds out her hand with her pretty "*How do you do?*" but she shows plainly how little any compliments affect her. She has her luncheon, more play,—and then comes the tug of war: the afternoon nap! Oh, I know all children will sympathize with her dislike of this! The other day visions of my own childhood arose as Elsie tried so hard to postpone the unwelcome hour! We had been having a good time, talking, and then came the order,

"Now, Elsie, time for your nap!"

Elsie is sitting on my lap. We have been discussing various things, and she remarks, "Oh—well— one moment—*what* were you saying about —'um—riding—"

"Elsie!" comes gently from her mother again, "You *must* go to bed now."

Elsie slides down reluctantly—reaches the door—goes down the hall—comes back.

"Well—see here—before you go—oh, I *know* what I wanted to say. Can you play any of the 'Pearl of Pekin'?"

I confess my incapacity for this performance, while Elsie hovers around the door.

"Well—I can—a little—just—oh, *please* let me do it!"

And a moment later she is at the piano, her head on one side and her left hand picking out one of the operatic airs.

"Now, Elsie, you *must* go."

"Well," very lugubriously, "*I suppose* so."

And the little girl disappears in Meta's direction, to awake two hours later, have a light dinner, and then drive to the theater, where, when she is not on the stage, she is occupied with some childish amusement in her large, comfortable dressing-room behind the scenes. But one great delight the child has, and she welcomes newly every time—the sight of children in the audience—the sound of their laughter—that delicious, happy ripple which, when I listen to it at "Fauntleroy," sounds in my ears like music—this pleases her exceedingly, for her sympathy with people of her own age is intense. Watch her at play with other children, and this may easily be seen. Talk to her own little friends about her, and you will find out whether it is the child or the actress they love most.

Everything she sees or hears interests her; but she likes to have *reasons*. She has them nearly always for what she does herself. She judges of people and things with quick intuition, and, like Fauntleroy, shrinks anxiously from hurting any one's feelings. Mrs. Burnett says that Elsie plays the part so well because of her natural resemblance to the character of the dear little lord; and just as he preaches his sermon of winning all hearts by love and faith—by gentleness and lack of guile—so does Elsie preach hers.

Certainly there are some children who come into the world with special *gifts* of character as marked as any talent. I am sure that Elsie's absolute simplicity, earnestness, and freedom from all affectation are the special endowment of nature; and because of this, we who love her and see her at home constantly, can hope much for her future. Her whole heart goes into everything done for and about others. No one can see her at her little desk writing a letter without realizing her anxiety to do *well* whatever is to be done at all; and her composition and fluency are extraordinary in spite of the funny spelling, which troubles her sorely and

therefore will soon be a conquered difficulty. A letter lying before me now reveals much of the sweetness of the child's nature, and I am glad to be allowed to include it in these pages just as she penned it.

"— : The ST. NICHOLAS, the Little Brownies, and Hans all came Monday afternoon," she writes, after receiving some books, "and they are just lovely and I thank you verry verry much. I showed them all to Dearest she thought they were lovely. I am going to commence my letter to the SANT NICHOLAS. I do not have much time I take a long nap in the afternoon and that takes a little time pleas remember me to all of my new friends dose Mr. — write poetry or storys I think he looks as if he might he makes me think of a verry verry dear friend that I love very much he is the most trustable friend I have I write to him very oftion and he never allows the bad spelling in my letters to interfere with his love for me and I hope it will not interfere with yours and that you will allways love your little friend,

ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

Watching her the other day at her diary it was not possible to avoid the comparison I have before suggested, between this careful, although joyous and gentle, little creature of our own day and the Pet Marjorie of long ago who wrote in *her* journal : "Isabella is teaching me to make *simme colings*, notes of irrigation, periods, commoes, etc., as this is Sunday I will meditate upon senciable and religious subjects. 1st, I should be very thankful I am not a *begger*!"

Life so far has gone smoothly, gently, tenderly for Elsie Lyde—and yet—and yet!—As I watch her little flitting figure, her sweet, innocent face, as I hear her say over and again, "I am such a

happy little girl!" I cannot quite repress a dread of the shadows which must come into her life, the chance of some hard awakening from this exquisite faith in all things human and friendly, and Wordsworth's lines seem to fit her singularly well :

" Oh, blessed vision, happy child !

I thought of thee with many fears,
Of what might be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality ;
And grief, uneasy lover ! ne'er at rest,
But when she sat within the touch of thee —
O, too industrious folly !
O, vain and causeless melancholy !
Nature will either end thee quite
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock."

" *I long* to be an author," the child says eagerly, lifting her eyes from something she is writing. " Oh, I *wish* I could write ! "

Who knows? Such a nature as hers has many possibilities. The future of this ardent, happy little life rests — mercifully — in other than the hands that give Elsie the world's applause. Who can foretell the developments of the active, clever little brain — of the almost pathetic instincts toward what is fine and high, generous and unworldly?

May those of heart and soul, as well as mind, be such that in the days to come, her mother, like Cedric's in the play, may thank God that the world is better because her little child was born.

Lucy C. Lillie.



POEMS.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

THE CROSS.

IN gold the symbol shineth fair,
Graven on the books of Prayer ;
From the great Cathedral's spire
It flashes back the sunset fire,
And gleameth white through cypress
shade
Where the holy dead are laid.
That sacred sign in days of yore
Full many an holy oath it bore ;
Full many a night, in cloistered cell,
On kneeling monk its shadow fell,
And on it many a martyred saint
Rained dying kisses slow and faint.
'T was blazoned red on knightly shield,
'T was deeper dyed upon the field,
'T was rudely carved above the slain
Who perished on the Moslem plain.
Its holy dews lie undefiled
Upon the forehead of the child.
On kingly breasts the jewel glows,
The dearest meed that valor knows.
Beauty to the sacred sign
Gives her bosom for a shrine ;
Noble lord and haughty dame
Proud to wear the sign of shame.
Glorious triumph of the cross !
Joyful grief and blessed loss !
The symbol of a Saviour's pain,
The scepter of the Saviour's reign,
Enwreathed with flowers this Easter Morn,
Till we forget the Crown of Thorn !

TO MY PET.

[*In the Country in April.*]

THOUGH the south wind roves about
In the woods all warm and wet,
And the sun shines on my doubt,
I remember winter yet;
I 'm too tired to go out,
You go for us both, my Pet !

There 's one growing in the wood
With a message of spring hope ;
Go and find it ! a pink bud
Growing on a southern slope.

All the winds of May would miss it,
If you plucked it for my sake ;
Stoop down softly, dear, and kiss it,
Like a babe you would not wake !
Kiss it ! you 'll bring home, I think,
On your lips the May-flower's pink.

If a wee white violet,
In the edge of some gray thicket,
Smiles a timid smile, my Pet,
Smile again, but do not pick it ;
Pass on then and after-while,
When you bring me such a smile,
Timid, wistful, guileless, tender,
I shall know who was the sender.

If you find a starry bluet,
Brave with looking at the sky,
With a mad March wind to woo it,
And a rock to shelter by,
Just nod blithely, boldly to it,
As you 're passing by the place,
Just nod frank as if you knew it,
It will laugh up in your face !

Follow where the little rills
Run down singing from the hills ;
In their glistening footprints follow
Down into the wooded hollow.
In some silent, sheltered place,
If you find a shadowy grace,
Like the ghost of last year's flower,
Come to haunt an April hour,
With its starry, spirit face,
Leave the wind-flower's fragile gem
Trembling on its slender stem,
Pause and look and leave it gleaming ;
Pass by softly, not too near it,
I shall know by your still seeming
You have seen a Blossom's spirit.

Go, dear, search in every thing
For the hidden news of spring !
Come back wondering and wise,
Happy secrets in your eyes,
And a whisper in your mouth
Like the low wind of the south.
Come ! whatever news you bring,
You 're my Spirit of the Spring !

THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XII.

FOLK-LORE.

WHEN Monsieur Lavoie sent François the Algonquin to the town of Agnes with a telegram for his wife,—to quiet anxiety which printed accounts of the fire might cause her,—and also a message to Marcelline Charland's mistress saying the child was disabled from returning to her directly, he gave his messenger so large a bank-note for all his services that François felt lifted to affluence. There are Algonquins settled, civilized, and even refined, comparing favorably with men of European descent. But though François said his prayers, he could scarcely be called a civilized Christian Indian. He was merely tamed, his savage nature being held in check by modern usages. Sometimes he went to Caughnawaga, on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, above Montreal, where his hereditary enemies, the Iroquois,—finally redeemed from heathenism by the heroic work of missionaries,—were withering away in filth and laziness. Whether or no François approved this result of civilizing Indians, he still ran half wild himself during such time as he was not journeying homeward to be re-garbed by Sally. And nothing made him happier than lying on his back a whole day in the woods, with Canadian money in his pocket and the need of doing any work far removed from him.

He was a hanger-on at the camp, free to dismiss himself. So, after receiving the poet's fee, the last service he felt inclined to render was rowing the boat to Agnes for guests who would row it back.

Monsieur Lavoie took this chance of starting home,—the second day after the fire. The English campers, always as unwilling to lose from their party as they were hospitable in adding to it, stood on the lake's brim, from eldest to youngest, denying that this French invasion had caused them any trouble, and repeating good-byes as far as their voices could stretch over the water.

It was late in the afternoon, and shadows were already traveling toward the center of the lake. The burnt shore, thick studded with high shafts

of ebony, was a somber-looking region. As far as the eye could travel, that forest stood charred and dead. And what had become of all the living creatures that had played under branches or lived in burrows?

This time the girls sat in the stern of the boat, to balance it, for the pull to Agnes was a long one. François swayed himself at the oars betwixt them and Monsieur Lavoie—his dark, red face and rapid eyes fronting them. François's hair, coarse as a horse's mane, hung in uneven lengths below his neck and was bare of any covering. As the fancy took him, when he had means to gratify it, he bought hats of various kinds, which fell into speedy ruin and were dropped in the woods. He had been wearing a soft, black felt, but left it in camp—a heritage the English mother would behold with disgust, and order carried away as far as possible on the end of a stick. François intended to adorn his aquiline redness with a new helmet of white straw. Except that he wore low moccasins, he was dressed much like a common Canadian, for Sally took pride in arraying her son.

Three people as badly burned as the three whom François rowed were using heroic treatment in undertaking a journey; this their English host had told them as he carried Marcelline to the boat. But Monsieur Lavoie wished to be in his home—"Where Philoménie can nurse us," Aurèle now explained to her adopted girl. "Philoménie always stays and takes care of the house when the family are away. She was mamma's nurse, and is always our best, dearest comfort. She is an Acadian; her people were moved from their land by the English—oh, many, many years ago. Dear Philoménie will make us the loveliest soufflés, and such pancakes with jelly as you never tasted in your life. She tells us stories her mother used to tell her, and which her grandmother said were told around the fireplaces in Acadia. Yes, and she tells us of the feux-follets,*—blue, and white, and red,—which have often been seen on the island of Orleans and elsewhere, dancing before people and frightening them after night; especially when people are going on good errands, for Philoménie told us these feux-follets were dreadfully wicked spirits."

* The *igues fatui*.

"Yes," said Marcelline, forgetting her sore feet in eagerness, "my grandmother has told us about them, for I am from the Chaudière, as I told you, Mademoiselle. Also about the loups-garous."^{*}

"Was there a tale of a loup-garou in the Chaudière valley?" exclaimed Aurèle.

"Mademoiselle, there is a beautiful story of one, which used to make us afraid to look out of doors after dark."

"How charming!" said Aurèle, folding her hands. Her muffled face could not show its interest. "Even Philoménie says these things are no longer to be believed,—but what pleasure to hear them!"

"For this loup-garou," said Marcelline, "was seen by my grandmother's uncle; it is long ago, when he went to fetch the priest to a neighbor that lay at the point of death. Deep, very deep was the snow, and he rode his only horse, with his snow-shoes at his back, intending to come home on

* Men-wolves. This superstition was of European origin and of the Middle Ages.



"THERE CAME A LOUP-GAROU AT FULL SPEED, ITS EYES AS RED AS FIRE."

them while the reverend father rode. When a man went on such an errand, if he met a feu-follet he could make the holy sign, and ask it on which day of the week next Christmas would come; and that would drive a feu-follet off, to puzzle and ask questions. So the uncle of my grandmother rode along, sure of what he would do if a light wavered in front. But presently he heard something following him, and he looked back, and there came a loup-garou at full speed, its eyes as red as fire. The uncle of my grandmother never stopped lashing his horse until he fell into the priest's door. But when they started back the priest was ready for it. He made the uncle of my grandmother get up behind him and ride. And they both repeated prayers all the way to the sick person's house as fast as prayers could be said, and that loup-garou screamed at them like a man in pain, though it could come no nearer than the end of the horse's tail streaming out behind. So when they reached the house, the priest laid his book on the door-step, and the loup-garou ran to an island of rocks in the frozen Chaudière, and howled for more than two hours."

"How delicious are stories of loups-garous!" said Aurèle with enthusiasm.

"Now, François," said Monsieur Lavoie, laughing, "can you not surpass that by a story of your grandmother's?"

But François was silent.

"The Algonquins have nothing more to say; their stories are dead. Is it so?"

François made a noise in his throat.

"Then I will tell a tale," said Monsieur Lavoie; "one that will show how much nearer the Hurons lived to heaven than these tongueless Algonquins. There was a Huron Indian who had a favorite son, and the son died. So the father with some friends set out to the land of souls to bring back his boy's spirit."

François twitched on his bench and shrugged.

"That Algonquin story," he grumbled. "Huron never had any story like that."

"Perhaps you know it," said Monsieur Lavoie.

"Always knew it," said François.

"How do the Algonquins tell it?"

"Oh, that but an old story," said François, disparaging it as soon as he had rescued it from the Hurons.

"It is very easy for you to claim a story while I tell it," said Monsieur Lavoie. "But did you really ever hear this one?"

Goaded by these and other words François stopped rowing, and half turned on his bench, letting the boat run with the momentum he had given it. He repeated this old tradition * of his tribe in a

few sentences, as if it were jerked from him against his will, while he slouched down on the oars.

"Algonquin Indian, he had son died. Took him some friends. Started to land of souls fetch back that boy's soul. All had to do was wade shallow lake to land of souls. Waded days and days. Sleep nights on pole platforms; platforms stick up above water. Come to land of souls, Papkootparout run out shake his war-club at Algonquins. Papkootparout change his mind. (He keeper of land of souls.) Challenge Algonquins play ball. They beat Papkootparout; get stakes; get corn, tobacco, fruit. That how all Indians get corn, tobacco, fruit: Algonquins bring them from land of souls. Algonquin father beg for his son's soul. Papkootparout give it to him; shape like a nut. Father squeeze it in his hands; make it go into little—very little—leather bag. Papkootparout say put it in dead boy he be alive again. Algonquins go home, have big dance, have feast. Father, he want to dance; feel good, feel happy. Give leather bag to squaw to hold while he dance. Squaw peep in bag; want to see what soul look like. Soul get out of bag when squaw open it; off go soul back to Papkootparout, never come to Algonquin country any more."

And having finished the recital, François dropped the oars in water and shot his boat along.

"Perhaps it was the Algonquin tribe instead of the Huron, who lived so near the land of souls," said Monsieur Lavoie.

A pleasant coolness crept across the lake with the ground shadows. Aurèle put out one of her bandaged hands to trail in Megantic, but thought better of it before her wrappings were wet.

"Papa," she said, "it would be a lovely thing—would it not?—to have a sorcerer raise a fog around us to cover us from sight on the way home, if there were now any sorcerers left like the one on the island of Orleans, that Philoménie told us about. It is matter of history," said Aurèle seriously to the uninstructed young servant from a changeless valley whom she was making her own dependent.

"The fog, the fog, my Aurèle, not the sorcerer," warned her father.

"It is Philoménie I quoted as historian, papa," laughed Aurèle. "But listen to me, Marcelline Charland. Papa, do not distract this child while I am teaching her. You have often been in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires in Lower Town?"

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle, it is many times. And my sister also comes downstairs from Upper Town to that church."

"At first that ancient church was named Notre Dame de Victoire, to celebrate the English Phipps's

* "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie." Cited in Parkman's "Jesuits in North America."

repulse from Quebec in 1690. But the name was changed to *Notre Dame des Victoires* in 1711* to commemorate a bloodless victory won for the French by the fog on Egg Island. There an English armada was wrecked while on its way to attack Quebec. Now, Philoménie says the folks on the island of Orleans believed that Jean Pierre Lavallé, a sorcerer there, raised that fog from a pot he boiled,† for sorcerers on Orleans island always boiled their pots to raise fogs and storms. I hope I have made this bit of history plain."

"Yes, mademoiselle," said Marcelline, gratefully, lifting her weazened face,—she was not as badly burned about her head as the others,—“I never shall say my prayers in *Notre Dame des Victoires* again without thinking of the kettle and the fog.”

The poet Lavoie laughed aloud.



“Mademoiselle my daughter,
behold what comes of mixing
sorcerers with history!”

“Never mind, papa. She will like Philoménie’s story better than veritable history.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE POET MAKES AN ENGAGEMENT.

“AND when you fall into Philoménie’s hands, my child,” added Aurèle, “she will get from you all you can tell about your Chaudière valley.”

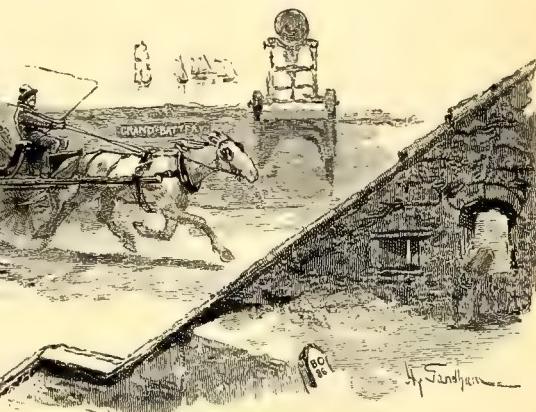
“It is not much,” said Marcelline, humbly.

“You said your sister came down to church from Upper Town.”

“She, also, is a nurse in Quebec, mademoiselle.”

“Younger than yourself?”

“No, no, mademoiselle. Alvine is older, and Bruno, our brother, he is sixteen. When we left the valley he went lumbering.”



“It must
be charming to
have a large brother,
if he is not as wild as a
moose. Does he come to see you from
his lumber-camp?”

“No, mademoiselle. He is lost now. I
went to that boundary-line to seek him.”

* Dr. Dionne’s “History of the Church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*.” † Edward Farrer.

"You do not think he was in the burning woods?" exclaimed Aurèle.

"No, mademoiselle. He was not there. The men told me he was not there. I asked them before the train came back. He was lumbering in the west province. That is where a jam of logs in the river hurt him."

François was listening.

Marcelline had no knowledge of geography. The "west province" was to her a dim and fabulous stretch of country, remotely including Winnipeg, and perhaps Vancouver's Island.

"Was he hurt?" said Aurèle tenderly. "Where did this happen?"

"At Ottawa, mademoiselle."

"He drowned," observed François, with conviction.

"What are you saying, François?" called Monsieur Lavoie.

"Boy drowned at Ottawa in log-jam."

"Not drowned," pleaded Marcelline.

"How do you know anything about it, François?" inquired Aurèle.

"I there. I dive for him in river. Other men dive. Not bring up anything."

"You are perhaps talking of two different boys," said Monsieur Lavoie.

"My brother's name is Bruno Charland."

"Did n't hear name," said François.

"How long ago was your boy caught in the jam, François?"

"Six, seven week, monsieur."

"It was Bruno who was hurt that long ago," said Marcelline.

"And has any one seen him since?" inquired Aurèle.

"Yes, mademoiselle. Many people have seen him since. Raftsmen, and people in the Beaupré road, where my sister has gone to search for him."

"He drowned," repeated François, in guttural depths.

"But if he was hurt, how could he run about?" demanded Aurèle of the sister.

Marcelline explained Bruno's misfortune as well as she understood it herself. She could not outline to her own mind the wholesome boy tracking aimlessly from spot to spot, with portions of his memory blank.

It was after sunset when they ran alongside the dock at Agnes—a blackened remnant of what had been that raw-plank town, contrasting its deep charcoals with the limpid blueness of the lake. The train was made up at the station,—which served as temporary end of the road,—but some time remained before it would leave.

A boatman at the wharf carried Marcelline

through the desolate cross-street of Agnes. The people were beginning to build their plank dwellings again. Some were tabernacled in tents or sheds, as trivial as the shingle playhouses children would make for themselves; and one woman had set up her household goods under a solitary tree left green, with sheets for her walls.

François, at the poet's bidding, guided the party to the train, and stood bare-headed and lazy to receive another fee from this opulent Frenchman. Regret may have stirred in the Algonquin's breast at parting from a hand so liberal; he was as eager as an Indian allows himself to be to hear the new proposal Monsieur Lavoie made to him.

"François, this boy whom you tried to pull out of the Ottawa River—I have been thinking it might be a good plan to set you to find him. Would you know him again?"

"Yes, monsieur. Saw him on slide. Black French fellow. Sings loud. Hear him above rapids."

"Are you going in the direction of Quebec?"

"Yes, monsieur."

The Indian waited with his side glance on the gentleman's muffled face.

"Very well. Suppose you look along the Beaupré road for that boy, and bring him to me if you find him. My daughter has taken up the matter and feels an interest in these French children. I shall have to help find the boy and do something for him."

"Monsieur, where shall I bring him?"

The poet felt for a card to tear off his address for the Algonquin, but second thought restrained him. His house was easily expansive to all sorts of retainers, but a roving and decidedly dirty Algonquin was no desirable addition to the list.

"Bring him to the church at Beauport. I often drive that way. Wait. You need not bring him so far, indeed. If you can find the boy, have him on the bridge over Montmorenci River at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon of this week. I will drive on the Beaupré road that day."

François uttered an assenting guttural, and turning his back stalked directly away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

IT was Saturday before Madame Pelletier would allow Alvine Charland to go on to Beaupré. The girl's ankle was much hurt by her race after Bruno. She could not follow the little father in his climbings, but she watched him going up the hills every day with the vain hope that he might bring her brother back. The little father himself took

great pains to slip away from Alvine after the unfortunate stampede which she caused.

He would begin by whispering his daughter Ursule to set the little daughter a long task. Then he would creep around the house and dodge from bush to bush up the ravine. At the top of the hill he would creep along on hands and knees until some rock or tree concealed his standing figure from the house. Alvine at a window traced his progress wistfully.

At Saturday dawn, Petit-Père was already away on the hills. He had risen when the first birds stirred in their nests, while Pelletier's two cows—glad gypsy cows who wandered the mountain road and drank from the mountain streams—lay asleep at the gate awaiting their morning milking. Some anxiety took him out so early. Mother Pelletier with relief missed considerable bread and cream and some black pudding she had intended to take to Beaupré.

For it would be well she should make a pilgrimage while Alvine was going, she told her husband; the more pilgrimages one made to good Ste. Anne's shrine the better. And had they not planned for the little father, Pelletier would have gone himself.

"We do not take Petit-Père to Beaupré," Madame Pelletier explained to Alvine. "His heart is not set on going. And when he was there he hunted the children like a wild man from crowd to crowd, shouting their names at strangers. It excites him. He has his pretty ways. We never cross our little father. You see, my child, I cut his breeches short at the knee, because in his youth breeches were worn short and he yet demands them so. But if he frets not to go to Ste. Anne's we do not put it in his mind. It is not necessary for Petit-Père to make the good pilgrimage."

After their early breakfast the blacksmith kindly offered Gervas and the dog-wagon to Alvine, but his wife objected to this conveyance.

"Did you not make a lazy pilgrimage behind Gervas once, yourself?" she exclaimed, "and had you not to tell me when you came home what a scandalous fight there was between Gervas and a pension-keeper's dog in front of the sacred fountain itself!"

"Yes, yes; and Gervas whipped the other dog," said Pelletier.

"He'll whip no dogs for me on *my* pilgrimage," responded Mother Pelletier.

"But the child Alvine may have a word to say," suggested her husband. "It was Gervas that disabled her; he ought to carry her to the shrine. And, mademoiselle, he never fights when hitched to his wagon. Then my Gervas doth stick out his tongue and trot. It is when he walks free around

the streets and his feelings swell that he is obliged to let them out on mangy curs such as trouble fine dogs like Gervas."

But Alvine gratefully declined being drawn in the chariot of Gervas.

"For I am able to make my pilgrimage on foot, monsieur, and if it hurts me, sacrifice is good," she said.

They went slowly, however, and did not approach Beaupré until about nine. At intervals on their way the bells of Ste. Anne could be heard in joyful clamor, and Ste. Anne's two great towers were seen from the first high spot in the road.

Mother Pelletier carried four large bowls of cream to sell at a pension, each bowl so tied in cotton cloth that it could be hung on the end of a stick. Mother Pelletier walked swiftly, grasping the two sticks in the middle, being careful not to let her balanced bowls slide either way. It was so nice a feat to keep this perfect balance, up hill and down, that she never trusted any companion with her precious flowered bowls and cream, which left a sour trail in the air, when she went to Ste. Anne.

The village was still the Beaupré road, with houses strung thickly each side of it and others set upon the hillside having long ladders of steps bedded in the ground for ascent to them.

The Frenchman has a love of outdoors almost equal to the Indian's. His eaves curve widely that he may sit under their shelter at dusk. All day the French-Canadian house stands exposed through and through to sunshine and flies; yet its rafters always glitter with pearly whitewash or are clean enough to have been newly cut out of white-wood, and the broad-boarded floors seem too fair for the tread of any dusty foot.

It is a humid country along the base of the Laurentines, and little dust rises from the flint-smooth Beaupré road even when pilgrimages are thickest.

"All day I think of Bruno," said Alvine, as she shifted the basket of luncheon, which she had undertaken to carry, to the other hand, "and of what I told you, madame, about the Montmorenci."

"But he will never do that," soothed Mother Ursule, puffing along with her balanced freight. "His mind flies from fancy to fancy. But, pray for him, my child, and he will be as he was before this misfortune."

"Madame, if I could get him into my hands and lead him safely back to Quebec, it would be a load off my heart."

"These great government palaces, where they put the unsettled people—I do not like such things myself," declared Mother Ursule. "The woods and hills, and the river are better to cure him than an iron gate. Did Simard's wife tell thee



MOTHER PELLETIER AND ALVINE ON THE ROAD TO STE. ANNE'S.

the Pelletier children from Quebec were twelve in number?"

"Six boys and six girls, madame."

"I never have seen all that family. But we must watch for them, and walk homeward with them, since it is certain they come to-day. There can not be many such families coming from Quebec on the pilgrim boat."

As busy as the busiest market, Beaupré village swarmed with crowds.

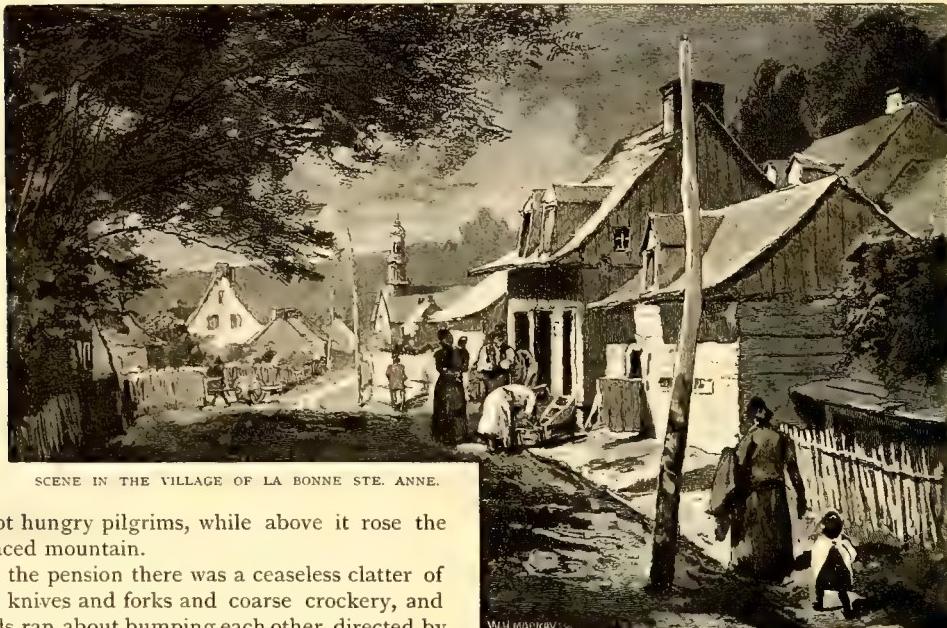
Nearly all the inhabitants had hung out the sign, "Maison de pension." Two or three houses named themselves the boarding-houses of the good Ste. Anne, and one pension-keeper displayed a sign comical to any eye that has not noted the French-Canadian custom of explaining relationship on grave-stones and other public tablets—"E. Lachance, Époux de Mademoiselle Mercier."*

To this pension Mother Ursule carried her load of cream, exchanging compliments and much rapid chatter with the mistress, who had kept the house before her marriage and made it celebrated among pilgrims.

* "E. Lachance, husband of Mademoiselle Mercier."

Alvine stood waiting on the gallery behind the unsailing blaze of geranium pots. In front of her was the narrow street paved with planks and bordered by small shops and stalls full of things to

dors of Quebec, the two towers, with their clock and sets of bells and chimes, the figure of the woman set aloft, and all that massive stone structure, were but a repetition of what she had been



SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF LA BONNE STE. ANNE.

tempt hungry pilgrims, while above it rose the terraced mountain.

In the pension there was a ceaseless clatter of steel knives and forks and coarse crockery, and maids ran about bumping each other, directed by the shrill voice of the mistress. The last of the early pilgrims were getting their breakfast. French sentences, drawn out to a long, musical cadence at the end, were accompanied by the low murmur of devout persons who walked about the floors reading in books of devotion. Every room in the pension, upstairs and down, except stall-like sleeping closets, was used as a dining-room, each containing a long oilcloth-covered table and two wooden benches.

Some boys in a cart came along the street with bowls of wild, tiny hill-strawberries for sale, and a woman on the gallery, which indicated the second story of her house, reached down and took a bowl from the tips of a boy's fingers.

Madame Pelletier's business being finished, she lifted the basket off Alvine's arm, and they followed a finger-board marked "Chemin de Pelerinages,"* to the square in front of Ste. Anne's huge church.

To Alvine, who was used to the ancient splen-

* Pilgrim's Road.

† The first settlers built a church which was washed away by floods and ice. Another was finished in 1660, the Vicomte D'Argenson laying the first stone in 1657.

"The site of the old chapel is marked by a chapel built with the old materials. It is roughly finished within, containing only a few stained seats and a bare-looking altar, and a quaint image of Ste. Anne, apparently of the time of Louis XIV.

"A handsome new church was dedicated in 1876. To it were removed the old altar and pulpit, both of the seventeenth century, and the relics and original ornaments of the old church. Among these are an altar-piece by Le Brun, the gift of the Marquis de Tracy; a silver reliquary and a painting by Le François, both the gift of Mons. de Laval; a chasuble worked by Anne of Austria, and a bone of the finger of Ste. Anne."—*Picturesque Canada*.

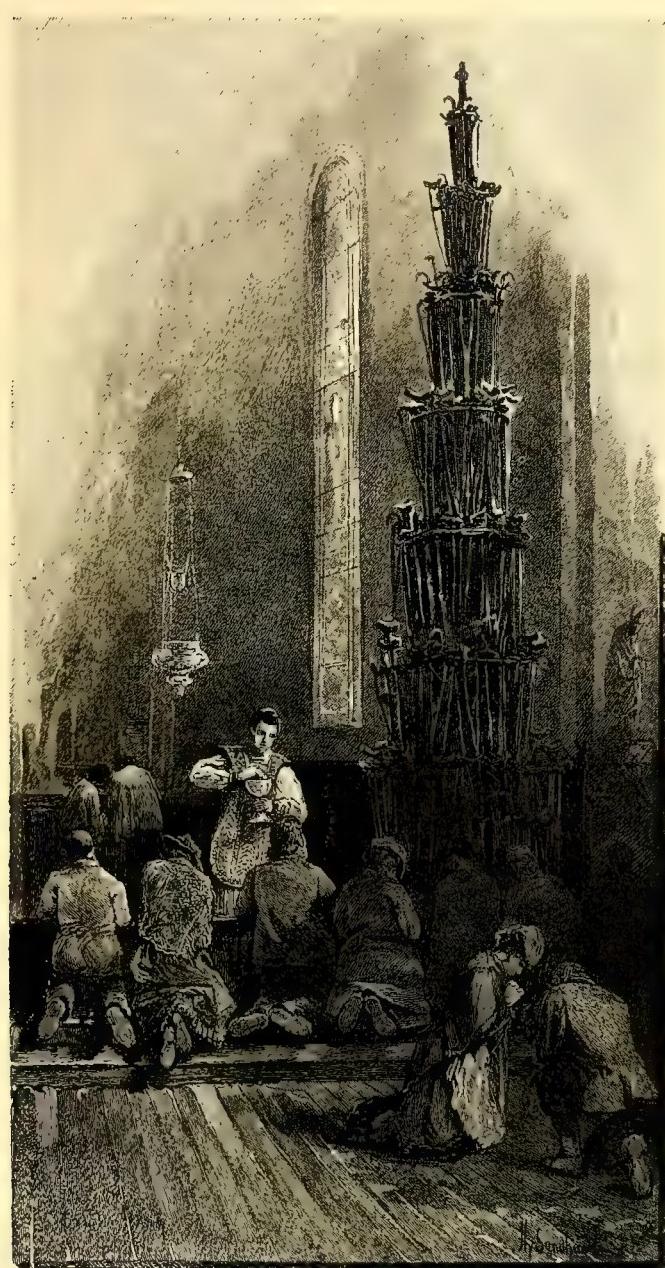
taught to respect. There were two fountains playing in the flagged space in front, and at the right hand a row of sheds, sheltering tables and benches, offered a dining-place to the multitude of pilgrims who brought their own food.

At the left, across Beaupré road, and a few steps up the mountain, stood that old chapel of Ste. Anne, which had its corner-stone laid in the seventeenth century.† Farther up, and toward the east, Alvine could see a convent among trees.

Just as Mother Ursule, spent by her walk, and Alvine, on halting ankle, ascended wide stone steps to enter, a sound of chanting came from the river.

"See you," said Madame Pelletier, indicating a causeway which stretched three-quarters of a mile across the marsh strip to the river at low tide. Two steamers were discharging their loads. The causeway was already black with figures, fill-

ing its width solidly and pressing in a procession which seemed endless toward the town. Here and there were white banners.



ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF CRUTCHES. (SEE PAGE 425.)

As voices swelled high in chorus, suddenly in the towers overhead those great bells burst into welcome which seemed to shake the ground: . . .

"Cling, clang—boom, boom! Cling, clang, boom!—Cling, clang!"

Around the angle of the street came the pilgrims, still pouring from the steamers, a mile of people filling the street: men, women, children, their voices like many waters, the bells rejoicing with boom and clamor in constant reply.

Alvine turned away her face and sobbed, because as deep answering to deep, the secret places of her religious nature responded to that vast cry of human prayer.

It was a sight not of this country nor of this age. It was medieval. A stranger looking on would expect to see some knight in mail ride down to the church door, and Peter the Hermit stand forth and lift his sackcloth-covered arms to exhort the multitude.

Yet many of the pilgrims carried common black valises.

There were sick people among them who hoped to get good from prayers in the church: cripples on canes and crutches, the blind, the consumptive, the deformed. A man on a litter was borne in the procession.

They paused on the opposite side of the square to chant, and again at the church door. The bells pealed and the chorus rose:

"Daignon, Ste. Anne,
A nous si bonjour,
De vos enfans
Agr'ez l'amour."

Daignon, Ste. Anne, A nous si bon-jour.

De vos en-fans Ag - rez la-mour.

Suddenly the great church was filled, its rows of pillars swarmed around, even the chapels along its sides receiving an overflow.

The altar blazed with lights. An image of the good Ste. Anne, that kindly woman who is called the friend of seamen and sufferers and

all distressed persons, stood in the aisle on a white pedestal hung around with gold hearts. She held a child on one arm and a branch of lilies in her



PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

other hand, her sweet and elderly face being set in faded hair. A lamp holding a flame like a crim-

son star hanging in the air—so fine was the wire which suspended it—trembled near her.

Close by the church doors stood that old rude pulpit made for the earlier chapel; and right and left towered structures like many wheels of decreasing sizes placed over each other on one tall hub. These structures were full of crutches and canes left by people who thought their prayers had brought them benefit.

Alvine had no time to look up and around at ex-voto tablets, reliquaries in shrines, and the thousand objects collected in such a place. The choir chanted; the people were at their brief devotions; they were flowing out with their valises to the eating stalls—and again the bells burst forth, another load of pilgrims were landing, and the chant came up from the river. So the pageant went on all day—the whole of French Canada throbbing through that street as through a great artery, singing as they came, singing as they departed. Friends from remote corners of the two provinces met each other. Cabs stood in a line by the square or jostled in their rush to the dock. Boys bought cakes and leaned against the stalls to eat them, and pensions were filled to their doors.

Alvine followed Mother Ursule to the old chapel up the hill, wherein the altar was like a gilt sarcophagus, and thin blue paint covered the rough seats; where Ste. Anne looked down from smoky marine pictures daubed before American independence was declared. And she followed to a grotto in the bleak, slanting church-yard to pray before a reminder of the crucifixion. All the prescribed rounds of devotion were followed.

About three o'clock, having their precious bottles of water and oil in their hands and pilgrimage badges on their breasts, the young pilgrim and the older one sat down to a second luncheon, in the eating sheds.

Some dark-skinned children were ranged around the table next to them, eating like locusts from a huge black valise, the eldest of their number distributing the victuals. She was a pretty girl of fifteen, wearing cherry ribbons in her dress.

"There they are," exclaimed Mother Pelletier with conviction, rising from her bench. And she was right. "They" were the Pelletier children from Quebec.

(To be concluded.)

THE BABY'S BEAD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I AM only a bit of amber
That dazzles the baby's eyes;
But the light in my innermost chamber
Is the light of the pristine skies.

For ages ago, and ages,
When, far in the upper air,
Vast firs, like old archimages,
Shed incense everywhere,

And, all in the wide gray weather
Which wrapped the whole round world,
Solemnly waved together
As the thick warm vapors curled,

In the sunshine's sudden bursting
I oozed from a topmost bough,
And I drank that splendor thirsting,—
There is no such sunshine now!

And the wings that came round me flashing,—
None like them are fluttering here,—

I caught in my heavy plashing
And sealed in my shining sphere.

Oh, life that was wild and glorious
When the elements wrought for man,
And wave over fire victorious
Shaped the earth to her ancient plan!

Then the tides, in the great world-changes,
Rose in their mighty turn,
Rolled over the fir-tree's ranges,
And the plume of the giant fern.

And ages had past, and ages,
When the winds scooped the deep sea-floor,
And the seas in their storm-blown rages
Tossed me to light once more.

And now, half a jest, it may be,
Half a charm, you hang in your mirth
Round the throat of the newborn baby
The oldest thing on earth!

DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.



"THE FIELD-HANDS DISCUSSED THE MATTER."

CHAPTER II.

YOU may be sure there was trouble on the Gaston place when night came and the children did not return. They were missed at dinner-time; but it frequently happened that they went off with some of the plantation wagons, or with some of the field-hands, and so nothing was thought of their absence at noon; but when night fell and all the negroes had returned from their work, and there was still no sign of the children, there was consternation in the big house and trouble all over the plantation. The field-hands, returned from their work, discussed the matter at the doors of their cabins and manifested considerable anxiety.

At first the house-servants were sent scurrying about the place hunting for the truants. Then other negroes were pressed into service, until, finally, every negro on the place was engaged in the search, and torches could be seen bobbing up and down in all parts of the plantation. The negroes called and called, filling the air with their musical halloos, but there was no reply save from the startled birds, or from the dogs, who seemed to take it for granted that everybody was engaged in a grand 'possum hunt and added the strength of their own voices to the general clamor.

While all this was going on, Mrs. Gaston was pacing up and down the long veranda wringing her hands in an agony of grief. There was but

one thought in her mind—the *river*, the RIVER! Her husband in the midst of his own grief tried to console her, but he could not. He had almost as much as he could do to control himself, and there was in his own mind—the RIVER!

The search on the plantation and in its vicinity went on until nearly nine o'clock. About that time Big Sam, one of the plough-hands, who was also a famous fisherman, came running to the house with a frightened face.

"Marster," he exclaimed, "de boat gone—she done gone!"

"Oh, I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaston—"the river, the river!"

"Well!" said Dr. Gaston, "the boat must be found. Blow the horn."

Big Sam seized the dinner-horn and blew a blast that startled the echoes for miles around. The negroes understood this to be a signal to return, and most of them thought that the children had been found, so they came back laughing and singing and went to the big house to see the children.

"Wh'abouts you fine um, marster?" asked the foreman.

"They have n't been found, Jim," said Dr. Gaston. "Big Sam says that the boat is gone from the landing, and that boat must be found to-night."

"Marster," said a negro, coming forward out of the group, "I seed a boat gwine down stream dis mornin'. I wuz way up on de hill—"

"And you did n't come and tell me?" asked Dr. Gaston in a severe tone.

"Well, suh, I hollered at um, an' dey ain't make no answer, an' den it look like ter me 't wuz dem two Ransome boys. Hit mos' drap out'n my min'. An' den you know, suh, our chillun ain't never had no doin's like dat—gittin' in de boat by dey own-alone se'f an' sailin' off dat a-way."

"Well," said Dr. Gaston, "the boat must be found. The children are in it. Where can we get another boat?"

"I got one, suh," said Big Sam.

"Me, too, marster," said another negro.

"Then get them both, and be quick about it!"

"Ah-yi, suh," was the response, and in a moment the group was scattered, and Big Sam could be heard giving orders in a loud and an energetic tone of voice. For once he was in his element. He could be foreman on the Oconee if he could n't in the cotton-patch. He knew every nook and cranny of the river for miles up and down; he had his fish-baskets sunk in many places, and the overhanging limbs of many a tree bore the marks of the lines of his set-hooks. So for once he appointed himself foreman, and took charge of affairs. He and Sandy Bill (so called owing to the peculiar

color of his hair) soon had their boats at the landing. The other negroes were assembled there, and the most of them had torches.

"Marster," said Big Sam, "you git in my boat, an' let little Willyum come fer ter hol' de torch. Jesse, you git in dar wid Sandy Bill. Fling a armful er light'ood in bofe boats, boys, kaze we got ter have a light, and dey ain't no tellin' how fur we gwine."

The fat pine was thrown in, everything made ready, and then the boats started. With one sweep of his broad paddle, Big Sam sent his boat into the middle of the stream, and, managed by his strong and willing arms, the clumsy old bateau became a thing of life. Sandy Bill was not far behind him.

The negroes used only one paddle in rowing, and each sat in the stern of his boat, using the rough but effective oar first on one side and then the other.

From a window, Mrs. Gaston watched the boats as they went speeding down the river. By her side was Charity, the cook.

"Is n't it terrible!" she exclaimed, as the boats passed out of sight. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"'T would be mighty bad, Mist'iss, ef dem chillun wuz los'; but dey ain't no mo' los' dan I is,



an' I'm a-standin' right yer in de cornder by dish yer cheer."

"Not lost! Why, of course they are lost. Oh, my darling little children!"

"No 'm, dey ain't no mo' los' dan you is. Dey tuck dat boat dis mornin', an' dey went after ole man Jake — dat's whar dey er gone. Dey ain't gone nowhar else. Dey er in dat boat right now;

dey may be asleep, but dey er in dar. Ain't I year um talkin' yistiddy wid my own years? Ain't I year dat ar Marse Lucien boy 'low ter he sister dat he gwine go fetch ole man Jake back? Ain't I miss a whole can full er biscuits? Ain't I miss two er dem pies w'at I lef' out dar in de kitchen? Ain't I miss a great big hunk er light-bread? An' who gwine dast ter take um less'n it 's dem ar chillun? Dey don't fool me, mon. I 'm one er de oldest rats in de barn—I is dat!"

Charity's tone was emphatic and energetic. She was so confident that her theory was the right one that she succeeded in quieting her mistress somewhat.

"An' mo' n dat," she went on, seeing the effect of her remarks, "dem chillun 'll come home yer all safe an' soun'. Ef Marster an' dem niggers don't fetch um back, dey 'll come deyse'f; an' old man Jake 'll come wid um. You min' w'at I tell you. You go an' go ter bed, honey, an' don't pester yo'se'f 'bout dem chillun. I 'll set up yer in de cornder an' nod, an' keep my eyes on w'at's gwine on outside."

But Mrs. Gaston refused to go to bed. She went to the window, and away down the river she could see the red light of the torches projected against the fog. It seemed as if it were standing still, and the mother's heart sank within her at the thought. Perhaps they had found the boat—empty! This and a thousand other cruel suggestions racked her brain.

But the boats were not standing still; they were moving down the river as rapidly as four of the stoutest arms to be found in the county could drive them. The pine torches lit up both banks perfectly. The negroes rowed in silence a mile or more, when Big Sam said :

"Marster, kin we sing some?"

"Does it seem to be much of a singing matter, Sam?" Dr. Gaston asked, grimly.

"No, suh, it don't; but singin' he'ps 'long might'ly w'en you workin', mo' speshually ef you er doin' de kind er work whar you kin sorter hit a lick wid de chune — kinder keepin' time, like."

Dr. Gaston said nothing, and Big Sam went on:

"Sides dat, marster, we-all useter sing ter dem chillun, an' dey knows our holler so well dat I boun' you ef dey wuz ter year us singin' an' gwine on, dey 'd holler back."

"Well," said Dr. Gaston, struck by the suggestion, "sing."

"Bill," said Big Sam to the negro in the other boat, "watch out for me; I'm gwine away."

"You'll year fum me w'en you git whar you gwine," Sandy Bill replied.

With that Big Sam struck up a song. His voice was clear and strong, and he sang with a will.

Oh, Miss Malindy, you er lots too sweet for me;
I cannot come to see you
Until my time is free —
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you,
An' take you on my knee.

Oh, Miss Malindy, now don't you go away;
I cannot come to see you
Until some yuther day —
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you —
Oh, den I 'll come ter stay.

Oh, Miss Malindy, you is my only one;
I cannot come ter see you
Until de day is done —
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you,
And we 'll have a little fun.

Oh, Miss Malindy, my heart belongs ter you;
I cannot come ter see you
Until my work is thoo'.
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you,
I 'll come in my canoe.

The words of the song, foolish and trivial as they are, do not give the faintest idea of the melody to which it was sung. The other negroes joined in, and the tremulous tenor of little Willyum was especially effective. The deep dark woods on either side seemed to catch up and echo back the plaintive strain. To a spectator on the bank, the scene must have been an uncanny one—the song with its heart-breaking melody, the glistening arms and faces of the two gigantic blacks, the flaring torches, flinging their reflections on the swirling waters, the great gulfs of darkness beyond—all these must have been very impressive. But these things did not occur to those in the boats, least of all to Dr. Gaston. In the minds of all there was but one thought—the children.

The negroes rowed on, keeping time to their songs. Their arms appeared to be as tireless as machinery that has the impulse of steam. Finally Big Sam's boat grounded.

"Hol' on dar, Bill!" he shouted. "Watch out!" He took the torch from the little negro and held it over his head, and then behind him, peering into the darkness beyond. Then he laughed.

"De Lord he'p my soul!" he exclaimed; "I done clean fergit 'bout Moccasin Shoals! Back yo' boat, Bill." Suiting the action to the word, he backed his own, and they were soon away from the shoals.

"Now, den," he said to Bill, "git yo' boat in line wid mine, an' hol' yo' paddle in yo' lap." Then the boats, caught by the current, moved toward the shoals, and one after the other touched a rock, turned completely around, and went safely down the rapids, just as the children's boat had done in the forenoon. Once over the shoals, Big Sam and Sandy Bill resumed their oars and their songs, and sent the boats along at a rapid rate.

A man, sitting on the river bank, heard them

coming, and put out his torch by covering it with sand. He crouched behind the bushes and watched them go by. After they had passed, he straightened himself, and remarked :

" Well, I'll be switched ! " Then he relighted his torch, and went on with his fishing. It was the same man that Lucien and Lillian had seen.

The boats went on and on. With brief intervals the negroes rowed all night long, but Dr. Gaston found no trace of his children. In sheer desperation, however, he kept on. The sun rose, and the negroes were still rowing. At nine o'clock in the morning the boats entered Ross's mill-pond. This Dr. Gaston knew was the end of his journey. If the boat had drifted into this pond, and been

was sailing overhead, taking their morning exercise. Everything seemed to be peaceful and serene. As he passed the dam on his way to the mill, Dr. Gaston saw that there was a heavy head of water, but possibly not enough to carry a large bateau over; still — the children were gone !

The puzzled look on the miller's face disappeared as Dr. Gaston approached.

" Well, the gracious goodness ! " he exclaimed. " Why, howdy, Doc.—howdy ! Why, I'm right down glad to see you. Whichever an' whichaway did you come ? "

" My little children are lost," said Dr. Gaston, shaking the miller's hand. The jolly smile on John Cosby's face disappeared as suddenly as if it had been wiped out with a sponge.

" Well, now, that's too bad — too bad," he exclaimed, looking at his own rosy-cheeked little ones standing near.

" They were in a bateau," said Dr. Gaston, " and I thought maybe they might have drifted down here and over the mill-dam."

The miller's jolly smile appeared again. " Oh, no, Doc.—no, no ! Whichever an' whichaway they went, they never went over that dam. In time of a freshet, the thing might be did; but not now. Oh, no ! Ef it lies betwixt goin' over that dam an' bein' safe, them babies is jest as safe an' soun' as mine is."

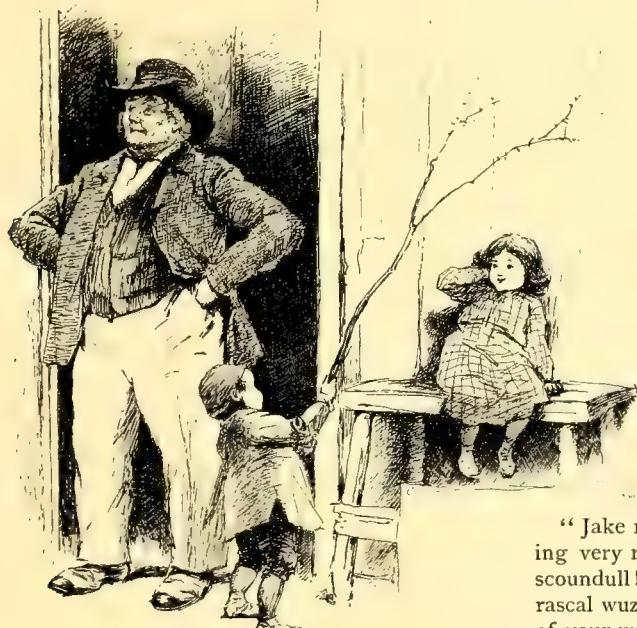
" I think," said Dr. Gaston, " that they started out to hunt Jake, my carriage-driver, who has run away."

" Jake run away ! " exclaimed Mr. Cosby, growing very red in the face. " Why, the impudent scoundrel ! Hit ain't bin three days sence the ole rascal wuz here. He come an' 'lowed that some of your wagons was a-campin' out about two mile from here, an' he got a bushel of meal, an' said that if you did n't pay me the money down I could take it out in physic. The impudent ole scoundrel ! An' he was jest as 'umble-come-tumble as you please—a-bowin' an' a-scrapin', an' a-howdydoin'."

But the old miller's indignation cooled somewhat when Dr. Gaston briefly told him of the incident which caused the old negro to run away.

" Hit sorter sticks in my gizzard," he remarked, " when I hear tell of a nigger hittin' a white man ; but I don't blame Jake much."

" And now," said Dr. Gaston, " I want to ask your advice. You are a level-headed man, and I want to know what you think. The children got in the boat, and came down the river. There is no doubt in my mind that they started on a wild-



THE MILLER AND HIS CHILDREN.

carried over the dam, the children were either drowned or crushed on the rocks below. If their boat had not entered the pond, then they had been rescued the day before by some one living near the river.

It was with a heavy heart that Dr. Gaston landed. And yet there were no signs of a tragedy anywhere near. John Cosby, the miller, fat and hearty, stood in the door of the mill, his arms akimbo, and watched the boats curiously. His children were playing near. A file of geese was marching down to the water, and a flock of pigeons

goose chase after Jake; but they are not on the river now, nor is the boat on the river. How do you account for that?"

"Well, Doc., if you want my naked beliefs about it, I'll give 'em to you, fa'r an' squar'. It's my beliefs that them youngsters have run up agin old Jake somewhar up the river, an' that they are jest as safe an' soun' as you is. Them's my beliefs."

"But what has become of the boat?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Old Jake is jest as cunning as any other nigger. He took an' took the youngsters out, an' arterwards he drewed the boat out on dry land. He rightly thought there would be pursuit, an' he did n't mean to be ketched."

"Then what would you advise me to do?" asked Dr. Gaston.

The old man scratched his head.

"Well, Doc., I'm a-talkin' in the dark, but it's my beliefs them youngsters 'll be at home before you can get there to save your life. Jake may not be there, but if he's found the boy an' gal, he'll carry em safe home. Now you mind what I tell you."

Dr. Gaston's anxiety was too great to permit him to put much confidence in the old miller's prediction. What he said seemed reasonable enough, but a thousand terrible doubts had possession of the father's mind. He hardly dared go home without the children. He paced up and down before the mill, a most miserable man. He knew not where to go or what to do.

Mr. Cosby, the miller, watched him awhile and shook his head. "If Doc. don't find them youngsters," he said to himself, "he'll go plum dee-distracted." But he said aloud :

"Well, Doc., you an' the niggers must have a breathing-spell. We'll go up to the house an' see ef we can't find somethin' to eat in the cubberd, an' arterwards, in the time you are restin', we'll talk about findin' the youngsters. If there's any needcessity, I'll go with you. My son John can run the mill e'en about as good as I can. We'll go up yan to 'Squire Ross's an' git a horse or two, an' we'll scour the country on both sides of the river. But you've got to have a snack of somethin' to eat, an' you've got to take a rest. Human natur' can't stand the strain."

Torn as he was by grief and anxiety, Dr. Gaston knew this was good advice. He gratefully accepted John Cosby's invitation to breakfast, as well as his offer to aid in the search for the lost children. After Dr. Gaston had eaten, he sat on the miller's porch and tried to collect his thoughts so as to be able to form some plan of search. While the two men were talking, they heard Big Sam burst out laughing. He laughed so loud and

heartily that Mr. Cosby grew angry, and went into the back yard to see what the fun was about. In his heart the miller thought the negroes were laughing at the food his wife had set before them, and he was properly indignant.

"Well, well," said he, "what's this I hear? Two high-fed niggers a-laughin' beca'se their master's little ones are lost and gone! And has it come to this? A purty pass, a mighty purty pass!" Both the negroes grew very serious at this.

"Mars' John, we-all was des projickin' wid one an'er. You know how niggers is w'en dey git nuff ter eat. Dey feel so good dey 'bleege ter holler."

Mr. Cosby sighed, and turned away. "Well," said he, "I hope niggers's got souls, but I know right p'int-blank that they ain't got no hearts."

Now, what was Big Sam laughing at?

He was laughing because he had found out where Lucien and Lillian were. How did he find out? In the simplest manner imaginable. Sandy Bill and Big Sam were sitting in Mr. Cosby's back yard eating their breakfast, while little Willyum was eating his in the kitchen. It was the first time the two older negroes had had an opportunity of talking together since they started from home the day before.

"Sam," said Sandy Bill, "did you see whar de chillun landed w'en we come 'long des a'ter sun-up dis mornin'?"

"Dat I did n't," said Sam, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand—"dat I did n't, an' ef I had I'd a hollered out ter marster."

"Dat w'at I wuz feared un," said Sandy Bill.

"Feared er what?" asked Big Sam.

"Feared you'd holler at marster ef you seed whar dey landed. Dat how come I ter run foul er yo' boat."

"Look yer, nigger man, you ain't done gone 'stracted, is you?"

"Shoo, chile! don't talk ter me 'bout gwine 'stracted. I got ez much sense ez Ole Zip Coon."

"Den why n't you tell marster? Ain't you done see how he troubled in he min'?"

"I done see dat, en it make me feel bad; but t'er folks got trouble, too, lots wuss'n marster."

"Is dey los' der chillun?"

"Yes—Lord! dey done los' eve'ybody. But marster ain't los' no chillun yit."

"Den wat we doin' way down yer?" asked Big Sam in an angry tone.

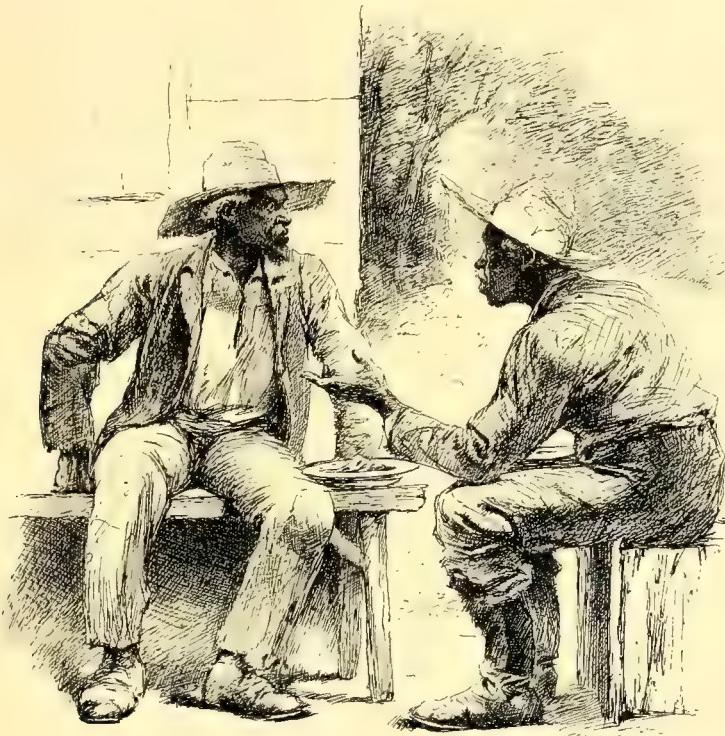
"Le'me tell you," said Sandy Bill, laying his hand on Big Sam's shoulder; "le'me tell you. Right cross dar fum whar I run foul er yo' boat is de biggest cane-brake in all creation."

"I know 'im," said Big Sam. "Dey calls 'im Hudson's cane-brake."

"Now you talkin'," said Sandy Bill. "Well, ef you go dar you 'll fin' right in de middle er dat cane-brake a heap er niggers dat you got 'quaintance wid—Randall Spivey, an' Crazy Sue, an' Cupid Mitchell, an' Isaiah Little—dey er all dar; an' ole man Jake, he dar too."

ter attracted the attention of Dr. Gaston and Mr. Cosby.

"Now, den," said Sandy Bill, after the miller had rebuked them and returned to the other side of the house, "now, den, ef I 'd 'a' showed marster whar dem chillun landed, en tolle 'im whar dey



"AN' OLE MAN JAKE, HE DAR TOO."

"Look yer, nigger," Sam exclaimed, "how you know?"

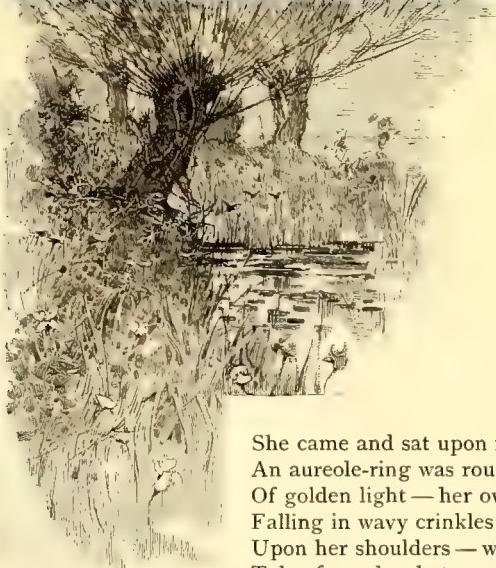
"I sent 'im dar. He come by me in de fiel' an' tole me he done kilt de overseer, an' I up an' tell 'im, I did, 'Make fer Hudson's cane-brake,' an' dar 's right whar he went."

It was at this point that Big Sam's hearty laugh-

wuz, he 'd 'a' gone 'cross dar, en seed dem niggers, an' by dis time nex' week ole Bill Locke's nigger-dogs would 'a' done run um all in jail. You know how marster is. He think kaze *he* treat his niggers right dat eve'ybody else treat der'n des dat a-way. But don't you worry 'bout dem chillun."

Was it possible for Sandy Bill to be mistaken?

(To be concluded.)



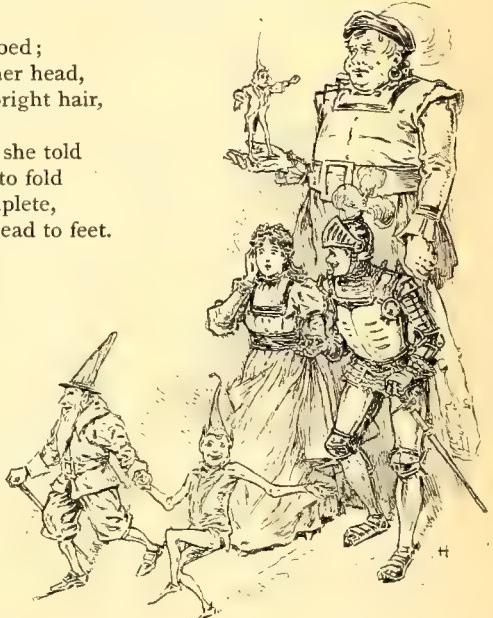
BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHEN purple dusk fell on the sea,
And the white moon looked in at me,
Where, wakeful and alone, I lay,
Watching unshapen shadows play
In huddling groups beneath the eaves;
And fears, that childish fancy weaves
Of airy nothing, banished sleep,
A step upon the stairway steep
Made gladness blossom out of fear; —
The step of my enchantress dear!

She came and sat upon my bed;
An aureole-ring was round her head,
Of golden light — her own bright hair,
Falling in wavy crinkles fair
Upon her shoulders — while she told
Tale after tale, that seemed to fold
My life in wonder-robes complete,
Wrapped in romance from head to feet.

She waved her wand; rare folk she knew
One after one came gliding through
The raftered attic's vista dim: —
What pencil could their portraits limn,
Their motley grouping? — Knights in mail,
And rescued ladies, lily-pale,
Fairy and giant, dwarf and sprite,
Walked in procession down the night.

Little Bo-Peep; Red Riding Hood;
The Babes that wandered in the wood;



Bold Humpty-Dumpty, hobbling after
 Hop o' my Thumb, with elfin laughter;
 And Mother Hubbard — dog and dame
 With slippers! Cinderella came;
 Jack trailed along his beanstalk vine;
 Aladdin and his lamp were mine;
 Briar-Rose, half-waked, smiled on her Prince—
 How tame are story people since!

The patchwork quilt that covered me
 Was like the enchanted tapestry



Of Eastern tales; for in my dreams
 I walked by unknown shores and streams,
 Where trees could talk, and magic lights
 Dropped splendor from the Arabian Nights.—
 She made the far-off seem so near!
 My golden-haired enchantress dear!

And more she stirred my fledgling wings,
 And led my flight to loftier things
 Than fairy-fancies ever shaped:
 From earth together we escaped,

And caught the glance, and heard the song
Of seraph and archangel strong,
And knew there was no near nor far:—
The world we lived on was a Star!

Her elf-land mists melt not away:
Their lambent tints around me play,
Now I am old. Her clear blue eye,
That seemed an opening to the sky —
The heaven that makes of earth a place
Worth living in, unfolding space
Of spirit-realms — it haunts me still,
Wakening the old ecstatic thrill.

She gave me what no queen could give;
Keys to the secret, How to Live.



Fancy is good, but faith is better:
I am to my enchantress debtor,
Whose doors swung wide to both. And she —
How did she find the way to me? —
God sent her hither, long before
I came: he taught sweet mother-lore
To sister-lips. Oh, dear and fair,
My sister with the shining hair!





THE BIRD THAT NEVER KNEW HE WAS CAUGHT.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"WHAT do you suppose he *can* be at?"

The little bird hopped and hopped
Around the spot where the artist sat
At his work, and never stopped.
Straight to the easel at last he flew;
Perched on the top without more ado,
With his quizzical little head on one side,
He asked (though of fright he nearly died),
"What *are* you trying to do?"

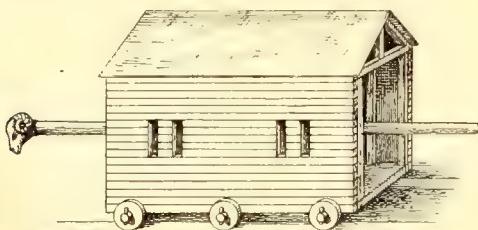
"I am trying," the artist politely said,
"To catch your lineaments, sir."—
Catch! 't was enough; the little bird fled,
Fast as he could, with a whiz and a whir,
Far up to the highest blue.
And his little laugh floated down as he flew,
For he cried in derision, "Ha, ha! catch *me*!"
But, nevertheless, he *was* caught, you see;—
Here he is, on this page, for you.



ANCIENT AND MODERN ARTILLERY.

BY LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON.

IN these days of wonderful cannon,—dynamite, Gatling and machine guns,—we are likely to forget the contrivances used by the soldiers of ancient times for throwing projectiles great distances, or for battering down walls;—or if we think of the matter at all, it is with considerable scorn when



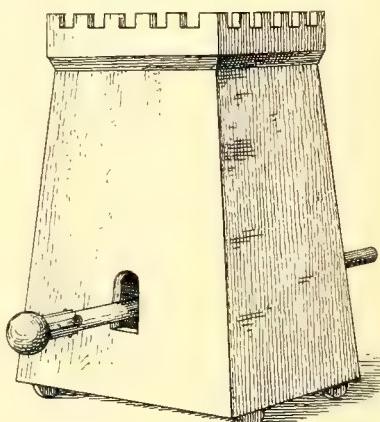
A BATTERING-RAM.

we compare them, as we must do, with the great and powerful guns of modern times. Nevertheless, the machines used by the ancients for warlike purposes were very powerful, quite ingenious, and to some extent even wonderful. Let us consider them for a moment before turning to the great guns of the present time.

In its widest and truest sense, the word Artillery is used to designate every engine of war for use on the field of battle in throwing projectiles or battering down walls. The first and earliest mention of them in history is found in the Bible, where, in II. Chronicles, chapter xxvi., verse 15, it is recorded that Uzziah, King of Judah, made engines to be put on towers and to discharge stones. The simplest engines used were battering-rams, for destroying the walls of towns and cities. These battering-rams were so called from the habit of the ram to butt with its head, which mode of attack was imitated by the engine of war. The technical name for a battering-ram was Belier, and the rams were of three general classes. The first were quite rude, and consisted only of a large strong beam with its front end, or head, covered with iron. A number of soldiers carried this beam on their shoulders toward a wall, and when they rushed forward, the iron head of the beam would strike with great force against the masonry. But of course the beam could not be very large, or it would be too heavy to carry; so the second class came into use. A long beam was fixed securely several feet from the ground on two or more sup-

ports, and from this beam was loosely suspended a much larger and heavier one with an iron head. This machine was placed close against the wall, and the suspended beam, being drawn back and then released, would swing forward with great force. The third class cost the most, and was, of course, more powerful than the others. In this, the beam was mounted on a number of little wheels, which traveled in grooved tracks laid for them, leading up to the wall. It can readily be seen that in this class the beam could be made of any size or weight, and that when pushed by a large number of strong soldiers, the enormous machine would travel with great velocity and strike the wall with terrible force. But the defenders on the top of the wall could easily throw down darts and arrows to kill the soldiers, and great rocks or bowlders to crush the rams. So the besiegers and the ram were protected by a strong roof and walls which were fastened to the axles of the little wheels and thus always covered the ram and the soldiers, since the cover traveled with the machine, and indeed was part of it.

As to the power of these engines of war, history has preserved for us several very interesting examples. The Emperor Vespasian, during the siege of Jerusalem, built a ram having a brass head as large as ten men. It was armed with



A BATTERING-RAM AND TOWER.

twenty-five horns, each the size of a man's body, while the weight of the beam was 150,000 pounds, that is, seventy-five tons, or about three times the height of an ordinary locomotive. It took three hundred pairs of mules to draw it, and fifteen hundred men to operate it. Now, the momentum or moving power

of a body is measured by the product of its weight and its velocity. Therefore if this ram, when worked against a wall of stone, was moved at the rate of two feet a second (a moderate estimate), its force on striking the wall would be 300,000 pounds, which would be exactly the same as the force exerted by a weight of 300,000 pounds in falling from a height of one foot. That is, it would exert greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860. These battering-rams were probably as effective in knocking down a wall or staving in the side of a ship as the best modern cannon, but for making a breach, the guns are far superior. Such was the solidity and thickness of the walls of Jerusalem that, Josephus tells us, it took all of one night for this battering-ram to dislodge four stones !

Vitruvius has left us the description of a ram weighing 480,000 pounds; but probably the most celebrated of all the ancient moving-tower rams was that constructed by Demetrius Poliorcetes at the siege of Rhodes. The base of the tower was seventy-five feet square. The ram itself was an assembly of large square beams resting on wheels in size proportioned to the weight of the structure, and all riveted together with iron. The felloes of the wheels were three feet thick and strengthened with iron plates. From each of the four angles of the tower a large pillar of wood was carried up to a height of 150 feet, and these pillars were inclined toward one another. The tower had three stories, communicating by two staircases each. Three sides of the machine were plated with iron to protect them against fire. In front of each story there were loop-holes, screened by leather curtains, to keep out darts, arrows, etc. Each story was provided with machines for throwing large stones and darts; and in the lower story was the ram itself, thirty fathoms long, and fashioned at the end into an iron beak, or prow. The entire machine was moved forward by 3500 soldiers.

But it can easily be understood that among so many men some must be more or less exposed to the enemy's darts and arrows; and so, to drive the enemy from the walls and open places, to break the roofs of his houses, and otherwise annoy him, machines were necessary for throwing missiles, from small darts up to huge boulders. All these were included under the general name, Tormenta; and the catapult may be said to have been the Gatling gun, and the Ballista, the siege cannon of the ancients; while the Onager, the Scorpion, the Trebuchet, the Mangonel, and others variously named, all were varieties of one or another of these classes. They received special names because it was fancied they possessed some characteristic of the animal after which they were named.

Thus, the Onager is the wild ass of the desert, which kicks up showers of small stones with its hind feet when pursued; and the machine called the Onager flung showers of small stones by a sort of kicking action. The Scorpion flung showers of poisoned darts. All varieties of the Catapult flung showers of small stones, darts, arrows, javelins, etc., while all varieties of the Ballista flung but one large stone, or large dart, at a time or single discharge. But the motive power was the same in all, and was obtained either from weights or from springs, made of cords of hide or sinews, stretched or drawn back by levers. The power thus produced was sometimes very great. Weights as great as 1200 pounds could be thrown a distance of 800 yards. Think of that,—a power great enough to throw a big horse a distance of over half a mile! It is surprising, is it not?

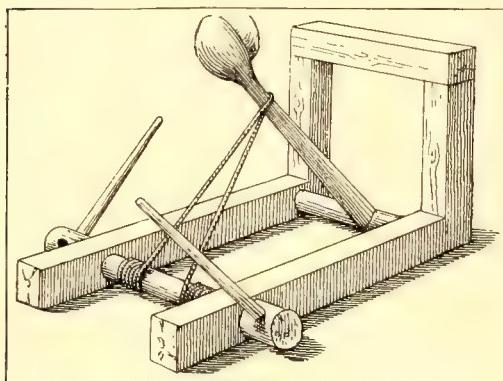
These machines were carried about with the armies; but often the largest were built before the besieged walls; and when the army moved away these were taken apart and transported in pieces. Besides throwing great stones, the ballista was often used to hurl fire-pots and red-hot iron balls over the walls into the city, to set fire to it. The fire-pots were filled with resin and the wonderful composition known as Greek fire. This latter was made of naphtha, pitch, and sulphur; and, once lighted, it could not be put out, even by water. It was used against fleets; and the whole surface of a harbor was sometimes covered with the blazing mixture, so that vessels could escape it only by sailing away.

Notwithstanding the great force with which the ballista and catapult threw projectiles, there was wonderful accuracy in their aim. Josephus tells us that he himself saw the head of a man taken off and carried more than six hundred yards by a large stone thrown from a ballista. Again, it is told that during the siege of Palmyra, the Emperor Aurelian, on visiting the outer trenches of his army, was exposed to a storm of fierce invective and bitter sarcasm from the garrison assembled on the walls. One of the enemy was particularly exasperating. A soldier in charge of a catapult offered to rid the emperor of the foul-mouthed fellow. The emperor consented, the catapult was discharged, and a huge arrow going swift and straight to the mark, hit the man in the breast and passed through his body, killing him instantly.

Now let us pass at once over two thousand years, and consider the wonderful artillery of modern times.

So great and marvelous are the powers and the effects of gunpowder and the huge cannon of to-day, that it seems hard to decide which wonder

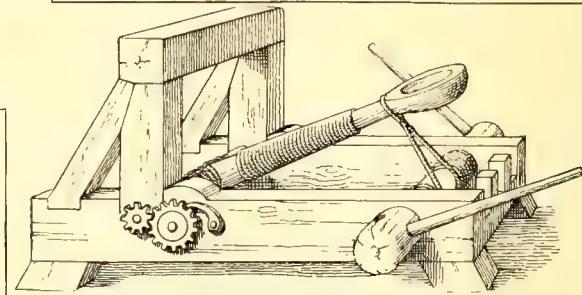
I should first describe. Let us commence with "machine-guns," as they are termed. These are guns which, by means of mechanism or machinery,



rapidly discharge a great many bullets. The best, as well as the earliest, machine-guns, are American inventions. The Gatling gun is the invention of Dr. Gatling, a citizen of Hartford, Conn., where also the manufactory is situated. It consists of a number of rifle-barrels—generally ten—arranged around a central shaft. At the rear of the barrels is a casing of metal containing the breech mechanism. One man holds a case containing cartridges over an aperture of the casing, and they drop in and fit themselves in the barrels. Another turns a crank which revolves and thereby operates the mechanism inside, so that as each barrel comes underneath, it is discharged, and the empty cartridge-shell thrown out. When the man turns the crank twice around he has discharged all the barrels; and as he can turn the crank, if he be adroit, two or three times a second, it is possible to discharge as many as one thousand shots a minute. Of course no gun can be fired so rap-

erick the Great of Prussia could load and fire six times a minute. As there are one thousand men in a regiment, it will be seen that six of these guns, requiring only five men each—thirty, all told—to operate them, could do as much firing as one thousand men, one hundred years ago. Indeed, the amount of work accomplished is much greater, since the Gatling gun throws its leaden bullets a thousand yards, and kills at that distance, while the old flint-lock of the Prussians was useless for any range greater than two hundred yards.

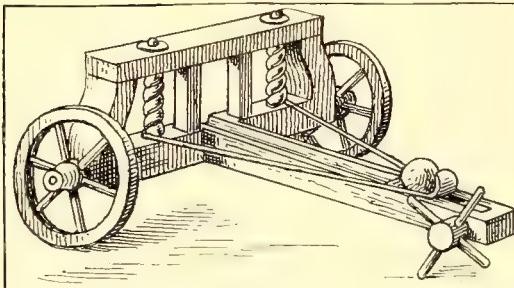
The Nordenfeldt and Gardner guns are machine-guns in which the barrels are horizontal and



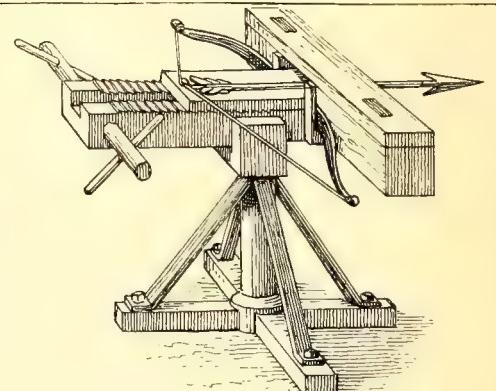
BALISTAE.

in one plane, instead of mounted together in cylindrical form as in the Gatling. But the most wonderful gun of all is the Maxim gun. This is actually a weapon that loads and shoots by itself. Think of how astonished the ancients would have been if suddenly confronted with one of these machines, a half-mile away from them, striking down their men with imperceptible missiles!

It is well known by every boy that when he fires a gun or pistol it gives a backward jump. This is called the "recoil," or, as the boys term it, the "kick"; and it is this force that is made use of in the Maxim gun. The gun consists,

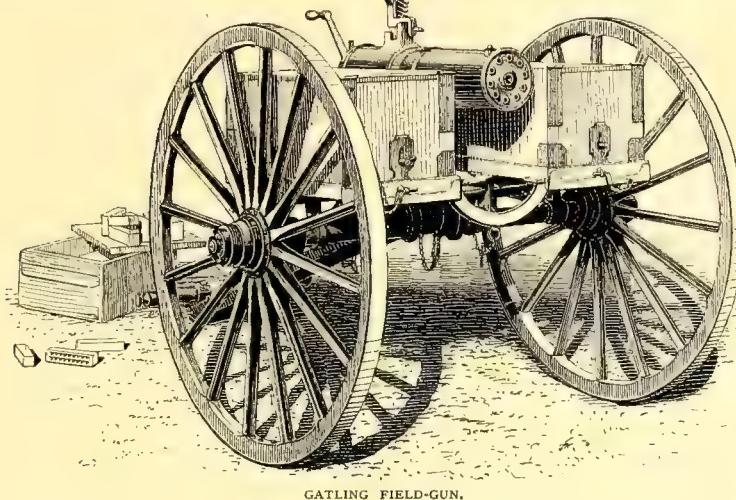


idly very long, for the barrels would get too hot, and all the parts become so fouled with soot and gas as to jam together. Only a century ago, it was thought wonderful that a regiment in the army of Fred-



CATAPULTS.

unlike the rest, of but a single barrel breech mechanism. A long strip cartridges is put in position, the released against the first cartridge,



GATLING FIELD-GUN.

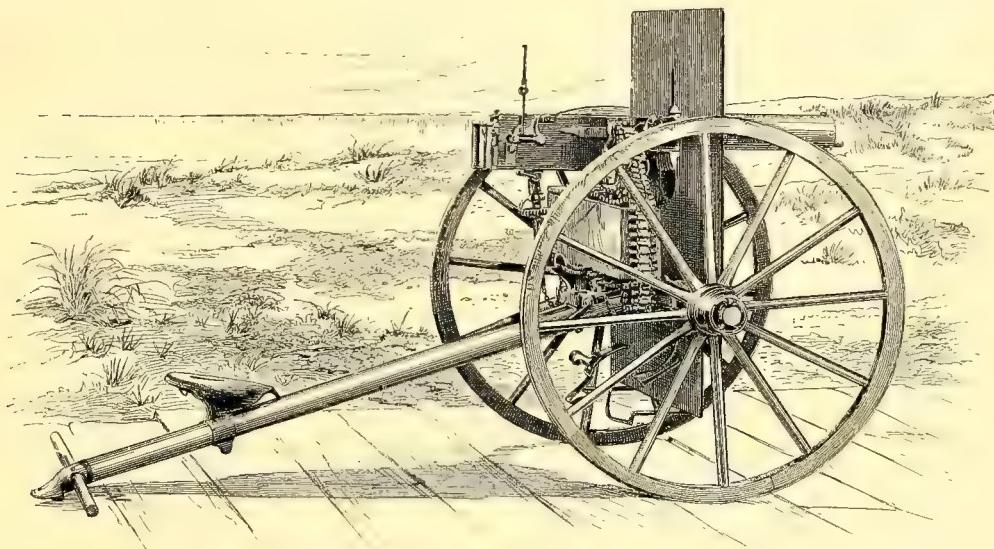
cartridge is thus fired. The recoil strikes a pin, which puts another cartridge in position, fires it and casts out the old shell, and the next recoil is utilized in the same way. This is repeated until all the cartridges are gone. It is possible to fire as many as 666 cartridges, only the first having to be fired by hand; the gun automatically discharges all the rest.

The famous Mitrailleuse, used by the French in

the Franco-Prussian war, fired eighty-five cartridges at once; but they all went nearly to the same mark, and, once discharged, it required some time to load the gun. The new machine-guns have a motion from side to side, so that their fire sweeps over a wide stretch of ground and is practically continuous. Going a step further, we have what are called revolving cannon, as the famous Hotchkiss—another American invention. These are cannon similar to huge revolvers, and throw shells from a half-pound up to thirty-two pounds in weight, and discharge five to twelve shots a minute.

All cannon are divided into these general classes: 1st. Field-guns, or cannon which are light and can be carried about by an

army wherever it goes. These rarely throw shells of over eighteen pounds in weight. 2d. Siege-guns, which are too large to be moved rapidly, but still may be carried from place to place in special wagons, cars, or boats constructed for them, and used in laying siege to places. These throw shot or shell from eighteen up to two hundred pounds in weight. 3d. Sea-coast guns, or permanent guns. These are too large to be



MAXIM FIELD-GUN.

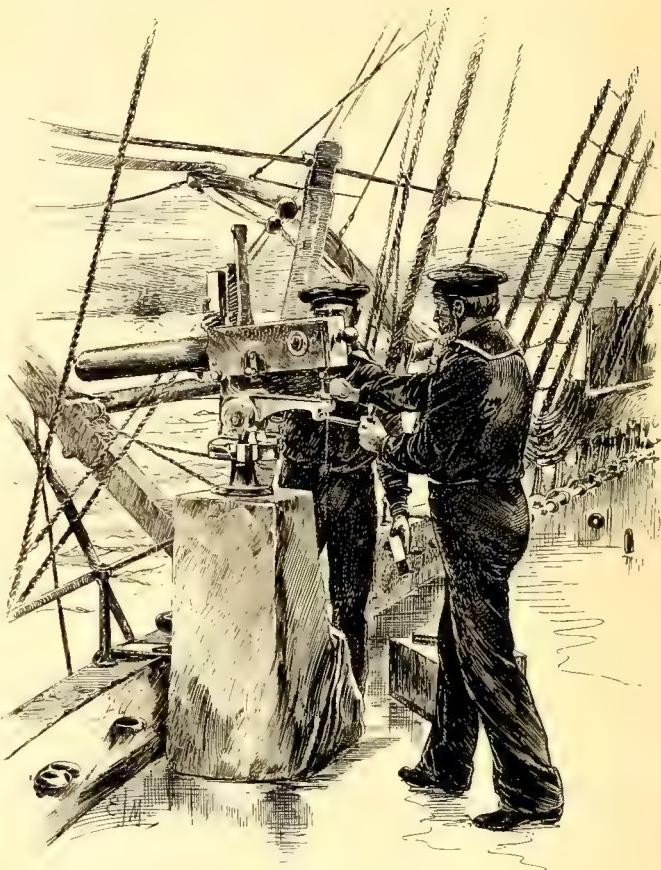
moved about, and are mounted on special carriages in sea-coast or other large forts. They throw projectiles of from 100 pounds up to 3300 pounds, and require the aid of steam and electricity in loading and firing.

As an example of field-guns, a new gun which has just been made for the United States army is perhaps the finest in the world. It is made of steel, and weighs less than eight hundred pounds. It is mounted on a steel carriage and throws a thirteen-pound shell, requiring a charge of three and one-quarter pounds of powder. It will throw this shell, which is a little more than three inches in diameter, over seven thousand yards—that is, about four miles—with terrific power and wonderful accuracy.

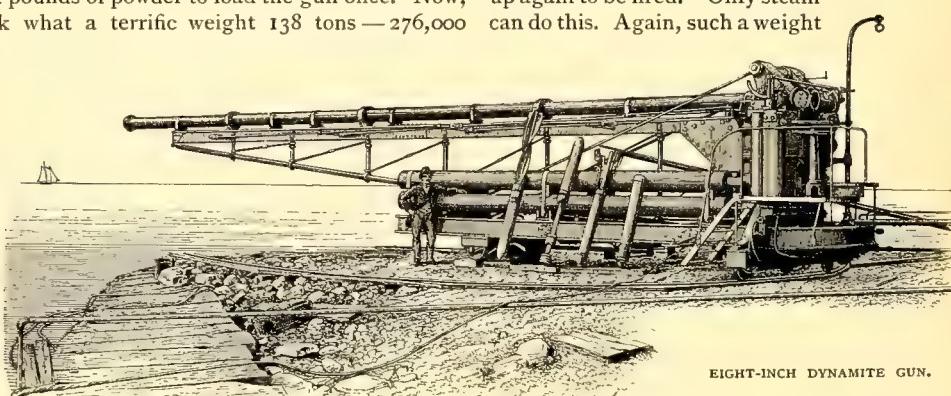
As yet, in the United States, we have no siege or sea-coast guns which will compare favorably with the huge monsters found in European countries. There are a few in the navy, and it will not be long before we shall have in the army many guns which will be quite as good as anything of the kind abroad, and perhaps even better.

I said that these huge guns require steam and electricity to operate them. Let us see. Some of these enormous steel shells weigh 3300 pounds—about equal to the weight of three horses. They are six feet high, and as large around as a man. The gun which fires them is called a 138-ton gun, because it weighs 138 tons. It requires one thousand pounds of powder to load the gun once. Now, think what a terrific weight 138 tons—276,000

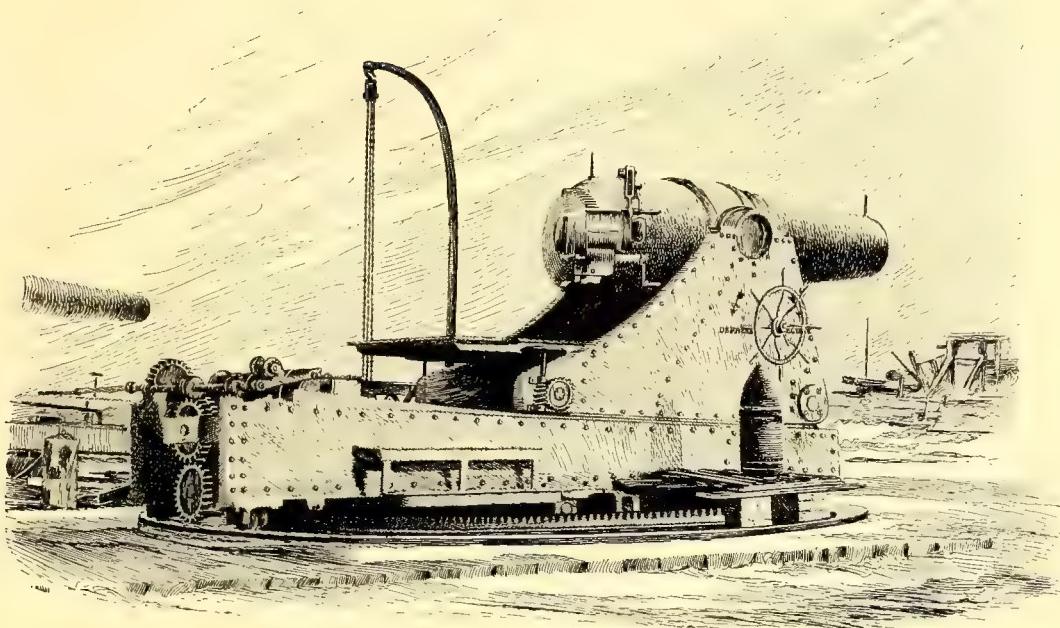
pounds—is to move about. Yet, to aim the gun, it must be moved about. And as it takes some time to load it, all the gunners would be picked off by sharp-shooters if they were not protected. So the gun has to be moved down behind a safe wall or rampart while it is loaded, and then raised up again to be fired. Only steam can do this. Again, such a weight



GARDNER GUN ON DECK.



EIGHT-INCH DYNAMITE GUN.



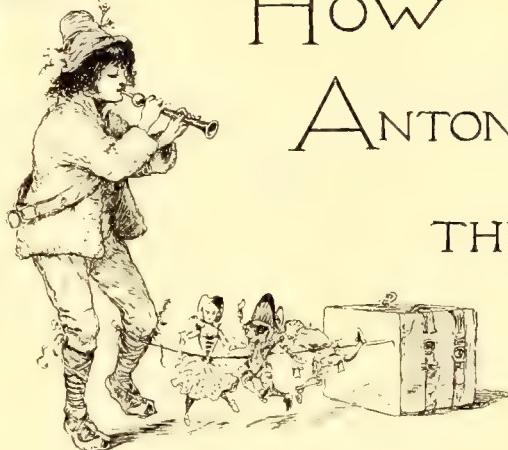
UNITED STATES 12-INCH RIFLED MORTAR: SHELL, 630 LBS.; CHARGE, 35 LBS.; RANGE, 5½ MILES.

as 3300 pounds of steel and 1000 pounds of powder can be lifted and inserted in the gun only by the help of steam. The noise of the discharge and the danger of exploding 1000 pounds of powder are so great that it is not safe for a man to fire one of these huge guns close by, as he could fire a small one. So electricity is brought into play, and the powder ignited by means of the electric spark.

Now, let us measure the power of these huge machines. A foot-ton is the force with which one ton raised one foot, and then let fall, would strike the ground; or the force with which one pound raised two thousand feet from the ground would exert in falling that distance. Now, the force, or energy, exerted by a projectile from one of these huge guns is more than 57,000 foot-tons at a distance of 1000 yards from the gun. Very few of us can understand what a tremendous power this is; but if we were to take the Obelisk in Central Park, and carry it bodily to the very top of the spire on Trinity Church, and then let it fall, it would strike Broadway with far less force; still it would be sufficient to crush any building on which it should

happen to fall. These great guns, if they could be given the proper elevation on board ship,—that is, if the construction of war-ships allowed the muzzle of the gun to be pointed upward sufficiently,—could throw their shells from far outside of Coney Island into the heart of New York City, to crush whatever the missile might strike. Yet this distance is over twelve miles. If one such projectile could retain the velocity with which it leaves the gun,—2000 feet a second,—it would reach the moon, 270,000 miles distant, in eight days. Yet, wonderful as are these guns, the limit of their power is not yet reached; and in a few years more, the present weapons will appear small beside the new ones to be constructed. Before long there will be guns to fire shells charged with dynamite or other high explosives, so that nothing can withstand the bursting shells.

These guns will add to the horrors of war, but some philosophers are of the opinion that it is only by making war so frightful that human beings cannot endure its terrors, that the Millennium will be brought about.



How ANTONIO SAVED THE KING

BY ELISABETH ABERCROMBIE.

I SUPPOSE there is hardly a little boy or girl throughout our land who has not heard the name of Frederick the Great.

He was born in Berlin more than one hundred and fifty years ago, but, although he lived in a palace and was the son of a king, there are few people in the world more miserably unhappy than he was for the first twenty-five years of his life.

From boyhood, he had the great misfortune to be hated, instead of loved, by his father, who was cruel, despotic, and violent (if not of unsound mind), and so this poor young Frederick was a witness of many strange scenes within the palace walls.

In the middle of his dinner, plates were sometimes hurled at his head; occasionally he was even kicked and dragged round the room by the hair, and once the old king, finding his son practicing upon the flute, in a rage snatched the instrument away and snapped it in two across the astonished boy's shoulders!

I have not time to tell you all the cruel things this unnatural father did to his son, but, at last, matters became so unpleasant at home that the young prince resolved to run away.

Being overtaken, however, he was thrust into prison; and, more cruel than all, he was compelled to watch from a window in the prison the execution of the kind young friend who helped him to make his escape!

At the age of twenty-eight, the old king having died, Frederick himself became King of Prussia.

Up to this time he had never been allowed to have anything to do with the government of his country, but had occupied himself in studying the language and literature of France and in writing books.

Now his pen was laid aside for the sword, and he busied himself in building up the power of his kingdom. All his energies were given to this end.

He was so industrious that he worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four. He was so frugal — as far as he himself was concerned — that he wore the same old snuffy yellow waistcoat year after year, and when he died he was actually buried in his valet's shirt, because he did not possess a presentable one of his own!

But, although he left no rich garments behind him, he left something better, I think, — a name. He had become Frederick the Great!

He had increased his armies, his territories, and the number of his subjects. He had built magnificent palaces, in which members of the royal family of Prussia are living at the present day.

He had encouraged the arts and sciences, had approved freedom rather than tyranny among his people, and had permitted no persecution on account of religion.

Our own Washington aroused his heartiest admiration. In proof of this, he sent a Prussian sword

of honor to Mount Vernon, with the inscription, "From the oldest General to the Greatest."

It was this famous king, then, whose life was once saved by the devotion of a little boy whom the king befriended, and this is how it happened.

One winter, when the Prussian troops were stationed in Dresden, during the Seven Years' War, the king made it his habit to walk out every morning on the terrace along the river bank.

He was pacing back and forth one day, according to his usual custom, when a wretched-looking little boy stopped before him. The child was a ragged little fellow, and held in his arms a box almost as big as himself.

"Oh, sir, wouldn't you like to see my marionettes?" asked the boy in his simple fashion.

"Antonio, sir," was the answer. "I am a Savoyard. The marionettes are from Savoy, too. We go through the world together, and when we have earned enough money to live on, we are going home again, and then I hope that I can learn to play on the flute!"

"Are you so anxious, then, to become a musician?" asked the king, more and more drawn to the child.

Such a look of longing came over the little upturned face, that it was pitiful to see it.

"I always practice on my willow whistle," said Antonio; "but that's not like a real instrument, you know. A real flute costs too much for me," he added, with a sigh.

Perhaps the king remembered how much pleas-



"OH, SIR, WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO SEE MY MARIONETTES?" ASKED THE BOY IN HIS SIMPLE FASHION."

The king, smiling, asked if they were in that box.

"Yes, and they can perform very well. They can dance; shall I show them to you, sir?" eagerly repeated the boy.

The king gently shook his head. He had no wish to see the marionettes, but the little boy interested him, and the king asked his name.

ure he himself had found in his flute when a boy. At all events, he said:

"Well, Antonio, if you are industrious and will prove that you really wish to learn, you shall be taught by a thoroughly good teacher, and by and by you shall have a flute of your own to keep. How will that do?"

You may imagine how happy the little Savoyard was at that. Seizing the king's hand in his small brown paws he kissed it again and again, and then an appointment was made for him to come to the palace the next day, in order that the whole matter might be arranged.

The next morning Antonio walked into the courtyard of the palace with pride and happiness in his heart.

He was taken in charge by the Court *Capelmeister*, who had been given orders to see whether the child really possessed any musical talent.

His report was most favorable, and from that day Antonio had his heart's desire.

He studied well, and made such progress that soon he was allowed to play daily before the king.

All this kindness aroused the deepest gratitude within the boy's heart. He almost worshiped the king, and longed to give proof of his devotion.

Strangely enough an opportunity came in a very short time.

One evening Antonio noticed an unusual amount of whispering among the servants of the palace, who seemed to be holding a consultation.

Feeling sure that something must be wrong, he took care to rise early the next morning, and to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, where he could see without being seen.

He had a long time to wait, but at last he saw one of the cooks coming by with a folded paper in his hand. At first he thought it a letter; but it was very curious that when the man opened it a fine white powder came sifting out, and fell straight into a pot of chocolate that happened to be standing

on the table, ready to

be carried in to

King Frederick.

Out came the
little Savoyard
from his dark

corner, and in a state of the greatest excitement rushed off to the king's apartment.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped, forgetting his manners and the respect due the presence of the king. "Oh, sir, do mind what I say—refuse the chocolate this morning. It will kill you—they have put poison in it—I saw them—I saw them!"

Then, as calmly as he could, Antonio told his story to the king, and as he ended breakfast came in.

At almost the same moment came a general to hold a council with his majesty. The king greeted him with tranquillity. No one would have known he had just learned of a plot against his life.

Presently the servant poured out a cup of chocolate and offered it to the king.

Frederick eyed him so sharply that the man trembled and grew pale.

"What ails you?" asked his master in a quiet voice. "Are you ill?"

"No, your majesty—but—I—I—"

"Possibly if you drink a cup of this warm chocolate it may do you good," cried the king.

The servant threw himself at the king's feet.

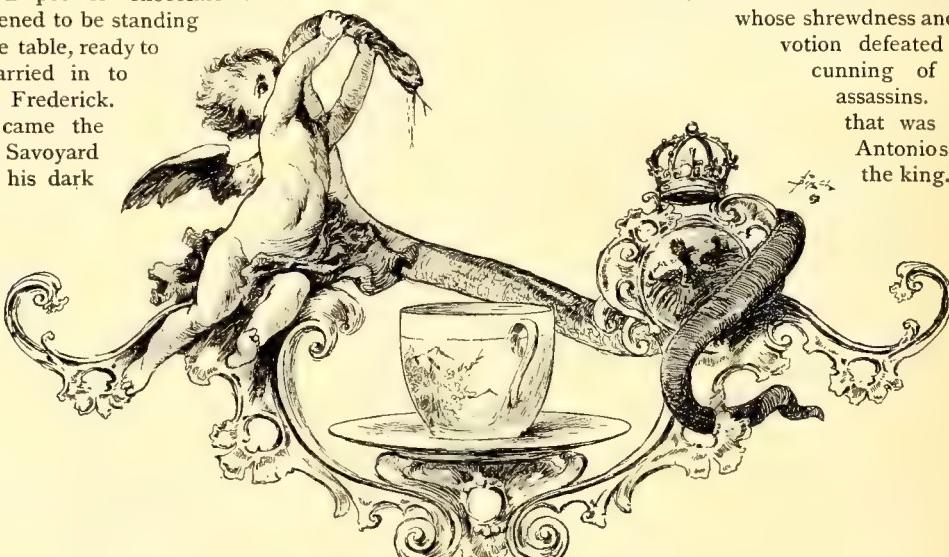
"Mercy, your majesty; mercy!" he cried.

"Wretched man!" answered the king. "This cup is poisoned!—"

The man protested that the powder would only have made his majesty unconscious, that it would have done no real harm. For answer, the king gave the chocolate to a dog. The poor brute had scarcely taken it, when it began to suffer, and soon was dead. The servant then confessed.

The king's charity to the helpless Savoyard

had made for himself a friend
whose shrewdness and de-
votion defeated the
cunning of the
assassins. And
that was how
Antonio saved
the king.



Wollen Sie nicht von meinen Blumen kaufen?



PICTURES FOR LITTLE GERMAN READERS. NO. VI.

THE COB FAMILY AND RHYMING EBEN.

BY FANNY M. JOHNSON.

Two little girls, Amelia and Nettie, and their brother Chris, lived with their parents in a small brown house under the shadow of a mountain. They had few playthings, for this was a quarter of a century ago, and in New England. They had never even dreamed of a rocking-horse, a velocipede, nor a wax-doll,—and had never seen a Christmas-tree!

Their playthings were wooden blocks—which served as pupils when they “kept school”—and

such trifles as country children can find in the woods and pastures or about the farm.

“Father, the Indian meal is ‘most gone,’ said their mother, one day.

“Well,” replied their father, “I’ll shell some out to-day, and sled it in to mill to-morrow.”

In so quiet a home, corn-shelling was diversion for the children, and, besides, there was always a big pile of corn-cobs, material for building cob-houses on the floor; or, still better, the two girls

could make corn-cob dolls. The dolls had neither arms nor legs, it is true; but imagination easily supplied these.

While one sister ran for the box of calico-scrap, the other found her work-box and also picked from the hearth some nice sharp bits of charcoal to draw the dolls' faces.

"Don't get in your father's way!" said the mother. So the little ones settled down in the corner beyond the tall clock.

Their mother brought a wash-tub and set beside it an old chair without a back. Upon the chair she put an old barn-shovel, its edge projecting over the tub. Then the dry corn was carried in.

A cushion was put over the shovel on the chair, and upon this their father sat, scraping the kernels of corn from the cobs by drawing them firmly over the edge of the shovel.

The corn rattled merrily into the tub, and the discarded cobs soon formed a large pile. The children crept from their corner and picked up the cobs. The little girls made dolls, while their brother preferred to build cob-houses.

"Make me an Injun doll, 'Melia, won't you?" said Chris. "I'm going to build a fort, and I must have an Injun to put on guard."

"Well, go out in the chicken-house and bring me in some feathers and I will," said Amelia.

"Nettie, you go, please," suggested Chris.

Nettie was generally the one who went. It was the penalty she paid for being always good-natured and willing.

She brought back a fine bunch of feathers; short white feathers from the old setting-hen's nest, gray and speckled plumes from the Cochin's perch, and splendid, long, black and green feathers with blue and gold flashes of light in them, that old "King Cole," the rooster, had distributed about the poultry-yard.

A large cob was selected for the Indian sachem. The knob at the end of the cob was painted by Amelia in her fiercest style, for the savage's face. The tallest feathers were fastened for a head-dress at the top-knot, and a piece of rabbit-skin, dressed with the fur on, was swathed around the figure for a blanket. When all was done Chris was highly pleased with this representation of an Indian chief.

Nettie had been busy dressing a large family of cob-dolls in baggy dresses of various hues of calico, made of straight pieces of cloth sewed with a single seam, and one drawing-thread to designate the neck, and another the waist-line. Amelia, the artist, finished them by supplying the charcoal features and sewing a bright flannel turban about the top in lieu of hair.

In the meantime the cob-pile was growing to

great dimensions, and the corn kernels rattled and showered into the tub.

"Now, let's make a 'party doll,'" said Amelia, "and dress her in our tissue-paper."

A few sheets of colored tissue-paper that had been given them by an aunt were among their choicest treasures. The making of a dress from their finest blue tissue, and a cloak and scarf of the pink, kept the little girls busy till late in the afternoon. They were aroused from the pleasing work, at last, by the opening of the kitchen door, and by Chris's exclamation:

"Oh, here's Eben!"

The corn-scraping stopped for a minute, the mother laid aside her knitting to offer the caller a chair, and the children all jumped up with delight and ran toward an odd-looking man who entered the room, and, swinging a laden bag from his shoulders, set it upon the floor.

He was a man between fifty and sixty years of age, tall, but prematurely bent forward by much stooping, and climbing, and carrying of burdens among the mountains. When he took off his coon-skin cap a shock of thick, curly gray hair stood up straight all over his head. His clothes were clean, but patched and re-patched to the last degree, and his trousers were tucked into a pair of stout, home-made boots that came to his knees. He had a long, thin face, the expression of which would have been very solemn but for a good-natured twinkle of the eyes. This man lived alone in a house that he had built upon the mountain, and, for reasons that will soon appear, the children thought him the most entertaining and delightful person of their acquaintance.

He took the chair that Mrs. Jones offered him, and answered her civil inquiries as to his health, explaining that he had been to the village to buy a supply of sugar and flour. Then suddenly turning to the children, who were waiting to be noticed, he exclaimed:

"How do you do, my little man,
And lasses, how are you?
I've made some maple-sugar cakes,
And brought you down a few."

He produced a package from his frock pocket as he spoke, and gave it to the delighted children, who eagerly divided the blocks of sugar it contained and began to nibble them. This advance encouraged Chris to climb up on the visitor's knee and ask:

"Have you found anything more out in the woods, Eben?"

Without a moment's hesitation Eben went on:

"I hunting went the other day,
Among a ledge of rocks;
I pulled a pile of brush away,
And found a wounded fox."

"Oh, did you find a fox, Eben,—a real, live fox? And did it run away?"

"The critter could n't run, you see,
Because its feet were lame;
I bagged and took it home with me,
And mean to make it tame,"

Eben answered, without relaxing a muscle of his solemn face.

"What else did you find in the woods?" quizzed Chris.

"I found a rabbit in a trap,
And thought I'd better kill it.
'T was fat and nice for rabbit soup;
I cooked it in my skillet."

"Have you a lot of tame things at your house now?" asked Amelia, with open-eyed admiration of Eben's wonderful powers.

"I have a pair of pussy-cats,—
One little and one big,—
A fox, a coon, a nest of rats,
A woodchuck, and a pig,"

was the instant reply.

"I wish you would take me home with you, Eben, and let me see them," said Chris.

The mud is quite too deep just now,
It's deeper than your foot;
The mountain is a perfect slough—
I'll prove it by my boot,"

said Eben, pointing to the dried mud on his boots, which reached half-way up his boot-leg.

"Come, children, you must n't bother Eben any more now," said Mrs. Jones. "I'm going to get him some supper."

The corn-shelling was finished by this time, and while their mother cleared up the kitchen, Eben helped their father transfer the shelled corn from the tub to a large meal-bag. He held the bag while Mr. Jones dipped the corn into it with a wooden measure. By the time this was done, and the tub and baskets carried away, Mrs. Jones had the table laid for supper. During the meal, Eben talked to the elder people with great sense and becoming gravity, taking no further notice of the children, and making no rhymes at the table.

But while their mother was clearing away the supper dishes the children again took possession of Eben, and coaxed him over to the corner of the kitchen, where they had carefully laid away the cob dolls behind the clock.

"This is our Cob family," whispered timid Nettie, leaning her little flaxen head against the old man's rough coat, "and we'd like you to name them all."

Eben looked tenderly at the gentle child; then the twinkle came back to his eyes again as he picked up the nearest doll—a staring cob effigy in yellow turban and brown calico.

"This dame with her head in a yellow knob,
Her mouth is a streak, her nose is a daub,
I will name her Madame Mehitable Cob,"

he pronounced.

"This one next," said Nettie eagerly, holding up the "party doll."

"Beautiful damsels, haughty and vain,
With a paper cloak and a ball-room train,
I name you Amanda-Eldora-Jane,"

quickly repeated the rhymer.

"Now, name these two," begged Amelia, selecting two small dolls in blue-checked jackets.

"These two little cobs, not bigger than pins
(From the shape of their faces they must be twins),
Their names shall be Samson and Solomon Binns,"

the impromptu poet rattled off.

"Name my Indian doll!" cried Chris.

"Tacoma-Tecumseh, Tribe-of-the-Pyes,
Sachem of midgets and king of the flies,
Chief-of-the-tribe-without-any-eyes,"

said the old man, rising and shouldering his sack of flour.

"Oh, don't go! don't go yet!" cried all the children in chorus. "You have n't named half of the Cob family."

"But, my dear little folk, I can't name any more,
Don't you see the moon shine on the kitchen floor?
And I should have been home two good hours before,"

responded Eben, opening the kitchen door.

"Children, you must n't bother Eben so, I tell you," said Mother Jones, "and it's time for you all to go to bed."

The three children stood in the doorway and watched their delightful visitor toiling up the mountain path with the sack over his shoulders till a turn of the road hid him from view. Then their mother called them in to go to bed, and in half an hour the little brown house was perfectly still and the kitchen was deserted of all except the Cob family, who lay staring up speechlessly in the moonlight on the clean pine floor.

THE STORY OF A DOLL-HOUSE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



THE "DOWNTAIRS" OF THE DOLL-HOUSE.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, a little brother and sister had a play-house in a cupboard. It was a sheet-closet; and on the upper shelves were piled great rolls of home-spun linen, with bunches of lavender between their smooth folds to make them smell sweet. The two lower shelves belonged to the children, and there, for a while, their toys and boxes were neatly arranged side by side, and pictures were tacked up on the walls.

Boys are not so careful and orderly in their ways as little girls, and by and by the brother began to store all kinds of queer things in the play-house: bits of stick fit for whittling; an old dog-collar for which he had traded his jack-knife; pieces of string and fishing-line; a rusty key; and many other odds and ends, such as little boys love to gather together in their comings and goings.

It worried the little girl to have all these things littered about on their neat shelves; and the mother, as she sat in her cushioned rocking-chair,

with her basket of sewing at the nursery window, saw it all, and felt sorry for the little daughter. So, one day after the children had started for school with their books tucked under their arms, and two red apples and some gingerbread in their baskets, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went down the street to the carpenter's. She described to the carpenter exactly what she wanted, and he said:

"Yes, yes; yes, ma'am. A slanting roof, and six windows; yes, ma'am. And a wooden standard; yes, ma'am. I will have it done for you next week."

And next week the carpenter's boy brought something to the house on a wheelbarrow, while the children were away at school.

It was a play-house: a large play-house, a play-house with two chimneys and real glass windows. It was two stories high, and almost more than the boy could wheel.

The mother had it carried up to her room and put behind the high-post bed, where it was hidden by the white valance.

All that morning she was busy tacking and snipping and pasting and cutting; and all the while the children were at school, thinking of nothing at all but their lessons.

It was Saturday and a half-holiday, and about noon the children came home.

Upstairs they clattered and burst into the nursery, and then stood quite still in the doorway and looked.

The nursery was very quiet, with the chairs and tables in their places, and two squares of yellow sunlight on the carpet, but there, in the middle of the floor, stood a wonderful little house, painted to look just as if it were built of bricks, with chimneys, and glass windows, a slanting black roof, and a white door. It was the little house that the carpenter's boy had wheeled home on the wheelbarrow; but now it was furnished, and had black and yellow silk curtains at the windows, carpets on the floors, and one of Ann's own dolls was looking through the little square panes, for it was her home.

There was a key in a keyhole above the first-

There was an upstairs and a downstairs. Upstairs there was a mantelpiece and fireplace, a round black tin stove, and a high-post bed with curtains and a valance. There was a clock standing on a chest of drawers under the looking-glass. There were pictures about the room, and a cosy stuffed chair stood by the bed for Grandmamma Doll to rest in when she came upstairs out of breath.

Downstairs there was another fireplace, a round center-table decorated with pictures, and a sofa. And there was Grandmamma Doll herself, sitting in the green rocking-chair. There was a folding table that was just the thing for dollies to sit around while they drank a social cup of tea.

While the little boy and girl were looking at the play-house their mother came in, and stood smiling on them from the doorway without their seeing her.

That is the story of the real doll-house.

Yes, of a real doll-house,—a dear old-fashioned doll-house.

As one opens the front of it a faint, delightful odor of long ago breathes forth, like the ancient fragrance that haunts the boxes and piece-bags of kind old ladies.



THE "UPSTAIRS" OF THE DOLL-HOUSE.

story windows of the doll-house. The children turned it, and the whole front of the house swung open, windows and all. Then they could see just what was inside.

As one looks in the looking-glasses one thinks of all the little girls whose chubby faces have been reflected there,—Ann, in her short-waisted, long-skirted dresses; little nieces of hers, in pantalettes



THE MOTHER DOLL.

and pig-tails. And now others, with crisp white aprons and bangs, peer in with eager curiosity at the old-time doll-house.



AUNT JANE.

What fun they have had with it! How many times, on stormy days, when the rain beat on the nursery windows, and swept in whitening gusts over the wet trees on the lawn, the front of the dollies' house has swung back, and little folks have played happily with it for whole mornings at a time! How often they have pretended a dolly was ill, and have laid her in the fresh, white-sheeted feather-bed under the chintz curtains; and then, while the nurse warmed up her food on the tin stove, Grandmamma Doll has had her green rocking-chair brought upstairs, and sat at the bedside and rocked and rocked, while the other dolls went



THE GRANDMOTHER DOLL.

about very softly, and the nurse kept the baby quiet below.

Not long ago there was a fair in a certain city to raise a fund for a hospital. There, in a room specially set apart for them, were dolls by dozens and dozens, all standing in rows and dressed in their best; for the one that was the finest of all was to receive a prize. And there, too, among all the fine dolls and in the midst of the noise and glare of light, stood the dim old doll-house.

The key had been turned in the lock and the front had been swung back.

There was the round tin stove, the high-post bed, and clock; there was the folding table, and the sofa, and there were the silk-covered chairs.



SISTER HETTY.

A crowd of faces peered in,— old and young; people pointed and smiled; it was a noisy crowd, and the yellow-faced dolls, in their old-fashioned



THE NURSE AND BABY.

dresses, sitting in the quiet rooms, looked out strangely with their black wooden eyes, through the odor of long ago.

My face, too, peered in upon that old, Quaker doll-family. I too wondered and pointed with the rest, and then I thought how other children, old and young, might perhaps care to look through my eyes into those faded rooms. So I drew pictures of it all, and afterward I made portraits of the dear jointed and rag dolls, and here they are.

A LITTLE CALLER.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Long, long ago, she ambled to town, her flaxen curls bobbed up and down,
Her best blue ribbons fluttered gay, and she had some calling-cards of her own—
Long, long ago, the people cried, “There rides the sweet little Arabella,
She goes for to make a wedding-call, to-day, on the Prince and Cinderella!”

THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

THE Department of State ranks first among the Executive Departments. It was established by act of Congress approved July 27, 1789 (the fourth measure to go upon the Federal statute-books), as "The Department of Foreign Affairs"; and the functions of its principal officer, styled "The Secretary for the Department of Foreign Affairs," as briefly defined by the act, related exclusively to matters of an international character. He was empowered to "perform and execute such duties as shall from time to time be enjoined on or intrusted to him by the President of the United States, agreeable to the Constitution, relative to correspondences, commissions or instructions to or with public ministers or consuls, from the United States, or to negotiations with public ministers from foreign states or princes, or to memorials or other applications from foreign public ministers or other foreigners, or to such other matters respecting foreign affairs as the President of the United States shall assign to the said department"; he was charged with the custody and care of the records, books, and papers in the office of a somewhat similar functionary under the Confederation; * and was required to "conduct the business of the said department in such manner as the President of the United States shall from time to time order or instruct." By the act of September 15, 1789, the name of the Department was changed to "The Department of State," the title of its principal officer was shortened to "The Secretary of State," and additional duties were assigned to him of a nature wholly distinct from those previously imposed. He was charged with the custody and

publication of the laws; the great seal of the United States was committed to his care; and he was required to make out and record all civil commissions to officers of the United States appointed by the President, and to affix the great seal to such commissions.† Subsequent legislation, while enjoining upon the Department further and specific duties, has been directed chiefly toward the extension and efficiency of its foreign service. Indeed, it has no domestic ramifications at all. Beyond two dispatch agents, one at San Francisco and the other at New York, the entire home force of the Department is confined to the City of Washington. This home force, counting every officer and employee, from the Secretary down to the messengers and laborers, numbers barely fourscore men, as compared with about thirteen hundred agents engaged in consular and diplomatic work abroad.

Hastily noting the main features of the departmental organization and work, we may first observe, as chief aids to the Secretary, an assistant secretary (who becomes acting-Head in the absence of his superior), a second assistant secretary, and a third assistant secretary. The specific work allotted to each of these officers is left to the judgment of the Secretary, who, by law of Congress, is authorized to prescribe their duties, as well as the duties of the solicitor, the clerks of bureaus, and all the other employees in the Department.‡ Under the present arrangement of office business, the assistant secretaries have the immediate supervision of the consular and diplomatic correspondence of the Department and of the miscellaneous correspondence relating thereto (this supervision being partitioned among them according to countries), and they also have charge of the preparation of such special correspondence as may, on occasion, be intrusted to them by the Secretary.

* The full title of this functionary was "Secretary to the United States of America for the Department of Foreign Affairs." He was an officer of the Old Congress, and held his office during its pleasure; he was permitted to attend its sessions at all times, and it was made his positive duty to reside wherever Congress (or a Committee of the States) should sit, and to attend upon it when summoned or ordered by the President of Congress.

† The great seal of the United States should not be confounded with the seal of the Department of State, or with that of any other Department. Each Executive Department has its own distinctive seal for the authentication of its official instruments and acts; and certain bureaus and officers also have separate seals. The "great seal" is attached to commissions, proclamations, pardons, and similar executive instruments, and only by express provision of law or upon the special warrant of the President authorizing the State Department to so attach it.

‡ In assigning such duties, however, he can not override or modify special and positive duties imposed upon certain officers by the provisions of other laws. The solicitor of the Department, for instance, is an officer detailed from the Department of Justice, and the Secretary of State is not at liberty to prescribe for him duties inconsistent with his duties as an officer of the Department of Justice.

The entire correspondence of the Department is classified as "diplomatic," "consular," and "miscellaneous." By diplomatic correspondence is meant correspondence with foreign governments, which is conducted through ministers and other diplomatic officers; consular correspondence embraces communications to or from our consular officers; and under the head of miscellaneous correspondence are included communications between the Department and all other persons, whether members of Congress, heads of Executive Departments, State Governors, or private citizens. And it may be convenient to state here certain other distinctions, arbitrary in their way but carefully heeded by officials versed in matters of foreign intercourse. A written communication from a foreign diplomatic officer to the Department of State, or from the Department to the diplomatic representative of a foreign government (and, similarly, as to communications between an American diplomatic officer abroad and the foreign government to which he is accredited), is styled a "note"; a communication to the Department from one of its own diplomatic or consular agents, whatever its nature, is a "dispatch"; and a communication from the Department to one of its diplomatic or consular agents, if only an interrogation, is nevertheless a positive "instruction." These distinctions admit of no qualification; they are absolute.

Passing by the chief clerk with the simple comment that he has general supervision of the clerks and employees and of the business of the Department, we come to the various bureaus. These bureaus, each in command of a chief, are six in number—the Diplomatic Bureau, the Consular Bureau, the Bureau of Indexes and Archives, the Bureau of Accounts, the Bureau of Rolls and Library, and the Bureau of Statistics.

The Diplomatic Bureau has charge of the diplomatic correspondence and the miscellaneous correspondence pertaining to it. Its work is distributed among three divisions, known as Division A, Division B, and Division C, each presided over by a high grade (fourth-class) clerk,* or "head of division." As showing the diversified nature of this correspondence and the extent of our diplomatic service, the distribution by countries may be stated. Division A attends to correspondence with, or relating to, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, the Netherlands, Roumania, Servia, and Switzerland. Division B attends to correspondence with, or relating to, the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, the United States of Colombia, Ecuador, Hayti, Italy,

Paraguay, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Santo Domingo, Spain, Sweden and Norway, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Division C attends to correspondence with, or relating to, the Barbary States, Central America, China, Egypt, Fiji Islands, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Liberia, Madagascar, Mexico, Muscat, Navigator Islands, Persia, Siam, Society Islands, Turkey, and other countries not assigned.

The Consular Bureau has charge of correspondence with consulates and miscellaneous correspondence in that line; and its work is distributed among four divisions, A, B, C, and D, though not following exactly the divisions of the Diplomatic Bureau. The work of Division A relates to the consulates within the dominion of Great Britain; that of Division D, to consulates in Germany; and the numerous consulates in other countries are apportioned between Divisions B and C.

The Bureau of Indexes and Archives opens the mails, prepares and registers, daily, full abstracts of all correspondence to and from the Department, and indexes such correspondence; has the custody of the archives; attends to the arrangement of the papers to accompany the messages and reports to Congress; and answers calls of the Department officials for correspondence. The mail addressed to the Department, after having been opened, registered, and indexed in separate volumes as diplomatic, consular, or miscellaneous, is sent to the chief clerk, who forwards to the bureaus matters of routine, and to the assistant secretaries correspondence of special interest, the assistants in turn submitting to the Secretary such matters as they may deem of greater moment. The assistant secretaries indorse brief directions as to action in each case before them, and the correspondence is then transmitted to the appropriate bureaus for the preparation of the necessary "instructions," "notes," or whatever may be required, in accordance with such directions. These answers and other correspondence prepared in the bureaus are read over by the respective chiefs, and sent through the chief clerk to the assistant secretaries in charge of the particular subjects. Consular instructions are signed by the assistant secretary (to whom, also, all consular dispatches are formally addressed), and the second and third assistants are charged with the signing of certain other mail. The Secretary signs all notes, all instructions to ministers, and letters to members of Congress, governors, and other persons of distinction, as well as letters to private individuals touching matters of dignity or consequence. These communications, when signed, go into the Bureau of Indexes and Archives,

* The clerks in the departmental service of the Government are graded according to compensation received. A fourth-class clerk receives a salary of \$1800 a year; a third-class, \$1600; a second-class, \$1400; and a first-class, \$1200. Clerks below the first class are graded as of the "\$1000 class," etc.

where they are properly indexed in another set of separate registers, as diplomatic, consular, or miscellaneous correspondence "from" the Department, and press-copied in duplicate. To this bureau, as the final repository, come all the communications received by the Department, after having been answered or attended to by the other bureaus; and within its volumes are recorded copies of all outgoing correspondence. These archives, as may be imagined, containing letters bearing the autograph signatures of potentates, premiers, and lesser grandes of foreign states during a period of a hundred years, are of exceptional interest to the lover of curiosities and to the student of secret history.

The business of the Bureau of Accounts relates to the custody and disbursement of appropriations under the direction of the Department and to "indemnity" funds and bonds. These indemnity funds are moneys lodged in the Department, or passing through its hands, as compensation for losses resulting from violations of international rights.

The Bureau of Rolls and Library has the custody of the rolls,* treaties, proclamations, and similar records; attends to the promulgation of the laws; and has the care of the Revolutionary archives and the archives of international commissions. Here, therefore, repose the originals of all Congressional enactments and treaties, and, among other historic documents, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution itself. Formerly, the Secretary of State was charged with the duty of publishing the laws and kindred matters of public importance, through the agency of the newspapers; this general requirement, however, is no longer in force, and publication through the press is now ordered only as to a few announcements of a special nature.

When an act or resolution of Congress is approved by the President, the approval is recorded in the Executive Office, and the parchment is sent over to the State Department by special messenger. A measure that has become law without the President's signature, by his failure to act within ten days after its presentation to him, is likewise transmitted from the White House, accompanied by a note from the President's private secretary reciting that fact. A measure that has been returned to Congress by the President and become law by passage over his veto, is forwarded to the State Department by the President of the Senate or Speaker of the House, according to the body in

which the parchment was last approved. When received at the State Department the roll is stamped by the chief clerk, and then taken to the Bureau of Rolls and Library, where a copy is immediately prepared for the Public Printer.

The laws are published in various forms. They are first published separately in sheet form, as "slip laws," as soon as possible after being received by the bureau, and numbered in the order of their receipt. When so published, the slip laws are given to the editor of the laws (a competent person selected from the legal profession by the Secretary of State and privately employed for that purpose), who notes marginal references to previous legislation, arranges the acts and resolutions by "chapters," and prepares a suitable index; and under his editorial care, at the end of the session of Congress, they appear again in pamphlet form, as "session laws." Lastly, at the close of a Congress, the laws of each session are gathered by the editor into a single volume and bound, as "Statutes-at-Large."[†] The numerous readings given to the printed "proof," and the careful comparison with the text of the originals, effectually guard against discrepancies. The manner in which the Department performs its duty is thoroughly creditable; the manner in which Congress dismisses its own work is, in many instances, absolutely disgraceful. Some of the rolls received at the Department are disfigured by erasures, interlineations, and blots, by errors in orthography, capitalization, and punctuation, and by hieroglyphic mangling, that suggest the "master-pieces" of schoolboy art. These and more serious imperfections, once placed upon the parchment roll, are law. However glaring the blunder, however mischievous the distortion or omission, the State Department is powerless to add a correcting dot or stroke. Mistakes made by Congressional enrolling clerks have undone legislation accomplished by Congress after hours of debate. An item of half a million dollars for public purposes was bodily left out in the enrollment of a recent appropriation act; and the substitution of a comma for a hyphen in transcribing a tariff-measure some years ago caused a loss to the Government of thousands of dollars before the error was detected and further loss arrested by the passage of another act. These are but specimen cases. It is humiliating to think that a sleepy or incompetent clerk should be able to frustrate the legislative will of a nation, and startling to reflect on the opportunities for fraud by deliberate tampering with the public rolls. Blemishes

* Another term for "laws," the acts and resolutions of Congress being recorded (or enrolled) on parchment after passage by both Houses and before presentation to the President.

[†] Any person desiring a copy of the session laws or statutes-at-large is entitled to obtain the same upon application to the Department of State and paying the cost of paper, press-work, etc., with ten per cent. added.

enough are engrafted upon our statute-books by the legislators themselves, in the shape of careless or unwise enactments; surely, if we can not always have clear statesmanship, we should have at least clear penmanship in the parchment record of our laws. The blame, like the remedy, rests with Congress.

The Bureau of Statistics, also engaged in editorial work, attends to the preparation and publication of reports from our diplomatic and consular agents, in regard to foreign industries and commerce. These valuable statistics, issued to the public from time to time in the form of bulletins and pamphlets, make up an annual volume known as "Commercial Relations."

Besides these bureaus, there is the solicitor (detailed from the Department of Justice) who attends to the examination of all questions of law

* A passport certifies the bearer to be a citizen of the United States, and is a voucher of nationality with which Americans abroad should always be armed. It is obtainable by any native-born or naturalized citizen, upon complying with certain requirements as to application and proof of citizenship and paying the established fee of one dollar. Blank forms of application may be had of the passport clerk. A special form of passport is used for a member of Congress or government official, certifying to his public station, etc. Professional titles are not inserted in passports for private citizens.

(*To be continued.*)

A HOME-MADE SCARE.

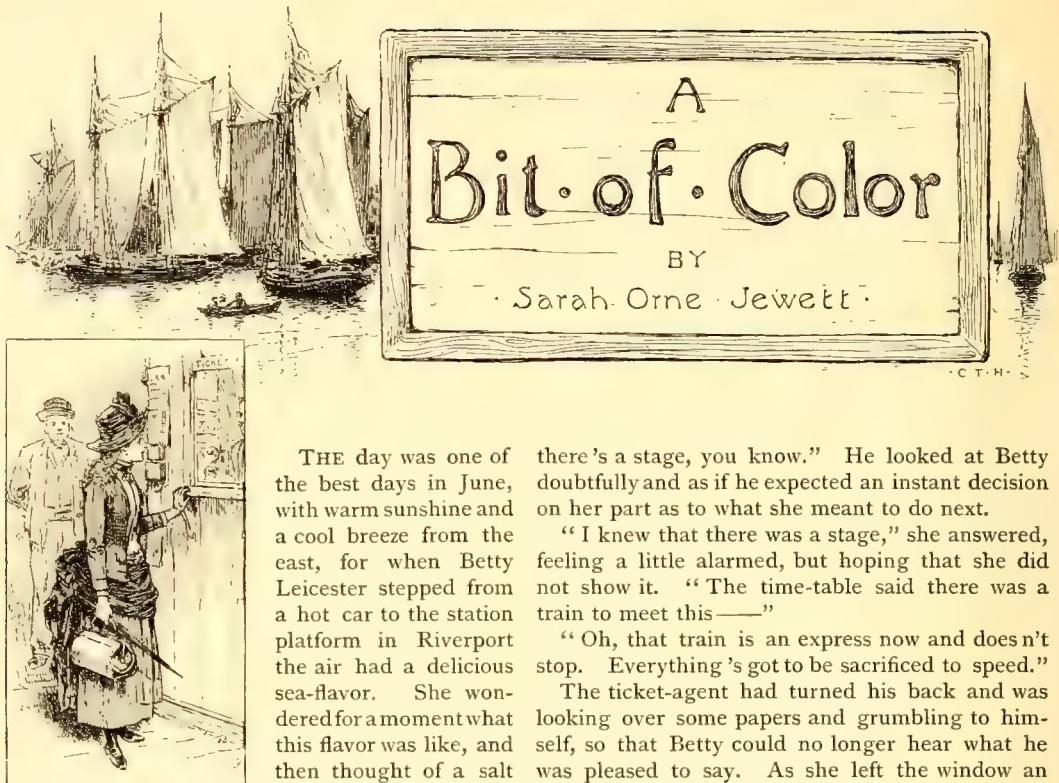
BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

CARL was a jolly little fellow,
With eyes of blue and curls of yellow,
And rosy cheeks, and just the chin
To hold a pretty dimple in.
He found himself alone one day,
And wondered what 't was best to play
While his mamma remained away.
Pencil and paper soon he saw,
And seized them both. Said he, "I'll draw
An ogre like the one so grum
Poor Jack heard growling 'Fee-fo-fum.'
First, here 's his forehead full of bumps,
And then his nose with three big humps,
And then two ears of 'normous size,
And then two dreadful staring eyes,
And then a mouth from ear to ear,
With long, sharp teeth-like tusks." But here
The artist, with eyes opened wide
In fright, gazed on his work and cried,
"Mamma, Mamma — come, come, please, do,
I 'm very lonely without you;
And oh! Mamma, I 'm so afraid
Of this old ogre that I 've made."



submitted by the Secretary or assistant secretaries, and of all claims. The office of pardons and commissions guards the great seal, and attends to the preparation and issue of commissions and to the preparation of pardons and correspondence upon that subject. Mention should also be made of a stenographer, who discharges the confidential duties of private secretary to the Secretary; a translator, whose work is implied from his title; and a passport clerk, who attends to the issue and record of passports.*

These details have been given, at the risk of wearying the reader, to illustrate, generally, the meaning of departmental "organization," and the methodical course of bureau work. The less prosy features of administration, bearing upon international affairs, will be described hereafter.



THE day was one of the best days in June, with warm sunshine and a cool breeze from the east, for when Betty Leicester stepped from a hot car to the station platform in Riverport the air had a delicious sea-flavor. She wondered for a moment what this flavor was like, and then thought of a salt oyster. She was hungry and tired, the journey had been longer than she expected, and, as she made her way slowly through the crowded station and was pushed about by people who were hurrying out of or into the train, she felt unusually disturbed and lonely. Betty had traveled far and wide for a girl of fifteen, but she had seldom been alone, and was used to taking care of other people. Papa himself was very apt to forget important minor details, and she had learned out of her loving young heart to remember them, and was not without high ambitions to make their journeys as comfortable as possible. Still, she and her father were almost always together, and Betty wondered if it had not after all been foolish to make a certain decision which involved not seeing him again until a great many weeks had gone by.

The cars moved away and the young traveler went to the ticket-office to ask about the Tideshead train. The ticket-agent looked at her with a smile.

"Train's gone half an hour ago!" he said, as if he were telling Betty some good news. "There'll be another one at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and the express goes, same as to-day, at half-past one. I suppose you want to go to Tideshead town; this road only goes to the junction and then

there's a stage, you know." He looked at Betty doubtfully and as if he expected an instant decision on her part as to what she meant to do next.

"I knew that there was a stage," she answered, feeling a little alarmed, but hoping that she did not show it. "The time-table said there was a train to meet this——"

"Oh, that train is an express now and does n't stop. Everything's got to be sacrificed to speed."

The ticket-agent had turned his back and was looking over some papers and grumbling to himself, so that Betty could no longer hear what he was pleased to say. As she left the window an elderly man, whose face was very familiar, was standing in the doorway.

"Well, ma'am, you an' I 'pear to have got left. Tideshead, you said, if I rightly understood?"

"Perhaps there is somebody who would drive us there," said Betty. She never had been called ma'am before, and it was most surprising. "It is n't a great many miles, is it?"

"No, no!" said the new acquaintance. "I was in considerable of a hurry to get home, but 't is n't so bad as you think. We can go right up on the packet, up river, you know; get there by supper-time; the wind's hauling round into the east a little. I understood you to speak about getting to Tideshead?"

"Yes," said Betty, gratefully.

"Got a trunk, I expect. Well, I'll go out and look round for Asa Chick and his han'cart, and we'll make for the wharf as quick as we can. You may step this way."

Betty "stepped" gladly, and Asa Chick and the hand-cart soon led the way riverward through the pleasant old-fashioned streets of Riverport. Her new friend pointed out one or two landmarks as they hurried along, for, strange to say, although a sea-captain, he was not sure whether the tide turned at half-past two or at half-past three. When they came to the river-side, however, the packet-

boat was still made fast to the pier, and nothing showed signs of her immediate departure.

"It is always a good thing to be in time," said the captain, who found himself much too warm and nearly out of breath.

"Now, we've got a good hour to wait. Like to go right aboard, my dear?"

Betty paid Asa Chick, and then turned to see the packet. It was a queer, heavy-looking craft, with a short, thick mast and high, pointed lateen-sail, half unfurled and dropping in heavy pocket-like loops. There was a dark low cabin and a long deck; a very old man and a fat, yellow dog seemed to be the whole ship's company. The old man was smoking a pipe and took no notice of anything, but the dog rose slowly to his feet and came wagging his tail and looking up at the new passenger.

"I do' know but I'll coast round up into the town a little," said the captain. "'T ain't no use asking old Mr. Plunkett there any questions, he's deaf as a ha'dick."

"Will my trunk be safe?" asked Betty; to which the captain answered that he would put it right aboard for her. It was not a very heavy trunk, but the captain managed it beautifully, and put Betty's hand-bag and shawl into the dark cabin. Old Plunkett nodded as he saw this done, and the captain said again that Betty might feel perfectly safe about everything; but, for all that, she refused to take a walk in order to see what was going on in the town, as she was kindly invited to do. She went a short distance by herself, however, and came first to a bakery, where she bought some buns, not so good as the English ones, but still very good buns indeed, and two apples, which the bake-house woman told her had grown in her own garden. You could see the tree out of the back window, by which the bake-house woman had left her sewing, and they were, indeed, well-kept and delicious apples for that late season of the year. Betty lingered for some minutes in the pleasant shop. She was very hungry, and the buns were all the better for that. She looked through a door and saw the oven, but the baking was all done for the day. The baker himself was out in his cart; he had just gone up to Tideshead. Here was another way in which one might have gone to Tideshead by land; it would have been good fun to go on the baker's cart and stop in the farm-house yards and see everybody; but on the whole there was more adventure in going by water. Papa had always told Betty that the river was beautiful. She did not remember much about it herself, but this would be a fine way of getting a first look at so large a part of the great stream.

It was slack water now, and the wharf seemed high, and the landing-stage altogether too steep

and slippery. When Betty reached the packet's deck, old Mr. Plunkett was sound asleep, but while she was eating her buns, the dog came most good-naturedly and stood before her cocking his head sideways, and putting on a most engaging expression, so that they lunched together, and Betty left off nearly as hungry as she began. The old dog knew an apple when he saw it, and was disappointed after the last one was brought out from Betty's pocket, and lay down at her feet and went to sleep again. Betty got into the shade of the wharf and sat there looking down at the flounders and sculpins in the clear water, and at the dripping green sea-weeds on the piles of the wharf. She was almost startled when a heavy wagon was driven on the planks above, and a man shouted suddenly to the horses. Presently some barrels of flour were rolled down and put on deck — twelve of them in all — by a man and boy who gave her, the young stranger, a careful glance every time they turned to go back. Then a mowing-machine arrived, and was carefully put on board with a great deal of bustle and loud talking. There was somebody on deck, now, whom Betty believed to be the packet's skipper, and after a while the old captain returned. He seated himself by Mr. Plunkett and shook hands with him warmly, and asked him for the news; but there did not seem to be any.

"I've been up to see my wife's cousin Jake Hallett's folks," he explained, "and I thought sure I'd get left," and old Plunkett nodded soberly. They did not sail for at least half an hour after this, and Betty sat discreetly on the low cabin roof next the wharf all the time. When they were out in the stream at last she could get a pretty view of the town. There was some shipping farther down the shore, and some tall steeples and beautiful trees and quaintly built warehouses; it was very pleasant, looking back at it from the water.

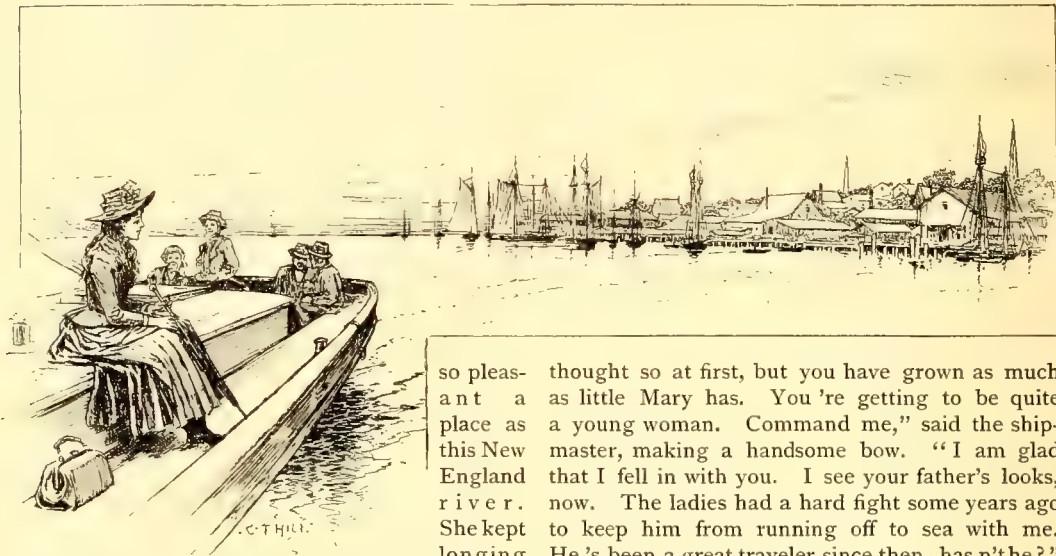
A little past the middle of the afternoon they moved steadily up the river. The men all sat together in a group at the stern, and appeared to find a great deal to talk about. Old Mr. Plunkett may have thought that Betty looked lonely, for, after he waked up for the second time, he came over to where she sat, and nodded to her; so Betty nodded back, and then the old man reached for her umbrella, which was very pretty, with a round piece of agate in the handle, and looked at it and rubbed it with his thumb, and gave it back to her. "Present to ye?" he asked, and Betty nodded assent. Then old Plunkett went away again, but she felt a sense of his kind companionship. She wondered whom she must pay for her passage and how much it would be, but it was no use to ask so deaf a fellow-passenger. He had

put on a great pair of spectacles and was walking round her trunk, apparently much puzzled by the battered labels of foreign hotels and railway stations.

Betty thought that she had seldom seen half

"I'm going to Miss Leicester's. Don't you remember me? Are n't you Mary Beck's grandfather? I'm Betty Leicester."

"Toe be sure, toe be sure," said the old gentleman, much pleased. "I wonder that I had not



BETTY TAKES THE PACKET FOR TIDESHEAD.

father could see it, too. As they went up from the town the shores grew greener and greener, and there were some belated apple-trees still in bloom, and the farm-houses were so old and stood so pleasantly toward the southern sunshine that they looked as if they might have grown of themselves like the apple-trees and willows and elms. There were great white clouds in the blue sky; the air was delicious. Betty could make out at last that old Plunkett was the skipper's father, that Captain Beck was an old shipmaster and a former acquaintance of her own, and that the flour and some heavy boxes belonged to one storekeeping passenger with a long sandy beard, and the mowing-machine to the other, who was called Jim Foss, and that he was a farmer. He was a great joker and kept making everybody laugh. Old Mr. Plunkett laughed too, now that he was wide awake, but it was only through sympathy; he seemed to be a very kind old man. One by one all the men came and looked at the trunk labels, and they all asked whether Betty had n't been considerable of a traveler, or some question very much like it. At last the captain came with Captain Beck to collect the passage money, which proved to be thirty-seven cents.

"Where did you say you was goin' to stop in Tideshead?" asked Captain Beck.

so pleasant a place as this New England river. She kept longing that her

thought so at first, but you have grown as much as little Mary has. You're getting to be quite a young woman. Command me," said the shipmaster, making a handsome bow. "I am glad that I fell in with you. I see your father's looks, now. The ladies had a hard fight some years ago to keep him from running off to sea with me. He's been a great traveler since then, has n't he?" to which Betty responded heartily, again feeling as if she were among friends. The storekeeper offered to take her trunk right up the hill in his wagon, when they got to the Tideshead landing, and on the whole it was delightful that the trains had been changed just in time for her to take this pleasant voyage.

CHAPTER II.

BETTY had seen strange countries since her last visit to Tideshead. Then she was only a child, but now she was so tall that strangers treated her as if she were already a young lady. At fifteen one does not always know just where to find one's self. A year before it was hard to leave childish things alone, but there soon came a time when they seemed to have left Betty, while one by one the graver interests of life were pushing themselves forward. It was reasonable enough that she should be taking care of herself; and her father had gone on such a rough journey in the far north that there was no question of her following him as usual. It had been decided upon suddenly; Mr. Leicester and Betty had been comfortably settled at Lynton in Devonshire for the summer, with a comfortable prospect of some charming excursions and a good bit of work on Papa's new scientific book. Betty was used to sudden changes of their plans, but it was a hard trial when he had come back from

London one day, filled with enthusiasm about the Alaska business.

"The only thing against it, is that I don't know what to do with you, Betty dear," said Papa, with a most wistful but affectionate glance. "Perhaps you would like to go to Switzerland with the Duncans? You know that they were very anxious that I should lend you for a while."

"I will think about it," said Betty, trying to smile, but she could not talk any more just then. She didn't believe that the hardships of this new journey were too great; it was Papa who minded dust and hated the care of railway rugs and car-tickets, not she. But she gave him a kiss and hurried out through the garden and went as fast as she could along the lonely long cliff-walk above the sea, to think the sad matter over.

That evening Betty came down to dinner with a serene face. She looked more like a young lady than she ever had before. "I have quite decided what I should like to do," she said. "Please let me go home with you and stay in Tideshead with Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary. They speak about seeing us in their letters, and I should be nearer where you are going." Betty's brave voice failed her for a moment just there.

"Why, Betty, what a wise little woman you are!" said Mr. Leicester, looking very much pleased. "That's exactly right. I was thinking about the dear souls as I came from town, and promised myself that I would run down for a few days before I go north. That is, if you say I may go!" and he looked seriously at Betty.

"Yes," answered Betty slowly; "yes, I am sure you may, Papa dear, if you will be very, very careful." They had a beloved old custom of Papa's asking his girl's leave to do anything that was particularly important. In Betty's baby-days she had reproved him for going out one morning, "Who said you might go, Master Papa?" demanded the little thing severely; and it had been a dear bit of fun to remember the old story from time to time ever since. Betty's mother had died before she could remember; the two who were left were most dependent upon each other.

You will see how Betty came to have care-taking ways and how she had learned to think more than most girls about what it was best to do. You will understand how lonely she felt in this day or two when the story begins. Mr. Leicester was too much hurried after all when he reached America, and could not go down to Tideshead for a few days' visit, as they had both hoped and promised. And here, at last, was Betty going up the long village street with Captain Beck for company. She had not seen Tideshead for six years, but it looked exactly the same. There was the great,

square, white house, with the poplars and lilac bushes. There were Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary sitting in the wide hall doorway as if they had never left their high-backed chairs since she saw them last.

"Who is this coming up the walk?" said Aunt Barbara, rising and turning toward her placid younger sister in sudden excitement. "It can't be — why, yes, it is Betty, after all!" and she hurried down the steps.

"Grown out of all reason, of course!" she said sharply, as she kissed the surprising grandniece, and then held her at arms-length to look at her again most fondly. "Where did you find her, Captain Beck? We sent over to the train; in fact I went myself with Jonathan, but we were disappointed. Your father always telegraphs two or three times before he really gets here, Betty; but you have not brought him, after all."

"We had to come up river by the packet," said Captain Beck; "the young lady's had quite a voyage; her sea-chest 'll be here directly."



"THERE WERE AUNT BARBARA AND AUNT MARY SITTING IN THE WIDE HALL DOORWAY."

The captain left Betty's traveling-bag on the great stone doorstep, and turned to go away, but Betty thanked him prettily for his kindness, and said that she had spent a delightful afternoon. She was now warmly kissed and hugged by Aunt Mary, who looked much younger than Aunt Barbara, and she saw two heads appear at the end of the long hall.

"There are Serena and Letty; you must run

and speak to them. They have been looking forward to seeing you," suggested Aunt Barbara, who seemed to see everything at once, but when Betty went that way nobody was to be found until she came to the kitchen, where Serena and Letty were or pretended to be much surprised at her arrival. They were now bustling about to get Betty some supper, and she frankly confessed that she was very hungry, which seemed to vastly please the good women.

"What in the world shall we do with her?" worried Aunt Mary, while Betty was gone. "I had no idea she would seem so well grown. She used to be small for her age, you know, Sister."

"Do? do?" answered Miss Barbara Leicester sternly. "If she can't take care of herself by this time, she never will know how. Tom Leicester should have let her stay here altogether, instead of roaming about the world with him, or else have settled himself down in respectable fashion. I can't get on with teasing children at my age. I'm sure I'm glad she's well grown. She mustn't expect us to turn out of our ways," grumbled Aunt Barbara, who had the kindest heart in the world, and was listening every minute for Betty's footsteps.

It was very pleasant to be safe in the old house at last. The young guest did not feel any sense of strangeness. She used to be afraid of Aunt Barbara when she was a child, but she was not a bit afraid now; and Aunt Mary, who seemed a very lovely person then, was now a little bit tiresome,—or else Betty herself was tired and did not find it easy to listen.

After supper—and it was such a too-good supper, with pound-cakes, and peach jam, and crisp short-cakes, and four tall silver candlesticks, and Betty being asked to her great astonishment if she would take tea and meekly preferring some milk instead—they came back to the doorway. The moon had come up, and the wide lawn in front of the house (which the ladies always called the yard) was almost as light as day. The syringa bushes were in full bloom and fragrance, and other sweet odors filled the air beside. There were two irreverent little dogs playing and chasing each other on the wide front walk and bustling among the box borders. Betty could hear the voices of people who drove by, or walked along the sidewalk, but Tideshead village was almost as still as the fields outside the town. She had answered all the questions that the aunts kindly asked her for conversation's sake and she tried to think of ways of seeming interested in return.

"Can I climb the cherry-tree this summer, Aunt Barbara?" she asked once. "Don't you remember the day that there was a meeting of ladies here,

and little Mary Beck and I got some of the company's bonnets and shawls off the best bed and dressed up in them and climbed up in the trees?"

"You looked like two fat black crows," laughed Aunt Barbara, though she had been very angry at the time. "All the fringes of those thin best shawls were catching and snapping as you came down. Oh, dear me, I could n't think what the old ladies would say. None of your mischief now, Miss Betty!" and she held up a warning forefinger. "Mary Beck is coming to see you to-morrow; you will find some pleasant girls here."

"Tideshead has always been celebrated for its cultivated society, you know, dear," added Aunt Mary.

Just now a sad feeling of loneliness again began to assail Betty. The summer might be very long in passing, and anything might happen to Papa. She put her hand into her pocket to have the comfort of feeling a crumpled note, a very dear short note, which Papa had written her only the day before, when he had suddenly decided to go out to Cambridge and not come back to the hotel for luncheon.

They talked a little longer, Betty and the grand-aunts, until sensible Aunt Barbara said, "Now run upstairs to bed, my dear; I am sure that you must be tired," and Betty, who usually begged to stay up as long as the grown folks, was glad for once to be sent away like a small child. Aunt Barbara marched up the stairway and led the way to the very best bedroom of all. It was an astonishing tribute of respect to Betty, the young guest, and she admired such large-minded hospitality; but after all she had expected a comfortable snug little room next Aunt Mary's, where she had always slept years ago. Aunt Barbara assured her that this one was much cooler and pleasanter, and now she must remember what a young lady she had grown to be. "But you may change to some other room if you like, my dear child," said the old lady kindly. "I would n't unpack to-night, but just go to bed and get rested. I have my breakfast at half-past seven, but your Aunt Mary does n't come down. I hope that you will be ready as early as that, for I like company," and then, after seeing that everything was in order and comfortable, she kissed Betty twice most kindly and told her that she was thankful to have her come to them, and went away downstairs.

It was a solemn, big, best bedroom, with dark India-silk curtains to the bed and windows, and dull coverings on the furniture. This all looked as if there were pretty figures and touches of gay color by daylight, but even by the light of the two candles on the dressing-table it seemed a dim and dismal place that night. Betty was not a bit afraid;

she only felt lonely. She was but fifteen years old and she did not know how to get on by herself after all. But Betty was no coward. She had been taught to show energy and to make light of difficulties. What could she do? Why, unpack a little, and then go to bed and go to sleep; that would be the best thing.

She knelt down before her trunk and had an affectionate feeling toward it as she turned the key and saw her familiar properties inside. She took out her pictures of her father and mother and Mrs. Duncan, and shook out a crumpled dress or two and left them to lie on the old couch until morning. Deep down in the sea-chest, as Captain Beck had called it, she felt the soft folds of a gay piece of silk made like a little shawl, which Papa had pleased himself with buying for her one day at Liberty's shop in London. Mrs. Duncan had laughed when she saw it, and told Betty not to dare to wear it for at least ten years; but the color of it was marvelous in the shadowy old room. Betty threw the shining red thing over the back of a great easy-chair and it seemed to light the whole place. She could not help feeling more cheerful for the sight of that gay bit of color. Then a great wish filled her heart, dear little Betty; perhaps she could really bring some new pleasure to Tideshead that summer. The old aunties' lives looked very gray and dull to her young eyes; it was a dull place, perhaps, for Betty, who had lived a long time where the brightest and busiest people were. The last thing she thought of before she fell asleep was the little silk shawl. She had often heard artistic people say "a bit of color"; now she had a new idea, but a dim one, of what a bit of color might be expected to do. Good-night, Betty. Good-night, dear Betty, in your best bedroom, sound asleep all the summer night and dreaming of those you love!

CHAPTER III.

HOWEVER old and responsible Betty Leicester felt overnight, she seemed to return to early childhood in spite of herself next day. She must see the old house again and chatter with Aunt Barbara about the things and people she remembered best. She looked all about the garden, and spent an hour in the kitchen talking to Serena and Letty while they worked there, and then she went out to see Jonathan and a new acquaintance called Seth Pond, an awkward young man who took occasion to tell Betty that he had come from way up country where there was plenty greener 'n he was. There were a great many interesting things to see and hear in Jonathan's and Seth's domains, and Betty found the remains of one of her own old play-houses in the shed-chamber, and was touched

to the heart when she found that it had never been cleared away. She had known so many places and so many people that it was almost startling to find Tideshead looking and behaving exactly the same, while she had changed so much. The garden was a most lovely place, with its long, vine-covered summer-house, and just now all the roses were in bloom. Here was that cherry-tree into which she and Mary Beck had climbed, decked in the proper black shawls and bonnets and black lace veils. But where could dear Becky be all the morning? They had been famous cronies in that last visit, when they were nine years old. Betty hurried into the house to find her hat and tell Aunt Barbara where she was going.

Aunt Barbara took the matter into serious consideration. "Why, Mary will come to call this afternoon, I don't doubt, my dear, and perhaps you had better wait until after dinner. They dine earlier than we."

Betty turned away disappointed. She wished that she had thought to find Mary just after breakfast in their friendly old fashion, but it was too late now. She would sit down at the old secretary in the library and begin a letter to Papa.

"Dear Papa," she wrote, "Here I am at Tideshead, and I feel just as I used when I was a little girl, but people treat me, even Mary Beck, as if I were grown up, and it is a little lonely just at first. Everything looks just the same, and Serena made me some hearts and rounds for supper; was n't she kind to remember? And they put on the old silver mug that you used to have, for me to drink out of. And I like Aunt Barbara best of the two aunts, after all, which is sure to make you laugh, though Aunt Mary is very kind and seems ill, so that I mean to be as nice to her as I possibly can. They seemed to think that you were going off just as far as you possibly could without going to a star, and it made me miss you more than ever. Jonathan talked about politics, whether I listened or not, and did n't like it when I said that you believed in tariff reform. He really scolded and said the country would go to the dogs, and I was sorry that I knew so little about politics. People expect you to know so many new things with every inch you grow. Dear Papa, I wish that I were with you. Remember not to smoke too often, even if you wish to very much; and please, dear Papa, think very often that I am your only dear child,

BETTY.

"P. S.—I miss you more because they are all so much older than we are, Papa dear. Perhaps you will tell me about the tariff reform for a lesson-letter when you can't think of anything else to write about. I have not seen Mary Beck yet, nor any of the girls I used to know. Mary always

came right over, before. I must tell you next time the most important thing,—I had to come up river on the packet! I wished and wished for you.

BETTY."

Dinner-time was very pleasant, and Aunt Mary, who first appeared then, was most kind and cheerful; but both the ladies took naps, after dinner was over and they had read their letters, so Betty went to her own room, meaning to carefully put away her belongings, but Letty had done this beforehand, and the large room looked very comfortable and orderly. Aunt Barbara had smiled when another protest was timidly offered about the best bedroom, and told Betty that it was pleasant to have her just across the hall. "I am well used to my housekeeping cares," added Aunt Barbara, with a funny look across the table at her young niece; and Betty thought, again, how much she liked this grand-aunt.

The house was very quiet and she did not know exactly what to do, so she looked more carefully than before about the guest-chamber.

There were some quaint-looking silhouettes on the walls of the room, and in a deep oval frame a fine sort of ornament which seemed to be made of beautiful grasses and leaves, all covered with glistening crystals. The dust had crept in a little at one side. Betty remembered it well, and always thought it very interesting. Then there were two old engravings of Angelica Kauffmann and Mme. Le Brun. Nothing pleased her so much, however, as Papa's bright little shawl. It looked gayer than ever, and Letty had folded it and left it on the old chair.

Just then there came a timid rap or two with the old knocker on the hall-door. It was early for visitors, and the aunts were both in their rooms. Betty went out to see what could be done about so exciting a thing, and met quick-footed Letty, who had been close at hand in the dining-room.

"'T is Miss Mary Beck come to call upon you, Miss Betty," said Letty with an air of high festivity, and Betty went quickly downstairs. She was brimful of gladness to see Mary Beck, and went straight toward her in the shaded parlor to kiss her and tell her so.

Mary Beck was sitting on the edge of a chair, and was dressed as if she were going to church, with a pair of tight shiny best gloves on and shiny new boots, which hurt her feet, if Betty had only known it. She wore a hat that looked too small for her head, and had a queer, long, waving bird-of-paradise feather in it, and a dress that was much too old for her, and of a cold, smooth, gray color, trimmed with a shade of satin that neither matched it nor made a contrast. She had grown to be even taller than Betty, and she looked uncomfortable,

and as if she had been forced to come. That was a silly, limp shake of the hand with which she returned Betty's warm grasp. Oh, dear, it was evidently a dreadful thing to go to make a call! It had been an anxious, discouraged getting-ready, and Betty thought once of the short, red-cheeked, friendly little Becky whom she used to know, and was grieved to the heart. But she bravely pulled a chair close to the guest and sat down. She could not get over the old feeling of affection.

"I thought you would be over here long ago. I ought to have gone to see you. Why, you're more grown up than I am; is n't it hard for us?" said Betty, feeling afraid that one or the other of them might cry, they were both blushing so deeply and the occasion was so solemn.

"Oh, do let's play in the shed-chamber all day to-morrow!"

And then they both laughed as hard as they could, and there was the dear old Mary Beck after all, and a tough bit of ice was forever broken.

Betty threw open the parlor blinds, regardless of Serena's feelings about flies, and the two friends spent a delightful hour together. The call ended in Mary's being urged to go home to take off her best gown and put on an every-day one, and away they went afterward for a long walk.

"What are the girls doing?" asked Betty, as if she considered herself a member already of this branch of the great secret society of girls.

"Oh, nothing; we hardly ever do anything," answered Mary Beck, with a surprised and uneasy glance. "It is so slow in Tideshead, everybody says."

"I suppose it is slow anywhere if we don't do anything about it," laughed Betty, so good-naturedly that Mary laughed too. "I like to play out-of-doors just as well as ever I did, don't you?"

Mary Beck gave a somewhat doubtful answer. She had dreaded this ceremonious call. She could not quite understand why Betty Leicester, who had traveled abroad and done so many things and had, as people say, such unusual advantages, should seem the same as ever, and only wear that plain, comfortable-looking little gingham dress.

"When my other big trunk comes there are some presents I brought over for you," confessed Betty shyly. "I have had to keep one of them a long time because Papa has always been saying every year that we were sure to come to Tideshead, and then we have n't after all."

"He has been here two or three times," said Mary. "I saw him go by and I wanted to run out and ask him about you, but I was afraid to—"

"Afraid of Papa? What a funny thing! You never would be if you really knew him," exclaimed Betty with delighted assurance. She laughed

heartily and stopped to lean against a stone wall, and gave Mary Beck a little push which was meant to express a great deal of affection and amusement. Then she forgot everything in looking at the beau-

liked to call this our tree," she said shyly, looking up into the great oak branches. "It seems so strange to be here with you, at last, after all the times I have thought about it—"



"BETTY AND MARY RENEW THEIR OLD FRIENDSHIP."

tiful view across the farms and the river and toward the great hills and mountains beyond.

"I knew you would think it was pretty here," said Mary. "I have always thought that when you came back I would bring you here first. I

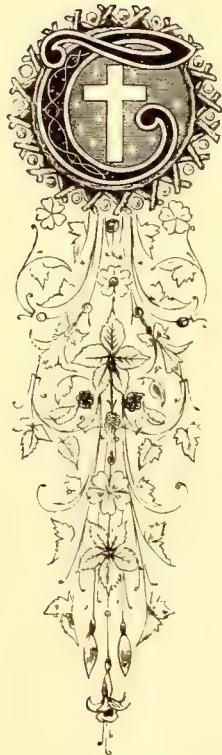
Betty was touched by this bit of real sentiment. She was thankful from that moment that she was going to spend most of the summer in Tideshead. Here was the best of good things,—a real friend, who had been waiting for her all the time.

(To be continued.)

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

[From the Russian of Count Tolstoi.]

—
BY CELIA THAXTER.
—



HE winter night shuts swiftly down. Within his little humble room Martin, the good old shoemaker, sits musing in the gathering gloom. His tiny lamp from off its hook he takes, and lights its friendly beam, Reaches for his beloved book and reads it by the flickering gleam.

Long pores he o'er the sacred page. At last he lifts his shaggy head. “If unto me the Master came, how should I welcome Him ?” he said ; “Should I be like the Pharisee, with selfish thoughts filled to the brim, Or like the sorrowing sinner,—she who weeping ministered to Him ?”

He laid his head upon his arms, and while he thought, upon him crept Slumber so gentle and so soft he did not realize he slept. “Martin !” he heard a low voice call. He started, looked toward the door : No one was there. He dozed again. “Martin !” he heard it call once more.

“ Martin, to-morrow I will come. Look out upon the street for me.” He rose, and slowly rubbed his eyes, and gazed about him drowsily. “I dreamed,” he said, and went to rest. Waking betimes with morning light, He wondered, “Were they but a dream, the words I seemed to hear last night ? ”

Then, working by his window low, he watched the passers to and fro. Poor Stephen, feeble, bent and old, was shoveling away the snow ; Martin at last laughed at himself for watching all so eagerly. “ What fool am I ! What look I for ? Think I the Master’s face to see

“ I must be going daft, indeed ! ” He turned him to his work once more, And stitched awhile, but presently found he was watching as before. Old Stephen leaned against the wall, weary and out of breath was he. “ Come in, friend,” Martin cried, “ come, rest, and warm yourself, and have some tea.”

“ May Christ reward you ! ” Stephen said, rejoicing in the welcome heat ; “ I was so tired ! ” “ Sit,” Martin begged, “ be comforted and drink and eat.” But even while his grateful guest refreshed his chilled and toil-worn frame Did Martin’s eyes still strive to scan each passing form that went and came.

“ Are you expecting somebody ? ” old Stephen asked. And Martin told, Though half ashamed, his last night’s dream. “ Truly, I am not quite so bold As to expect a thing like that,” he said, “ yet, somehow, still I look ! ” With that from off its shelf he took his worn and precious Holy Book.

“ Yesterday I was reading here, how among simple folk He walked Of old, and taught them. Do you know about it ? No ? ” So then he talked

With joy to Stephen. “Jesus said, ‘The kind, the generous, the poor, Blessed are they, the humble souls, to be exalted evermore.’”

With tears of gladness in his eyes poor Stephen rose and went his way,
His soul and body comforted; and quietly passed on the day,
Till Martin from his window saw a woman shivering in the cold,
Trying to shield her little babe with her thin garment worn and old.

He called her in and fed her, too, and while she ate he did his best
To make the tiny baby smile, that she might have a little rest;
“Now may Christ bless you, sir!” she cried, when warmed and cheered she would have gone;
He took his old cloak from the wall. “‘T will keep the cold out. Put it on.”

She wept. “Christ led you to look out and pity wretched me,” said she.
Martin replied, “Indeed He did!” and told his story earnestly,
How the low voice said, “I will come,” and he had watched the livelong day.
“All things are possible,” she said, and then she, also, went her way.

Once more he sat him down to work, and on the passers-by to look,
Till the night fell, and then again he lit his lamp and took his book.
Another happy hour was spent, when all at once he seemed to hear
A rustling sound behind his chair; he listened, without thought of fear.

He peered about. Did something move in yonder corner dim and dark?
Was that a voice that spoke his name? “Did you not know me, Martin?” “Hark!
Who spoke?” cried Martin. “It is I,” replied the Voice, and Stephen stepped
Forth from the dusk and smiled at him, and Martin’s heart within him leapt!

Then like a cloud was Stephen gone, and once again did Martin hear
That heavenly Voice. “And this is I,” sounded in tones divinely clear.
From out the darkness softly came the woman with the little child,
Gazing at him with gentle eyes, and, as she vanished, sweetly smiled.

Then Martin thrilled with solemn joy. Upon the sacred page read he:
“Hungry was I, ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave drink to me;
A stranger I, ye took me in, and as unto the lowliest one
Of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it, unto Me ‘t was done.”

And Martin understood at last it was no vision born of sleep,
And all his soul in prayer and praise filled with a rapture still and deep.
He had not been deceived, it was no fancy of the twilight dim,
But glorious truth! The Master came, and he had ministered to Him.

A VALENTINE.

WORDS BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

Dedicated to Elsie Leslie Lyde.

MUSIC BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature changes from G major (two sharps) to F major (one sharp) and then to E major (no sharps or flats). The time signature starts at 6/8, indicated by a circled '6' and an '8'. The tempo is Allegretto, as indicated by the instruction 'Allegretto.' in the middle staff. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing above the notes and others below. The vocal line begins with 'I've come to see you to - day, Sweet-heart, With' and continues through several stanzas, ending with 'one I love I have come to get, Not to bring a Val - en - tine!' The score includes dynamic markings like 'Ritard.' and 'A tempo.', and performance instructions like '.....' between staves.

I've come to see you to - day, Sweet-heart, With
Allegretto.
noth-ing at all to bring,... For I gave you my heart for a Val - en -
tine, When you were a ti - ny thing, When you were a ti - - ny thing.
You won-der I dare to come to-day? Can't you guess, O Sweet-heart mine? To the
one I love I have come to get, Not to bring a Val - en - tine! To the
Ritard. *A tempo.*
one I love I have come to get, Not to bring a Val - en - tine!

THE BUNNY STORIES.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

TUFFY'S "WILD WEST."

WITH A SEQUEL.

THE next morning after their scrape with Tuffy and Brindle, both Bunnyboy and Browny were able to be up and dressed, but did not feel so active as usual.

Browny's wrists and ankles were chafed and swollen where the cords had held him bound on the goat's back, and Bunnyboy was somewhat stiff and sore from lying so long fettered on the ground.

There had been some talk in the family, before the bunnies came down to breakfast, about what should be done with "those good-for-nothing bear cubs," as the Deacon called them.

Just what ought to be done was a hard question to decide; but at last Cousin Jack said he would take the matter in hand, and try a little home-missionary work on the bear family.

He thought there might be some better way found for Tuffy and Brindle to use their strong, healthy bodies and active minds, than in idle mischief and cruel sports.

The Deacon said he was welcome to the task, but, as for himself, he felt more like a bad-tempered heathen, than a missionary, every time he thought of their shameful treatment of poor Browny.

That afternoon Cousin Jack asked Bunnyboy to go with him to the north village, and call on Tuffy's mother, who was a widow.

When they were ready to start, Mother Bunny gave Bunnyboy a well-filled basket, saying to Cousin Jack that she never liked to have any one go missionarying among the poor and needy, quite empty-handed.

Cousin Jack said he was always glad to carry more food than tracts to such folks, and off they started to find the Widow Bear.

They found her in a wretched place, not much better than a hovel, and looking very tired and miserable.

Two shabby little cubs were playing in the doorway, and another was crying in Mother Bear's arms, when she came to the door to let them in.

She thought Cousin Jack was a minister, or a bill-collector, and began to dust a chair for him with her apron, and to tell him her troubles at the same time.

Cousin Jack gave her the basket of good things from Mother Bunny, but said nothing about the circus affair, because he thought the poor Mother Bear had enough to worry her, already.

When he asked her why Tuffy and Brindle did not get some work to do, to help her, she told him that since their father died she had been too poor to buy them clothes fit to wear to school, and they had grown so wild and lawless that no one would give them work.

She said they were both over in the pasture by the brook, playing, and were probably in some new mischief by this time.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "don't be discouraged; perhaps they may live to be a comfort to you yet; at any rate, we will hunt them up, and see if there is not something besides mischief in them, and I'll try to get some work for Tuffy to do."

Widow Bear thanked him, and bidding her "Good afternoon," they set out for the pasture.

On the way Bunnyboy was quiet and thoughtful, for he had never seen such poverty and misery before.

After thinking about it for a while, he said he felt sorry for the Mother Bear, and wondered if Tuffy's father had been a good man.

Cousin Jack said he did not know; very good folks were sometimes very poor; but the saddest part of these hard lives was, that so many good mothers and innocent little children were made to suffer for the faults of others, and that bad habits were too often the real cause.

When they came to the brook, they saw Tuffy and his companions on the top of a hill in the pasture, racing about and having a roaring good time.

Tuffy had been showing them how to play "Wild West."

He had a long rope, with a noose on one end, and the other end tied around his waist, for he was playing that he was both horse and rider, and having great fun lassoing the others, and hauling them about like wild horses or cattle.

Just as Cousin Jack and Bunnyboy reached the foot of the hill, Tuffy had grown so vain of his strength and skill, that he boastfully said he was going to lasso one of the young steers browsing near by.

They saw him creep carefully forward, and then, giving the coil a few steady whirls in the air, he sent the noose flying over the steer's head.

The loop fell loosely over the creature's neck, and as the crowd set up a shout the steer started on a run.

One foot went through the open noose, the rope tightened over and under the steer's shoulders, and away he went, with Tuffy tugging manfully at the other end of the rope.

The more they shouted the faster the steer ran, Tuffy following as fast as his legs could carry him, until the frightened creature plunged down the hill at full speed.

Half-way down Tuffy tripped and fell headlong, and, hitched by the rope he had so carelessly left tied around his own body, he was dragged down the grassy slope, unable to rise, or get a footing.

On dashed the steer, across the broad but shallow brook, dragging Tuffy after him through the mud and water, until the cub was landed on the farther shore.

Here Tuffy's weight against the bank stopped the steer, and held him fast; but he still tugged, until Cousin Jack came to the rescue and cut the rope with his knife.

After Tuffy was upon his feet again, and had rubbed some of the mud from his face and eyes, he looked sheepishly about him, while the rest laughed and jeered at the drenched and drabbed cub.

Cousin Jack asked him if he was hurt, and told him he would better wring out his wet jacket, and sit down on a log in the sun, before he went home to change his clothes.

When Tuffy said he was all right, but had no other clothes to put on, Cousin Jack asked him why he did not go to work and earn some.

Tuffy replied that he could not get any work to do.

I have come to talk with you about, for I have been to see your poor, patient, hard-working mother, and I can hardly believe that a strong, healthy fel-

low, as you are, is really willing to be a trouble to her instead of a help."

Tuffy said gruffly, "How can I help it when no one will give me a chance?"

"Then I would try to make a chance," said Cousin Jack, "and begin by helping her take care of the children."

"Tuffy," said he, "if you're really in earnest, I will find you some decent clothes and work to do."

Tuffy was puzzled, for he had thought Cousin Jack had come over to settle with him for abusing the bunnies; but as Cousin Jack spoke so kindly and earnestly, he managed to say, "Try me and see."

Then Cousin Jack advised him to wash himself, go to bed early, and let his clothes dry; and in the morning, if he would come over to Deacon Bunny's, he should have a better suit.

When Tuffy and the others had gone, and the Bunnys were on their way home, Bunnyboy said that perhaps Tuffy was not so bad a fellow after all.

Cousin Jack said he was glad to hear Bunnyboy say this; for it was a good plan, once in a while, to stop and think how much a good home and proper training had to do with making some folks better or more fortunate than others, and with giving a fair start in life.

THE RESCUE.

A HERO FOR A DAY, AND AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

WHEN Tuffy came home his mother asked him what had happened to make him so wet.

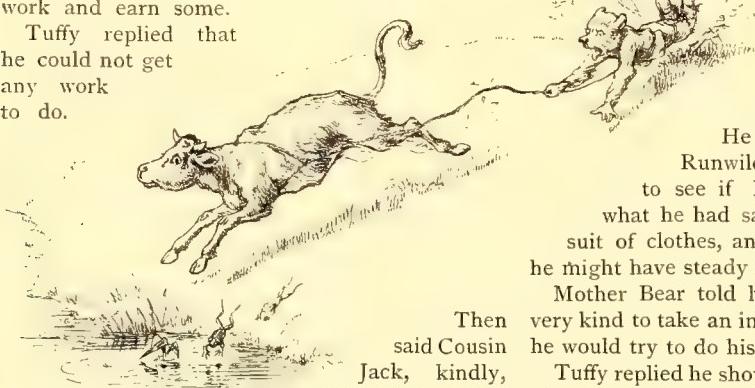
He told her he had been fooling with a steer and got a ducking, but that he did n't care, for he was going to bed, and his clothes would be dry before he needed to wear them again.

He said he was going over to Runwild Terrace in the morning, to see if Lame Jack Bunny meant what he had said about giving him a new suit of clothes, and finding him a place where he might have steady work.

Mother Bear told him the Bunny family were very kind to take an interest in him, and she hoped he would try to do his best.

Tuffy replied he should take more stock in them, when he had seen the clothes, for he had heard folks talk well before.

Then he went to bed, and his poor mother sat up half the night cleaning and patching the ragged



Then
said Cousin
Jack, kindly,
"That is just what

garments, that they might look as tidy as possible for the visit.

At about ten o'clock the next day he started, wondering how the trip would turn out, and how it would seem to be dressed a little more like other folks.



COUSIN JACK ADVISES TUFFY.

On the way to Deacon Bunny's, Tuffy had to cross a bridge over a river across which a dam had been built so that the water might be used for power to run the factories in the north village.

The stream curved sharply to the left, above the dam, and the swift current swept over the falls in a torrent, to the rocky rapids below.

When Tuffy reached the river, a crowd was gathered on the bank and they were all watching something on the stream above the dam.

He ran to see what was the matter, and saw a small skiff, or rowboat, drifting down the stream.

In the boat were old Grandmother Coon, and Totsy, her little grandchild.

He could hear their piteous cries for help, as the boat drifted nearer and nearer to the dam.

Their only chance of being saved, was that the boat might drift close to a snag which stood out in the middle of the stream, where a tall pine tree had lodged during a recent freshet.

A few feet of the bare top rose above the surface of the water, with the roots held fast below.

Fortunately the current set that way, and, as the boat drew near, Grandmother Coon caught hold of the snag and stopped the boat in the swiftest part of the current.

The boat swayed and tossed about, but she clung with all her strength and held it fast.

There was no other boat at hand, and the excited crowd on the shore seemed helpless to aid her.

Some one said that if he could swim, he would go and help her hold the boat.

Tuffy heard the remark, and without pausing a second, ran up the shore to the bend, stripped off his jacket, and plunged into the stream.

He could swim like a duck, and by the help of the current, was soon in line with the boat; but then



GRANDMOTHER COON AND TOTSY ON THE BRINK OF THE FALLS.



TUFFY'S BRAVE ACTION.

he was clear-headed enough to know he must strike the snag, for his weight would upset the boat, or break her loose, if he tried to climb in.

As he drew near, a few steady strokes brought his breast against the snag, and he grasped the gunwale of the boat with both hands, just as Grandmother Coon, overcome with the strain and excitement, let go her hold and fell back into the bottom of the boat.

When the crowd on the shore saw Tuffy with his body braced against the snag, and his strong arms on either side holding the boat against the current, they gave a shout, and called to him:

"Stick and hang, Tuffy! Don't let go!"

And stick and hang he did, until he thought his arms would be pulled from his body, while the frantic folks on the shore rushed about making a great fuss, but doing nothing of real use.

At last a long rope was found, and some one who had kept calm and had his wits about him, told them to tie one end of the rope to a plank and follow him.

Taking the plank up stream, to the bend where Tuffy had jumped in, they threw it far out into the river.

By giving the rope plenty of slack, the plank, caught by the current, was carried well out toward the other side.

They watched it drifting down toward the boat, and when they saw that the plank would go out-

side the snag and carry the rope within Tuffy's reach, they called to him to keep cool, and hang on until by pulling on the rope they could bring it to the surface.

Every minute seemed an hour to Tuffy, whose hands and arms were stiffened and cramped with the grip and strain, and he found it no easy matter to seize the rope without losing his hold on the boat.

When they had hauled in on the rope, and drawn the plank close to the boat, Tuffy managed to get the rope between his legs.

By holding on with all his might with his right hand, he shifted the left to the same side of the snag, and then taking a fresh grip on the gunwale, he told them to haul away!

In a few minutes the boat was drawn to the shore and safely landed with its living load.

Grandmother and Totsy Coon were tenderly cared for, and Tuffy, who was chilled and tired out by his long struggle, was taken to a house near by, given a good rubbing, and a change of dry clothing.

Every one praised him for his brave act and his pluck in holding to the boat so long.

They all said he was a hero, and had saved two lives by risking his own, and more than one made the remark:

"Who would have thought that vagabond of a Tuffy Bear was such a brave, generous fellow!"

It made Tuffy feel strange to hear himself praised, and he wondered if he was really the same Tuffy the villagers had called a "good-for-nothing cub," ever since he could remember!

When Grandmother Coon was asked how they happened to be in the boat, without oars or paddle, she said that Totsy had run away and climbed into the boat, and when she stepped in after the little one, the boat, which was not fastened, tipped up with the added weight, and floated off into deep water.



TOTSY IN THE BOAT.

After the excitement was over, Tuffy went on his way to Runwild Terrace, in his borrowed clothes, and found Cousin Jack waiting for him.

Some one had carried the news of the accident and the rescue to the Terrace, and here Tuffy was given a hearty welcome, and praised on all sides.

Cousin Jack told him he had made a splendid beginning, and he was glad an occasion had offered for him to prove his mettle and to show that he could use, as well as abuse, his brains and strength.

The Bunnys kept him to dinner, and made up a bundle of comfortable clothing for Brindle and the other children.

After dinner Cousin Jack told Tuffy that the Terrace folks had made up a purse of money for him, and that one of the store-keepers had offered to give him a full new suit.

When they went to look for work Cousin Jack advised him to learn a trade, and found a machinist who would give him a place in a shop and pay small wages for the first year.

Tuffy agreed to begin work the next day, and went home very proud and happy.

The neighbors had been there before him with the story, and some, who were both able and willing, had sent in plenty of food and clothing for the family, when it was known how poor and needy they were.

Tuffy's mother told him it was the proudest day of her life, and said she always knew he would prove a credit to the family, for his father was a brave man, and had been a soldier in the war, before Tuffy was born.

Tuffy went to his work the next morning bright and early, and for a few weeks he liked the change.

After a while the days seemed long, and the Sundays a long way apart.

One day when Cousin Jack dropped in to see him, Tuffy grumbled a little, and said he was tired of being shut up in a shop all day, when the other fellows he knew were having fun, chestnutting, and going to base-ball games.

Cousin Jack said that there was where the pluck came in: he must keep his grip on his work, just as he did on the boat, the day he saved two lives.

Tuffy replied that folks seemed to have forgotten all about his being a hero, as they had called him then, and that they treated him just as if he was the same old Tuffy after all.

"Well, well!" said Cousin Jack, "that is the way of the world, and you must not mind it.

"You did a noble and plucky thing that day in the river, but you are doing a harder and a nobler task now, by working to help your mother support the family, and send your brothers and sisters to school."

Cousin Jack talked with him hopefully about his work, and told him there were a great many real, every-day heroes who never had a chance to earn the title by a single great act of courage or endurance, but they were heroes just the same.

"Stick to your work, Tuffy," said he, "and don't weaken because the current is strong against you, and one of these days, perhaps, you will be a great inventor, or the owner of a shop like this, yourself."

This made Tuffy feel better, and when he went home that night he told his mother she need not worry any more about his giving up learning a trade, as he had threatened to do. "For," said Tuffy, "I am going to stick to my work and try to be one of Jack Bunny's *Every-Day Heroes!*"



AN "EVERY-DAY HERO."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes April—smilingly skipping and tearfully tripping, as is her wont—and so like a bright, laughing, and sometimes naughty child that we all enjoy watching her and wondering what she'll do next.

And, how odd! here comes fluttering down on my pulpit a pretty song for you by your friend Emilie Poullson, that fairly sings itself. It's an honest song, too, for it tells a true story. I knew a snow-flake once—just for a moment—who, on an April day, came in that very same manner upon just such a pretty group standing demurely in the sunshine.

Now for the poem :

" Such decoration ! What can it be ?
 Sunshine, and blue sky, and snow like me ?
 Think I must flutter down there and see ! "

So said a snow-flake one April day,
 Peering to earth from his cloud-bank gray.—
 Then, turning somersaults all the way,

Down he went, floating and whirling round,
 Till, by-and-by, when he reached the ground,
 What do you think little snow-flake found ?

Yellow as sunshine, and white as snow,
 Blue as if sky bits had fallen low,
 There stood the *crocuses*, all aglow !

LARGE KITES.

Now for the kites ! Who can beat this account which the dear Little School-ma'am read aloud from "The Universal Tinker" to the children of the Red School-house ?

" A large kite, perhaps the largest ever made, was floated not long ago near Rochester, New York. The surface contained near two hundred

and fifty square feet. The frame was made of strips of wood two inches wide and a half an inch thick. It was covered with stout manilla paper. For a string there was used a coil of three-eighths-inch rope, nearly a mile long. The kite rose grandly. A team of horses were required to haul it down."

MUST THE CHINAMEN, OR THE CHINESE, GO ?

SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JACK : Please ask the dear Little School-ma'am whether it be right to say Chinese, or Chinamen ?

The other day a friend told me that her sister was "much better, owing to having had a *China doctor*!"

If a Chinaman, why not a *China doctor*? If a Chinaman, why not a Portugal man? etc., etc.,

Very sincerely yours, CORA E. R.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE QUICKSANDS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT : SIOUX CITY.

Would you like to hear something about the quick-sands of the Missouri River (or "Big Muddy," as it is sometimes called)? A few weeks ago a friend and myself were strolling on Prospect Hill, when I proposed that we go down on the sand-bar and walk toward home that way. We found a place where we could get across to the sand-bar, as it is separated from the shore by a sort of elongated pond a few feet wide. We fooled along on the sand-bar, all the time getting farther down, till we thought we might better start for home in earnest. We had been picking our way where it was dry, and now there was no water where we wished to cross, but it was very muddy, and as we did not wish to get any muddier than was necessary, and did not propose to go back up around the bend where we came across, I proposed that we get some driftwood that was on the sand-bar, and test it to see if it would sink. If it did not, we could go across in that way. But my reckless companion started to skip across ; at the first step he went in nearly to his knees. With an exclamation, he gave another jump, this time sinking to his middle. I thought by another lunge he might make the dry ground, which was not far, but he was really fast for the present. He turned pale, and asked me to help him. I knew it would be folly for me to jump in after him, so I started back the way we had come (as it was the only way I could get help) on a dead run ; at the same time a dozen stories flashed through my mind about the Missouri quicksands. I was nearly as scared as he was, and ran until I was ready to drop. To obstruct my progress were damp places, where I would start to sink and have to go back and try another place where it was drier. Finally, in looking back, I noticed that he did n't seem to sink any more, so I slackened up a little and kept my breath for a final plunge ; as I was turning the bend, I saw him scramble out nearly covered with slimy mud. I finally got across to the path under the hill, where I ran over stones innumerable ; at last I thought I must be nearly there, I whistled, and he answered me by a peculiar call, and I found him at a little house under the hill, cleaning the worst of it off ; the dark aided us, so he got home without attracting any particular attention.

My father says all that prevented a fatal result was a ledge of rock that projected out from the bank, as my friend says that when he stopped sinking he struck some hard substance ; if he had gone down a few feet further out, where the ledge did n't extend, he would have gone under in less time than it takes to tell it, for I was comparatively powerless to aid him.

Since then a man got out of the road a little way

(the road goes across the sand-bar now to the ferry) and went up almost to his shoulders in the quicksand, when he was helped out by some men.

Later yet, a hack went a little off from the road, and the passengers had to scramble out as best they could, while the horses were nearly imprisoned before they could be got out, which was a hard job.

The hack itself sunk about half its height into the sand, and there it stayed (and I don't know but it is there now) for a long while as a landmark; somebody labeled it "Republican Party" during the election, but it now proves it was the other party.

The Government have flags upon the sand-bar not very far from the road, signifying "Danger."

Hoping I have not tired you by too long a letter, I remain your interested reader,

RALPH M. FLETCHER.

THE LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

M. B. DICKMAN has been egg-hunting, in books, and has found such a noble specimen for you, that you shall have the account of it just as it is sent to this pulpit:

How would any of you ST. NICHOLAS readers like an egg as big as a water-melon served for breakfast on Easter morning? You might have seen just such an egg if you had lived in Madagascar hundreds of years ago, when the Aepyornis lived.

Why, you could have given an egg breakfast to seventy persons, and, at the rate of two of our domestic hen's eggs to each person, would have

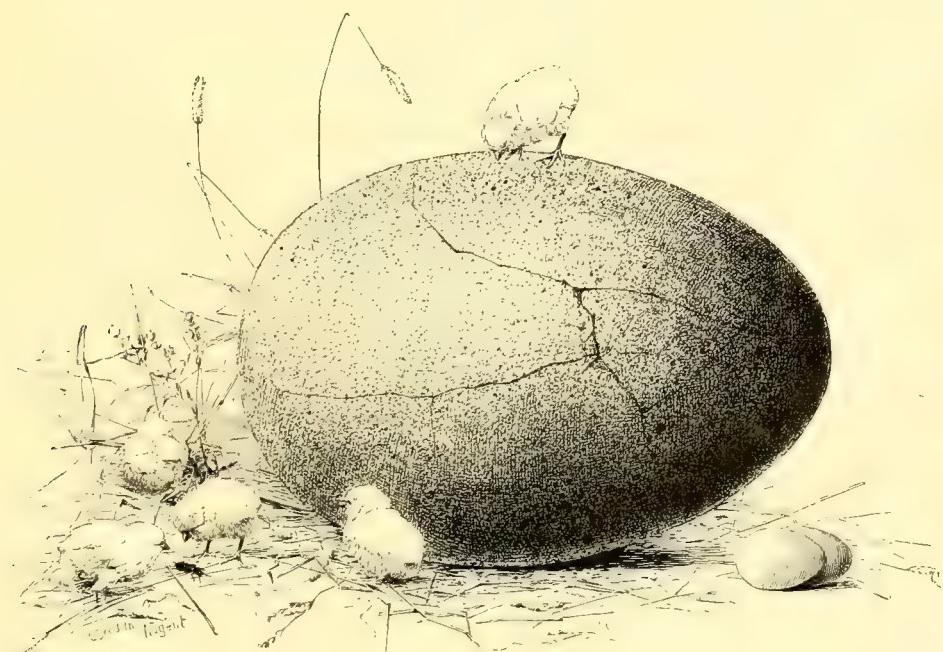
had plenty. Just think of taking the contents of one hundred and forty of our hen's eggs and putting them into one egg-shell!

Fancy hunting for eggs as big as footballs!—eggs which sometimes measured over three feet the longest way around, two feet six inches around the middle, and held eight quarts of meat, and had a shell at least half an inch thick! What an armful one would make!

The bird that laid this enormous egg is known as the *Aepyornis maximus*, and it was the largest bird ever known to exist. It was a first cousin of the ostrich, although a much larger bird, towering above the tallest giraffe. Like the ostrich, it was practically wingless, but was a swift runner. It has been estimated that if the ostrich can travel at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour, the *Aepyornis* could have traveled at least thirty miles,—or a mile every two minutes.

From the circumstances under which the first egg was found, it was hoped the bird might still be living, but only the incomplete skeleton of it and fragments of other eggs were ever discovered. There is but one complete egg of this giant bird to be seen in the civilized world at present, and it is cracked in several places. It is in the possession of the French Government, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

Several casts and fragments of the shells are to be seen in London in the South Kensington Museum of Natural History.



THE LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

THE LETTER-BOX.

KEYSTONE RANCH, LARAMIE CITY, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old, living in Wyoming Territory. I live on a ranch twenty miles from Laramie City. Our ranch is among the Rockies, which makes it very nice for us in summer, as there are many beautiful flowers on the sides of the mountains.

We have a governess who teaches us, and on long winter evenings reads us the stories in your nice book. I go horseback riding, and have a pony of my own, named "Custer."

I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. I have taken you since June.

I am your constant reader, ANNA B. H.—

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your February number you have an article entitled "A Rose in a Queer Place," by Prof. F. Starr. I can tell you a story about Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland's portraits "in a queer place."

During the latter part of last February, as you remember, the President and his wife went to Florida.

Of course, the people of Jacksonville made quite a stir over such distinguished guests and, among other things, they were shown through the Sub-tropical Exposition.

The ice manufacturers of that city had frozen two blocks of ice the same size, one containing Mrs. Cleveland's picture encircled in a wreath of natural pansies, which I believe are her favorite flowers; and the other Mr. Cleveland's, with a wreath of pansies and roses.

On seeing this pretty though bold style of framing a picture, Mrs. Cleveland remarked, "This is rather a cold reception," and the gentleman who was showing the Presidential party around replied, "Yes, but we are going to thaw."

I visited the Exposition the following day and saw these cakes of ice, and although they had "thawed" somewhat, the photographs and flowers could still be seen through the ice. Your admirer, PAULINE McD.—

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wished to tell you, dear St. Nicholas, for a long time, how dear you are to me. I have not missed a single number since the first number was issued. When you first came out, I was too young to read, but I enjoyed seeing the pictures and hearing the delightful fairy stories which seemed to me enchanting in those days. And it seems somehow as if your own growth had kept pace with mine, and that even now you are not too young for me. I hope that it may be so for a long time to come.

Your loving friend, J. H.—

GEORGETOWN, MINN., RIVERSIDE FARM.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you before, but as my letter was not printed I thought I would write again. I am living on a farm, fourteen miles out of Moorhead, Minn.

For pets, I have a pony, two dogs, a cow, and a bird.

Our farm is right on the banks of a river called the Buffalo. I like farm life in the summer much more than in the winter, for it is almost too cold to enjoy yourself out-of-doors; but when I have to stay in the house, I always have one good companion, and that is the St. NICHOLAS. I am very fond of reading, and look forward to your coming every month with pleasure.

Last winter I lived in Moorhead, but this spring we came out on the farm, and I like it much better than when I lived in Moorhead. It is lovely up here, in the summer, with all the green trees, and the river flowing near by.

I remain your friend, SOPHIE C.—

FRESNO CITY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. I am one of your most interested readers, and of all the magazines and papers that we take, I like you best. I have especially enjoyed the serials.

I live in what we think is the best part of the Golden State. Our county (Fresno County) is the "banner raisin-county" of the State.

I carry papers both morning and evening, earning eighteen dollars a month. I am the oldest of eight brothers, and am thirteen years old. We all enjoy your magazine very much.

I will not write any more, so wishing you a prosperous year,

I remain yours truly, TRACY R. K.—

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. My cousin, whom I have never seen, has been sending you to me.

I live with my grandpa, who works at the Phosphate mines, S. C. We live here in the winter, but we live in Summerville in the summer, because it is not healthy here. We were in Summerville when the earthquake of 1886 came, and I was buried under the plastering. I was seven years old then. I enjoyed the camping-out very much, because I did not have to go to school nor learn any lessons. Grandpa has given me a gun this winter, and I have killed about twenty birds and hope to get a partridge soon. I must close now.

Your little friend, JULIUS NOBLE DU B.—

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written a letter to you, and so I hope this will be published.

I have four brothers, and we have all taken you since your magazine was first started. I am never tired of reading the back numbers, and always find something new in them.

I think there was never such a perfectly lovely story as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

I have not seen the play yet, but hope to soon. I have seen little Elsie Leslie a great many times, for she used to live in Elizabeth.

I like Mrs. Burnett's stories very much indeed, and

I wish that she would write another serial, longer than her latest two.

It is such a pleasure to have dear ST. NICHOLAS to read, that I do not know what I should do without it.

Your loving reader, MAY G. M.—

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of your magazine, and Mamma used to buy it for me before I could read for myself.

We spent last winter in Santa Barbara, Cal., and last September my papa, mamma, sister, and myself drove from there to San Francisco, on the coast road, in a two-seated carriage and four horses, with camping-out outfit. We had two dogs, one a Gordon setter; and as we saw much small game, and I had a 22-rifle and Papa a shot-gun, we found the dogs very useful.

I shot a wild goose, on the marsh, near San Francisco bay, all by myself. As we were camping-out, and Mamma could n't cook it, I gave it to an old miner, who was glad to get it, and I was very proud of having shot it.

We saw some beautiful scenery and crossed some high mountains, the "coast range" being made up of several small ranges, in one of which (the Gabilan) is the peak called "Frémont's Peak," where he fled with his soldiers, when the Spanish Governor-General of California ordered him out of the country, when we were fighting with Mexico; and it was here the Stars and Stripes first floated to the view of the hostile Mexicans. It is near San Juan, a quaint little town full of old adobe houses and a mission of the same name, "San Juan Bautisté." We had some funny adventures, and some that were not so funny.

We came back to San José, which is a prosperous city about fifty miles south of the city of San Francisco, and I am going to school. Papa says he will drive to "Mount Hamilton," to visit the Lick Observatory during my Christmas vacation, and next summer we expect to go to the Yosemite.

I forgot to say I was born in West Twelfth street, New York City, and lived there all my life, and hope to go back when we have seen more of this wonderful Pacific coast.

One of your young admirers, GEORGE F. V.—

KARLSRUHE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote to you two months ago asking for a foreign correspondent, and since my letter was printed in the December number I have had no less than sixty answers to it. If you will kindly insert these few lines in your columns, I should in this way be able to thank all the young ladies who have written such pleasant letters to me, and to tell them how sorry I am that it is impossible to correspond with sixty people all at once. I should like to say, also, that since Rosas was driven out of Buenos Ayres, in 1852, the government has been modeled upon that of the United States,—but their president is elected every six years.

Wishing you and all your readers a prosperous and happy new year, I remain yours truly,

ELINOR C.—

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sixteen, and attend the High School just across the street.

The school term is almost ended, for which I am most sorry.

The other day I read of a high school where the boys and girls both drilled daily with guns. I can not remember where it was, but would like to know more about it

if, by chance, some of your readers live in the same city and recognize the school. I don't think there can be more than one of the kind in the United States.

During this last summer I made a boat from a description I read. It was my first attempt at carpentering, and I was quite elated at my success, for it did n't leak. I painted it white inside and blue outside, with a gold stripe, and named it "A. Dodger." I wish girls could take carpenter lessons.

Your reader, LONDA L. S.—

LONDA will find a description of a system of military drill for girls in an article entitled "A Girls' Military Company," in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1888.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Pittsburgh, and last summer, as soon as school was closed, I started for Muncy, with all my camping equipments. Muncy is a little town about three hundred miles from here, and was named after the Muncy tribe of Indians. The Susquehanna river flows about a mile from the town. I got my old chum, Robert Grange, to go with me; and we went down the river about two miles to a place called Turkey Run. There we pitched our tent, and put the camp in order; then we rigged our lines to catch some fish; we tended the lines faithfully all day, and the result was we were very successful by nightfall. I have seen very many fish, but the finest I ever saw were taken out of the Susquehanna. It's a delightful place for swimming: ten feet from the shore it's over twenty feet deep. We caught one immense snapping-turtle, and for our Sunday dinner we had turtle soup. About the fourth day we were there, a large crane alighted on the bogs not one hundred yards away, but, as luck would have it, I had lost the firing-pin out of my gun, and with sorrow saw the bird fly away. We had a great many visitors at camp, and we lived in style. In two weeks we had a great deal of fun, and then started for home.

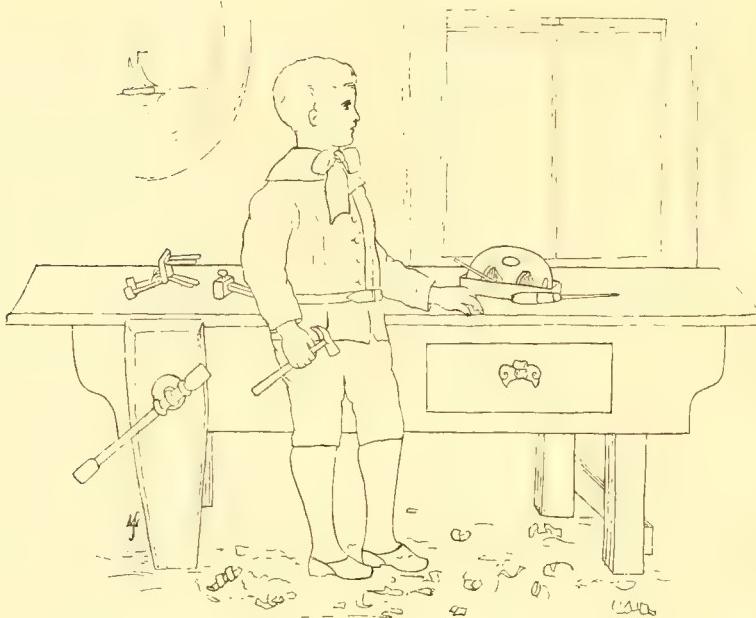
One thing I forgot to mention: that one night there was such a storm, and it rained so hard, that I thought the tent would surely go over; and the dog we had with us was very much scared. Affectionately,

H. S. R.—

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Susie W., Carl Wells, Leo J. F., Henry H. Lee, Louise and Lucy, Anna H., Arthur M. Jenkins, Dolores and Audrey, M. J. W., F. R., Elsie Blake, T. E. R., Charlie H., Claire D., Rose M. W., Philip Allen, Florence Scofield, L. G. N., Adele Clawson, F. Lindsey Curtis, Daisy Davidson, Sophie and Erwin G., Lawrence Hills, Helen L. S., E. W. Bailey, Edwin L. Robinson, Kate Alexander, Emma L. Campbell, Cleveland Smith, Jex, M. E. K., Lilian St. Claire, Henry S. Ely, A. L. T., R. C. Williamson, Hattie Hopkins, Kiette M. Elderd, Mabel Giffin, Rebie M. J., Hattie McL., C. P. R., Alice Ingwersoll, Mary P. Jones, Constance Adee, Maurice V. C., Bradford S. S., Olive Branch, Emily Bannister, Laura F. Moses, Ethel, A. B. L., Lilian M., A. E. S., Carolyn R., Katherine, Harold A. Koonz, Lulu S., Jessie S., Jim S., Gladys S., Jack S., Tom S., Will S., Margaret S., Jack Briggs, "Madonna," S. B. Van Duser, Jr., Ernest C. Pittsford, Maud Metcalf, Ann E. Robb, Bertha C., Anita M. S., Mamie Hicks, Maude M. S., Phyllis S. C., Sallie P., Allie Richards, Frank S. H., Jane and Susan, Jessie C. Knight, Florence Park, Ralph S. B., Alice L. Bell, Winnie Nicholls.

A SIX WEEKS' IMPRISONMENT.

BY SARA WYER FARWELL.



I AM going to tell you about a little boy who had scarlet fever, and about how he amused himself. He was quarantined in his own room for six weeks, yet he did not have a dull time, after all. He saw no one during those weeks but his father and mother and the doctor.

When Arthur was first taken sick and the doctor said that it was scarlet fever, every unnecessary article of furniture was removed from his room. His bed seemed very necessary, so that remained; also his bureau, wash-stand, a table, and two chairs. The carpet was taken away, as well as the book-case and all the books. The closet was emptied of all the clothes, and the drawers full of toys were stowed away in the attic.

When so many of his cherished belongings were gone Arthur thought it was a very queer-looking room, and the first time he sat up in bed and looked at the bare floor he said it seemed as if he were in prison.

In a week he was able to be up and dressed, and in a few days more he began to feel so well that he asked what he could do to amuse himself. His playthings were gone and his books. What could he do, sure enough? His mother, too, began to wonder. The doctor said he must not go down-stairs, or even leave the room, for six weeks from the beginning of his illness. Ten days were gone, but what should be done with the thirty-two remaining?

Arthur's father made a happy suggestion. He proposed that Arthur should have his work-bench brought from the barn up-stairs to his room, and then, with his tools and a supply of sticks and blocks of wood, he might

work away to his heart's content. There was a great deal of measuring to find out whether the bench was small enough to go through doors and up stairways, and the next morning the question was settled. The neighbors, if they were looking out of their windows, must have seen a funny sight. The work-bench, six feet long, was carried around the house, the double front doors were thrown wide open, and the bench disappeared through the vestibule. Up the front stairs it went, through a long hall, and into Arthur's room,—the service-worn old bench, never more prized than now when it had so important a part to play in the family history.

Now that Arthur was going to be a little carpenter, how convenient it was to have a bare floor in his room! The strips and pieces of wood of all sizes, brought from a carpenter's shop, were piled upon the floor under the work-table. The drawers were opened, and out came all the tools,—the plane, the brace and bits, the draw-knife, saw, and hammer.

Arthur's eyes fairly shone as he greeted one by one his familiar friends. Here a difficulty arose. There was the work-bench, there were the tools and the wood, and there was the boy himself,—the little workman. But what should he make first? He asked his mother.

"Suppose you try to make a chair," was her reply. Arthur looked somewhat doubtful as he said, "I never made anything of that sort in my life."

But he worked away all one morning, and succeeded in making a chair of simple design.

A little friend of Arthur's has drawn a picture of

the chair for you to see; and the same little girl drew all the pictures in this story directly from the objects themselves.

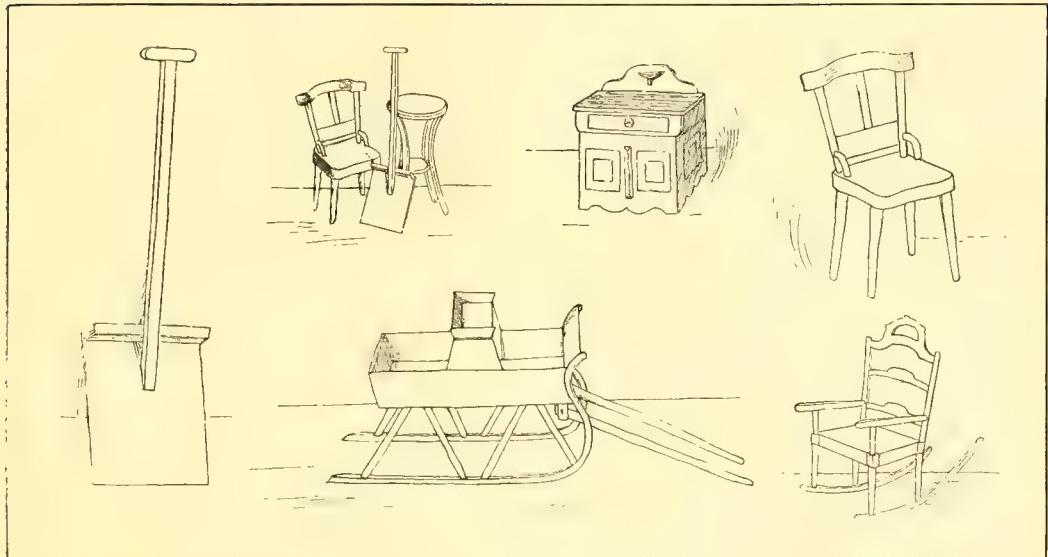
The next day Arthur was in a hurry to be up and dressed, so as to make all sorts of things which were taking shape in his boyish mind.

Day after day Arthur worked happily on with his tools. Sometimes his mother read to him while he worked. He did not wish bound books taken to his room for fear they would have to be burned when he was well. But single numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS, which could be replaced, and copies of other magazines and papers found their way in and were very welcome. About four o'clock every afternoon Arthur began to put his room in order. He put the tools back into the table-

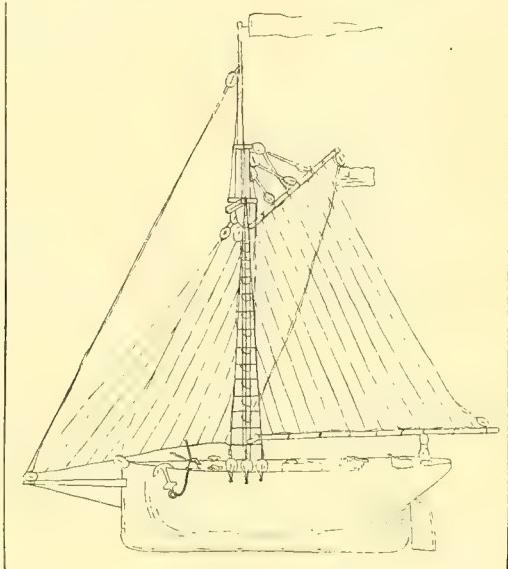
try, so his mother covered over in a saucer by his bed one cracker and, as a special treat, one marsh-mallow for him to eat every morning. After a while these were not enough for his early morning diversion, so his mother suggested that he should compose a nonsense verse to repeat to her when she came in to bid him good-morning. Here is the verse he had all ready to recite to her the first morning:

There was an old fellow of Bute,
Who thought he could play on the flute;
When they asked, "Play a tune?"
He replied, "You're too soon;
Come over this eve, and I'll toot!"

After that he never found the time long before his



drawers, and swept up the chips and shavings which had gathered during the day. Then, every day or two these were carried away and carefully burned. Each day a new piece of toy furniture was added to the row of dainty designs on the bureau. Arthur asked to have them placed so that he could see them all when he first waked in the morning. Sometimes the hour just before it was time to light the lamp, and after the work was over for the day, seemed rather long. So Arthur's mother proposed that they should play "Thirty-one," looking out of the window. From the east window they could look a long distance up a busy street, and all the people who came down the right-hand side of the street Arthur counted for his side, and his mother counted all who came down the left side of the street on her score. Whoever first counted thirty-one passers-by on the chosen side of the street won the game. They played this many times every afternoon until it grew too dark to see the people. After the first week of his illness Arthur did not need to have his mother sleep in the room with him, so she would tuck him in very comfortably about eight o'clock every night, and leave him with a stout cane by his bedside to knock on the wall if he wished to call her during the night, for she slept in the next room. As he waked very early every morning, the time seemed long until his mother could come to him and attend to his rising and dressing himself. He was also very hun-



mother's early visit, as the verse-making, in addition to the cracker and the marsh-mallow, furnished abundant occupation.

When four weeks had gone, Arthur's interest in making furniture was at low ebb. Then he thought he should like to make a boat. So his father brought him a solid piece of wood of just the size he needed, six inches through each way by fifteen inches long, and he began work again with fresh enthusiasm. It took him one week to shape and hollow the hull and put on the deck. Next came the masts, and then all the rigging. What a busy time it was! He worked very fast, for the day was approach-

ing when he could be released from his imprisonment, and he hoped to finish the boat before he left his room. And so he did, all but a few very last touches, which were added some weeks later. The boat was named the "Altama," after a beautiful yacht owned by a gentleman living near Boston. This gentleman had kindly given Arthur a sail in Boston harbor the summer before, when he went with his mother to the seashore. When the six weeks were over Arthur went out of his room a very happy-looking rosy boy, because his body and mind had been kept so pleasantly occupied, and he does not think it is so very bad, after all, to have the scarlet fever—as he had it.

REPORT CONCERNING THE "KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

OUR thanks are due to six thousand and seventy-two friends for prompt and hearty responses in competition for the prizes offered in the January Riddle-box.

The only unpleasant part of this competition is the remembrance of the six thousand and fifty-one competitors, who, having tried, fail to receive a prize. But there is a pleasant thought even here: that the workers have found pleasure in their work, as many have testified. All seem to have entered the contest in the spirit with which Orlando (whom you all know is a character in "As You Like It") accepted the challenge of Duke Frederick's wrestler: "I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth."

One disconsolate competitor quotes at the end of her list:

"The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope."

Another says, "I am sure that not even 'Hunting the Snark' can be so much fun as hunting after these Shakespearean characters."

Another, who signs herself "Your true friend," says, "I wish you a happy, happy New Year, and I hope you will live long to gladden the home of every person in the world."

Another: "My list may not prove to be the longest, but I have tried to make it so. If I do not get a prize I shall have learned something about Shakespeare, so that my time will not have been lost."

Here are a few extracts from other letters:

"If my list does not receive a prize, it will not be from laziness in hunting after names."

"I hope my list is complete enough to win the five-dollar prize. If not, then good luck to the one who does win it."

"I thank you very much for printing such an interesting puzzle. I know more about Shakespeare now than I ever did before,—more about the names of his characters, I mean."

"It was a very tempting time for you to print a prize puzzle, when Christmas had emptied our purses."

"Having very much enjoyed the search, I shall not, therefore, envy the person who proves to have been more painstaking and thorough than myself."

"I have worked at the puzzle for five days. My January number is a rag, and Mamma says her Shakespeare has suffered!"

One mother, in sending her boy's list, writes, "Jack says that if he gets no prize, he has had lots of fun."

One of the thoughtful ones writes, "I hope you may not be overtaxed with work in examining the answers."

Indeed, it was no easy task to examine the great number of answers which came, not only from all parts of the United States and Canada, but from Great Britain, France, and Germany. Many notifications were received from postmasters saying that letters addressed to the "St. NICHOLAS Riddle-box" were held for lack of sufficient postage. Stamps were forwarded in every instance, except when notifications were received after the 15th of January. Supplemental lists were not counted, for to have done so would have enormously increased the work of examination, and would have delayed the report for another month.

With perhaps twenty exceptions, all of the solutions received were prepared with extreme neatness and care, and these merits were thoroughly appreciated.

The list of names under the head of "Honorable Mention," include those deserving of special commendation. We would have been glad

to extend this list to include others whose names deserve a place in it; but for lack of space it must be curtailed.

After careful examination of both the "Leopold" and "Globe" Shakespeares—both of which are considered standard editions—it was decided that only one hundred and seven names could legitimately be found. All mere words, such as "forester," "gaoler," "lord," and "porter" were ruled out. When usage makes one name descriptive of the character (as "Cæsar" for "Julius Cæsar"), such abbreviations have been allowed. All repetitions were ruled out except in the case of Mark Antony. The name Antonius is given in the list of characters in "Julius Cæsar," and in the play he is often alluded to as "Antony," while in "Antony and Cleopatra" this is reversed. The name "Rotherham" appeared in so many lists spelled as "Rotheram"; it was decided to admit that name, though it could not have been spelled out if the first spelling of the word had been insisted upon.

If any are disposed to find fault with the result of the competition, it can only be said that perfect fairness to all has been aimed at, and the result, which we believe to be just, was reached only after weeks of painstaking labor. In this examination the editor has had the advantage of examining and comparing the very best efforts of the competitors, and all have been judged by the same standard.

Out of the six thousand and seventy-two answers received, only twenty-three reached the mystic number. So, instead of the twenty-one prizes offered, twenty-three prizes will be given. The "Roll of Honor" includes those whose lists almost reached the standard.

The one hundred and seven names are as follows: Aaron, Adam, Adrian, Adriana, Æneas, Angelo, Anne Page, Antonio, Antonius, Antony, Armado, Bassanio, Beatrice, Borachio, Cade, Cæsar, Caius, Cassio, Cato, Celia, Charles, Chiron, Diana, Dion, Dorcas, Dromio, Duncan, Egeus, Eros, Escalus, Escanes, Evans, Fang, Ford, Froth, Goneril, Hamlet, Helen, Helenus, Hero, Horatio, Iachimo, Iago, Iden, Imogen, Iras, Isabel, Isabella, Jessica, Julia, Juliet, Laertes, Lafeu, Lartius, Lavinia, Lear, Lena [Popilius], Leonardo, Luciana, Lucilius, Macbeth, Mardon, Maria, Mariana, Martius, Melun, Menas, Menelaus, Mercutio, Michael, Miranda, Mopsa, Morton, Moth, Nerissa, Oberon, Oliver, Olivia, Orleans, Othello, Paris, Pisanio, Portia, Proteus, Regan, Richard, Richmond, Robin, Roderigo, Romeo, Rosalind, Rosaline, Rotherham, Silus, Silvia, Silvius, Solinus, Thaisa, Time, Timon, Titania, Titus, Troilus, and Viola.

THE FIVE-DOLLAR PRIZE AWARDED TO J. BARTON TOWNSEND.
TWENTY-TWO PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR AWARDED TO J. TUZO — M. B. TOPLITZ — AGNES G. GAY — JOHN HAWKINS — R. N. WOODBRIDGE — ETHEL MULLINGTON — L. D. WILLIAMS — HELEN T. CHICKERING — R. P. M. — GRACE TIMMIS — SAMUEL FITTON, JR. — M. V. RUSSELL — CHARLES C. RAWN — M. N. ROBINSON — E. MACDOUGALL — NELLIE TILLARD — MARION F. LEAVITT — E. D. LITCHFIELD — ISABELLE DE TREVILLE — MARY E. THOMAS — N. P. SAMSON — ALICE G. STREET.

ROLL OF HONOR.

R. E. Hieronymus — Mrs. T. G. Field — Lillie Kirk — Gretta Fort — Ethel M. Raft — Nina Alves — Colton Maynard — Jennie P. Peck — Fenollosa Bros. — Helen D. Heiges — T. H. Walford — Grace J. Nash — Ollie Schreiner — Florence A. Line — Bertha F. Capen — Fred P. Dodge — Mary Seymour — Julia Gilbert — Bertie Briggs — Amy W. Field — Allan Ormsbee — Janet S. Robinson — Horace Suydam.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Sarah M. Homans — Reginald Heath — J. E. Hardenbergh — Alice Gordon Cleather — Kate K. Welch — Howard G. Strunk — Platt M. Conrad — C. W. Earhart — Alice A. Poore — John C. Clapp, Jr. — Maude E. Palmer — W. P. Young — Robert S. Boyns — Gertrude Hall — "My Wife and I" — Margaret V. Webster — Christine L. Bowen — Ethel Brotherhood — Florence J. Stuart — George D. Taylor — M. J. Averill — Elizabeth and Frederick S. Dickson — Bella Ross — May, Ray, and Lily Lefferts — Emma A. Steel — Fanny Pearce — Wm. H. Gardiner — Grace Kupfer — Eliot White — Alice Maude I'Anson — Rose E. Hoyt — Bertha F. Capen — Harry Meed —

Mildred C. Compton — Preston Herndon — Harry L. Walker — Duncan Moore — Fanny Thomson — Marion E. Park — Ella E. Snow — John P. Sylvester — Louis D. Rucker, Jr. — Franklin Boyd — Mabel Dodge — Rena C. Pratt — Armitage Black — George H. and Lilly T. Rountree — John B. Briggs, Jr. — Eliza M. Underhill — Janet S. Robinson — Marie Spalding — Anna M. Hanvay — James E. Holmes — May Bennett — Charlotte Kilgour — Edward C. and Bradley Head — George Hope — Fannie M. Defees — Margaret Densmore — Marion Wilson — J. F. Speed — Benj. R. Metheny — Carl T. Robertson — Nora Maynard — Emily Cook — Grace L. Kip — G. E. Collins — Christina H. Garrett — E. M. Coates — Christine O. Lippert — Amelia E. Preston — "Infantry" — Emilie Adonis — Emily Newcomb — Bessie Hamlin — Alice M. Colbran — Robert Homans — Franklin B. Lefferts — Percy L. Reed — Bessie Chilton — Harry Bristow — Fannie Tyng — R. T. and Helen Lincoln — Fred M. Worstell — Annie Van Campen — "Solomon Quill" — Helen L. Tucker — Willie N. Temple — Maud H. Johnson — W. H. Cheney — Marian E. Barron — Katie Coggeshall — A. Maynard — H. J. Spanton — Mabel Goozee — Julia Homan — Arthur V. Pierce — J. A. Davis — Annie M. Pratt — John F. Selig — Hattie M. Squier — Joe and Clif Chamberlain — Altia R. Austin — Marion E. Hutchins — Washington L. Simmonds — Wm. Wallace Brown — Jas. D. Davis — Ruth B. Delano — Wm. H. Pett — Julia L. Peace — Clara Bosworth — Chas. R. Paschel — Lottie Porter — Helen Ouston — Edith Matthews — Clarita Knight — F. W. Martin — Dora Watts — Allie E. Etienne — Lotta M. Burrows — Elsie Paddock — Lida and Sam Whitaker — Steenie Eberle — William Wallace Brown — Frank E. Follett — Annie S. Rettie — Alice P. Thayer — Emma S. McMahon — Lillian Harrington — C. B. McGrew — Archer C. Sinclair — Wallie Hawks — Charlotte Kilgour — Eva B. King — Ethel Lewis — Lilian Heaton — Lewis C. Grover — Maria Louise Prevost — W. H. Cheney — Emma A. Steel — Albert H. Chester, Jr. — Alec T. Ovenshine — Ethel Hungerford — Clara Bosworth — Edith Wiswall — Herbert L. Coffin — Tyler and Helen Lincoln — Richard E. O'Brien — George Hope — Frank Hallowell — Carrie Draper — Emma E. Bent — Bessie Hamlin — Louie Mitchell — J. F. Speed — John B. Briggs, Jr. — Bena Rosebrugh — Alice L. Granbery — Margaret V. Webster — Arthur Howe Carpenter — Fanny Thomson — Arthur Cross — Ella E. Snow — Grace G. Babbitt — J. E. L. Underhill — Grace Graybill — Katharine Lawton — Edna Hamilton.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON. 1. Catskill. 2. Leavenworth. 3. Boston. 4. Newark. 5. Lowell. 6. Dunkirk. 7. Cleveland. 8. Springfield. 9. New Orleans. 10. Hartford. 11. Saratoga Springs. 12. Manchester. 13. Baltimore. 14. Hannibal. 15. Williamson.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Grasp. 2. Ratio. 3. Atone. 4. Sines. 5. Poesy.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Epimetheus. Cross-words: 1. Erebus. 2. Pollux. 3. Ithaca. 4. Medusa. 5. Epirus. 6. Thales. 7. Hellas. 8. Europa. 9. Urania. 10. Sparta.

PENTAGONS. I. 1. H. 2. Low. 3. Lewis. 4. Howells. 5. Willie. 6. Slide. 7. Seer. II. 1. J. 2. Par. 3. Paced. 4. Jackson. 5. Reside. 6. Dodge. 7. Need. III. 1. M. 2. Cap. 3. Cadet. 4. Madison. 5. Pestle. 6. Tolls. 7. Nest. IV. 1. P. 2. Arc. 3. Aloud. 4. Proctor. 5. Cuttle. 6. Doles. 7. Rest. V. 1. C. 2. Can. 3. Color. 4. Calhoun. 5. Noodle. 6. Rules. 7. Nest.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Water.

DIVIDED WORDS. Ash Wednesday, Season of Lent. 1. Se-
son. 2. Less-ens. 3. Couch-ant. 4. Brow-sing. 5. Came-os.
6. Mid-night. 7. Inn-ovate. 8. Rue-fully. 9. Cows-hip. 10.
End-eat. 11. Lean-ed. 12. Day-ton.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC. From 1 to 2, Hibernia; 3 to 4, home;
5 to 6, rule. Cross-words: 1. Fashion. 2. Logical. 3. Timbrel.

4. Homeric. 5. Misrule. 6. Harness. 7. Obvious. 8. Invalid.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. 1. Lucy Gray. Cross-words: 1. Paling.
2. Stupor. 3. Fecula. 4. Stythy. 11. Words worth. Cross-
words: 1. Gewgaw. 2. Grotto. 3. Bursar. 4. Ardent. 5. Josiah.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

No weather is ill

If the wind be still.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals, baronet and coronet. Cross-
words: 1. Baalbec. 2. Balloon. 3. Bartram. 4. Bedouin. 5.
Canony. 6. Leaflet. 7. Taboret.

NOVEL RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Ratel. 2. Hades. 3. Pivot.
4. Terah. 5. Rebhel.

15 to 3, the king of the fairies; from 4 to 8, one who has the right of
choice; from 8 to 12, to retain; from 12 to 16, oriental; from 16 to 4,
ingenuousness.

"MY WIFE AND I."

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

The central row of letters, reading downward, will spell a word
meaning mistaken.

Example: The first three letters spell an edge; the last three,
encountered. Answer, ri-m-etc.

Reading across (five letters): 1. The first three letters spell obversed; the last three, a verb. 2. The first three letters spell distant; the last three, a blow. 3. The first three letters spell a number; the last three, a number. 4. The first three letters spell a biped; the last three, a doze. 5. The first three letters spell a fruit; the last three, a weapon.

ETHEL CHAFFIN.

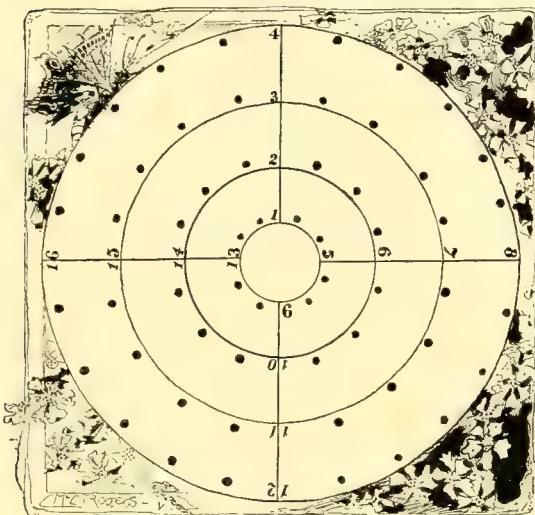
RIDDLE.

BEFORE time was I had a place,
I'm vaster than created space;
Yet never was my smallest part
Revealed by telescopic art.
Great expectations flee apace
When I arrive and show my face;
While hope grows brighter day by day
If luckily, I'm in the way.
In empty brains I have a birth;
I sum up what the spendthrift's worth;
In false alarms I'm sure to be;
When I pursue, "the wicked flee."
For me contented minds have longed;
With me the covetous feel wronged:
Yet those who toil not most deserve me,—
Ay, they shall win me and preserve me.

C. L. M.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Poetry. 2. A feminine name. 3. Austerity. 4. A declivity.
5. Journeys or circuits. 6. EURKFA."



FROM 1 to 4, a narrow way; from 5 to 8, harness; from 9 to 12, one of the constellations; from 13 to 16, quickly; from 1 to 5, dilatory; from 5 to 9, to defraud; from 9 to 13, a town founded by Pizarro in 1535; from 13 to 1, the victim of the first murder on record; from 2 to 6, dwarf; from 6 to 10, ingress; from 10 to 14, to long; from 14 to 2, a famous opera; from 3 to 7, a state; from 7 to 11, one who dwells; from 11 to 15, a famous bridge in Venice; from

ZIGZAG.

1. To walk through any substance that yields to the feet. 2. A substance used in brewing. 3. Extensive. 4. To throw with violence. 5. A small bedstead. 6. To desire to possess. 7. A labored respiration. 8. Anything extremely small. 9. A curtain which falls in front of the stage of a theatre. 10. The proper coat of the seed of wheat. 11. One who entertains another. 12. At a distance. 13. An appearance resembling the rainbow. 14. A common and very useful substance. 15. To disguise. 16. A mold of the human foot made of wood. 17. Slight. 18. A mythical lady mentioned by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King." 19. A river always mentioned in connection with a certain small but famous town of England. 20. Dimensions. 21. A man of gravity and wisdom. 22. A country of South America. 23. A tract of ground kept untilled, about a residence. 24. A tropical fruit. 25. A genus of passerine birds somewhat resembling the kingfishers. 26. A quadruped of the weasel tribe. 27. A swimming and diving bird found in the arctic regions. 28. A small insessorial bird.

All the words described are of the same length. When these twenty-eight words are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the zigzags, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell an event which occurred on April thirtieth, one hundred years ago.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

CHARADE.

My first is a title, or mode of address;
'T will need no recital, 't is easy to guess.
My second has in it this magical charm,—
If once you can win it, you rivals disarm.
My whole comes unbidden, with hurrying pace,
So closely 't is hidden, till met face to face.

M. I. R.

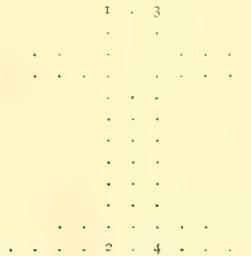
HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence.

1. There was a neat bevel at every joint. 2. Apollo, Vesta, and Juno are noted mythological deities. 3. She was seized with a vertigo as she was leaving the pier. 4. The painter sees many beauties that escape other eyes. 5. Minna's cloak is lined with the purest ermine.

Z. Y. X.

A CROSS PUZZLE.



ACROSS: 1. A sheltered place. 2. A period of time. 3. Embellished. 4. Violent emotion. 5. A Scriptural name which occurs in the Book of Genesis. 6. A disjunctive conjunction. 7. A nickname sometimes given to a small girl. 8. The French word for "water." 9. Arista. 10. Melancholy. 11. Relating to the proof of wills. 12. Work done for hire by a mechanic.

From 1 to 2, a time of sorrow and fasting; from 3 to 4, a time of gladness.

F. S. F.

PI.

Eth dwil nad dwiny charm cone rome
Ash huts shi tages fo slete,
Dan vinge su cakb eth parli mite,
Os clifek nad os stewe.
Won thingblig thiw rou reafs, ruo hepsio
Wno linkding hospe thiw farse:
Own flytos pewinge thorhug reh sismel,
Own miglins thugor erh stare.

RHOMBoid.

ACROSS (words of four letters): 1. An agent. 2. A cap. 3. To cut lengthwise. 4. The fat of swine. 5. An old name for a torch. 6. An old name for a fist. 7. A blow. 8. A feudal grant. 9. Belonging to the lattey. 10. A nation.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. A Turkish arrow. 3. The Greek name of Aurora. 4. A small stream. 5. A decree. 6. A fish-

spear. 7. A seat of state. 8. A kind of earthen ware. 9. To be lacking. 10. To resound. 11. A word of censure. 12. A prefix meaning together, or jointly. 13. In rhomboid.

C. B. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In mansion, not in hut;
In open, not in shut;
In river, not in lake;
In giving, not in take;
In looking, not in stare;
In frighten, not in scare;
In pulpit, not in pew;
In boiling, not in stew;
In lumber, not in board;
In nobles, not in lord;
And my whole will appear
In the fourth month of the year.

TOBY VECK.

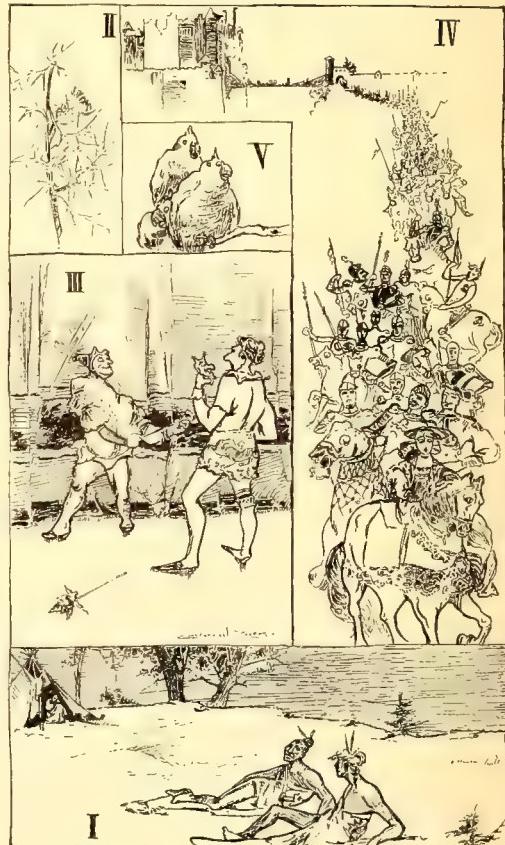
ANAGRAMS.

REARRANGE the letters in each of the nine following sentences until they form one word. When the nine long words have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous American author.

1. Claim the lyre. 2. Ma oils tubs. 3. A shrewd nip. 4. Rest me, mother. 5. A ram is in a hunt. 6. I set Sevion on a pin. 7. Ben carves sole. 8. Rio met a nun. 9. These tin lambs.

"NONPAREIL."

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the five pictures in the accompanying illustration may be described by a word of seven letters. When these words are rightly selected and placed one below another in the order in which the pictures are numbered, the central letters will spell the ancient name of the Danube.



